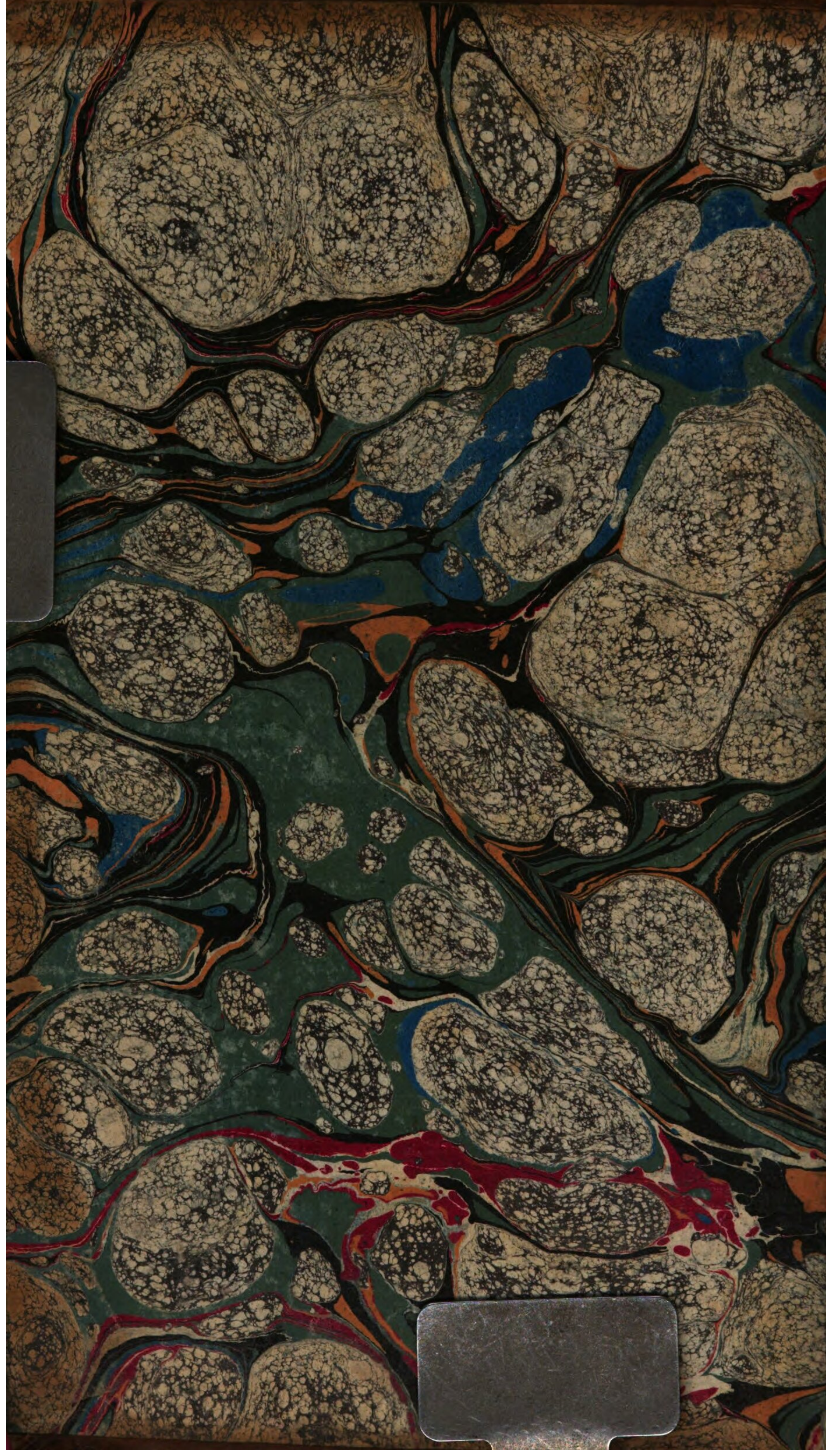








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THE
WORKS
OF
ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L. VI.

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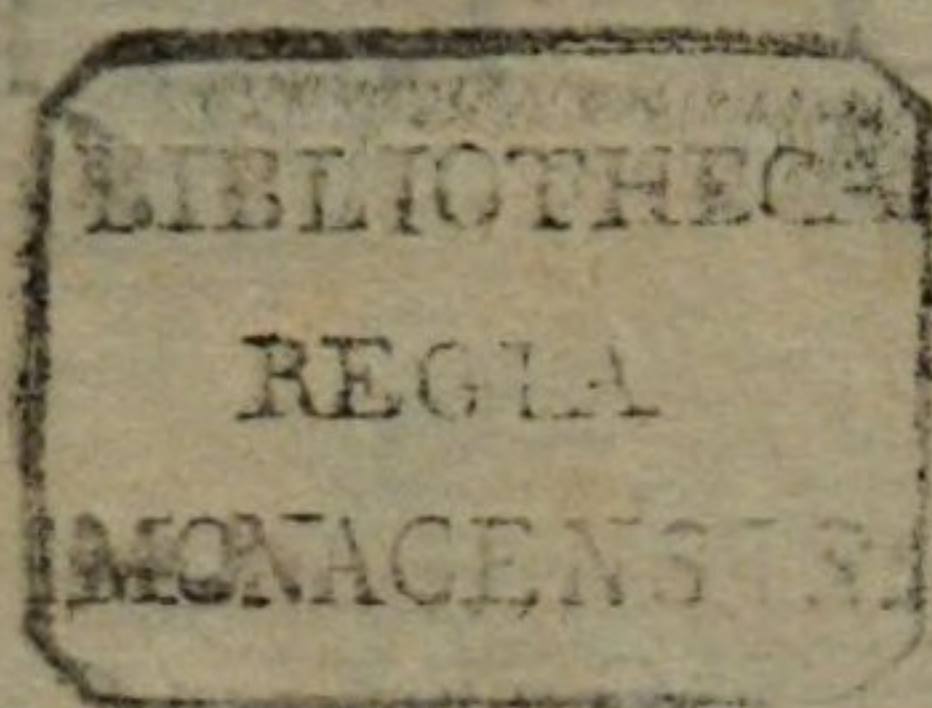
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C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

S I X T H V O L U M E.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 53, to 104.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE
GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

NUMBER LIH.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1753.

———— *Felix, qui tempora quivvit
Adventumque Dei, & sacrum expectare calorem,
Paulisperque operi posito subducere mentem,
Mutati donec redeat clementia cæli.*

VIDA.

THE author, from whom I have selected the motto of this day's paper, was a poet of great elegance, as well as a critic of refined taste. He observes in his *Art of Poetry*, that the genius of writers is, in different seasons, apt to be unequal to itself; the vigour of the mind exhausted; the imagination overcast; and the spirits sunk, as if *Apollo* and the *Muses* had abandoned the tuneful breast. He therefore advises every author to call off his mind occasionally from the studies he is employed in, and wait more propitious moments,

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B

when

when the return of the poetic heat, and the influence of the god, may give vivacity to wit, spirit to sentiment, and energy to expression.

The precept, however just, is little practised. Of correct writers the number is not great. The chosen few have displayed their talents in their perfection only, with care concealing the moments of indisposition. In other writers we see in one page a cloudy day, and in another a headache; in this passage a languid pulse, in that a discontented mind, and in many places the effect of a last night's debauch. Of those, who have subjected themselves to this censure, none can plead so fair an excuse as the periodical essayist. However inclined to retouch and finish, he is often compelled by necessity to dismiss the uncorrected sheet to the press. The town may think they have a right to an author's whole time, and that he should grow pale at the midnight lamp, the better to make a part of their tea-equipage in a morning. But business will intrude; connections must be attended to; avocations will seduce; part of our time is lost through indolence; some is stolen from us imperceptibly, and much is taken away against our will. It has been wittily said by Sir *Richard Steele*, that he who undertakes to publish on stated days, is like the man who
drives

drives a stage coach: he must set out whether there are passengers or not.

Since the commencement of this paper, I have been at times not a little curious after my own fame. I have visited pamphlet-shops, without hearing a syllable of myself. I have called for my own paper in coffee-houses; "Sir, we don't take it in." In places, where it is admitted, I have seen it twisted into a thousand different shapes, the paper and print neglected, and the stile unregarded. The waiters throw it among their common lumber, and gentlemen keep snuff in it. For the vicissitudes of an author's temper, the critic never makes any allowance, nor does he abate from his severity on account of the humour he is in himself. I have been damned by a well-looking man, because his wine was bad the night before. An uxorious gentleman, sometimes a little hen-pecked, is sure never to relish me after a curtain-lecture. The price of corn at *Bear-key* has more than once lowered me in the estimation of a solid citizen. Add to these contingencies, the variety of tastes, that claim to be gratified. I have occasionally entertained the town with essays of humour, and the consequence is, that it has raised a demand upon me every *Saturday* for an equal vein of mirth. Because the *Temple of Laverna* has ex-

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cited a general laugh, it is asked upon entering a coffee-room, "Waiter, has Mr. *Ranger* given us any more detached scenes to-day? "Is there any thing immensely high?" "Pshaw! (says another) "this man is always laughing; can't he be serious, and give us something that has stuff in it? Boy, give me the *Gazetteer*; or the *Daily Advertiser*." A correspondent, who writes to me from his house near *Litchfield*, begs to know why I have entirely discarded politics: "Why won't you have a fling at the times? A touch now and then upon the Ministry, and a stricture upon the constitution, would have a pretty good down with us in the country."

Such is the variety of demands, which I find pressed upon me from every quarter, and who can gratify all? This paper was undertaken to contribute as far as the author's time and abilities would permit, to the entertainment, if not the instruction of his readers; to laugh out of countenance many of those foibles, which are apt to shoot up in this metropolis; to promote decency and good manners, and to detect impostors in writing, criticism, and many situations of life. How far the attempt has succeeded I am not able to say. I can, however, boast that I have had a weekly intercourse with the public for twelve months

months past. In that time I have used no artifice to solicit the applause of friends, or to gain the popular favour. The false fame acquired by puffs in our common newspapers, is too contemptible: a man of certain principles will always be above so mean a practice. I have had no emissaries, to insinuate that this paper is the joint production of a club of wits; that some of the essays came from an eminent hand; that Sir George ***** wrote such an essay; that my Lord ***** diverted the choice spirits such a day; that the last was very fine, and came from the honourable *****; that the author of ***** contributed the exquisite entertainment in such a piece, and that Mr. ***** the translator of ***** is one of the gentlemen concerned, his stile being easily traced, and his manner visible in the respective pieces from so fine a pen.

To these advantages I have no pretension, nor can I assume much pride on the score of voluntary supplies. Every *Saturday* calls for novelty. The labour of opening the mine falls altogether upon myself, and that must be frequently done, before it can be known what veins it may discover. A subject cannot always be selected at leisure: necessity too often decides, when no time is left for choice: if found at last ungrateful to the writer's care, and unsusceptible of ornament, it is too late to relinquish it; upon the spur of the

occasion it must try its fortune in the world. A correspondent, who seems aware of these difficulties, asks me why I condemn myself to a life of fatigue? He tells me that I may, without any solicitude about stile or sentiment, be what he calls, the *doer* of a newspaper. The plan, he adds, may be executed without wit, genius, or learning, and, by way of experiment, he has sent me a sample of such articles, as may be gleaned without trouble, and cannot fail to procure a number of readers,

Plan of a Newspaper.

Yesterday at noon it was currently reported that *Doctor Hill* had got one subscriber to his book upon Good and Nature; but we can assure the public, that the said report is without foundation.

A turtle of three hundred weight has been presented to the club at *White's*, and on Monday last laid five eggs: at that place it would have been more consistent, had it laid FIVE POUNDS.

On Wednesday last Miss *Grogoram* of *Cheapside* had her ears bored for the first time, to the great joy of all her family.

The Nobility and Gentry, who are concerned in making all the salutary laws against gaming, are desired to meet to-morrow evening, being SUNDAY, at *White's Chocolate-house*, in order to break every one of them.

On

On Saturday last a ratifia bottle, belonging to a lady of quality not a hundred miles from the parish of St. *James's*, fell from the top of a chest of drawers, and *broke its neck*; for which loss the lady has almost broke her heart.

The same day a fire broke out in an old woman's pipe of tobacco, and entirely consumed the same.

Yesterday evening one of the ducks in St. *James's* park was seen to walk by the side of the canal, and after some time threw herself in. The reason why she committed this rash action is not yet known.

Drury Lane Theatre.

The tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed here on Wednesday last, when the battle of *Bosworth Field* was both obstinate and bloody. The attack was begun on the *left wing* by GRAY the constable: General RAFTOR received the impression, and ordered the woods to be scowered, but he was driven back into the Green-room. He there rallied his forces, and returned to the charge. The fight was renewed with great vigour on both sides, but at last *General Raftor* fell, much lamented: if we may imitate *Sallust*, the same absence of passion, for which he was remarkable while living, was still visible in his countenance.

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Lieutenant-General Mar was found among the slain. The number of wounded was as follows :

Carpenters	—	—	—	15
Scene-drawers	—	—	—	11
Dressers	—	—	—	14
Makers of lightening		—	—	5
Thunder-clappers		—	—	3
Barbers	—	—	—	11

This savage entertainment was received by the audience with a general *war-hoop*. We do not hear that any *scalps* are brought in.

Such is the plan chalked out by my correspondent. It contains, indeed, all the wit, and all the criticism, and all the sense of our modern writers. The task seems easy, but the venders of false-wares will excuse me if I do not join them. I am not willing to desert my post. The duty is fatiguing, but a regular soldier, though he never gain rank, is better than a free-booter. I prefer honest industry to idleness and dissipation, truth to calumny, and honour to malevolence.

N U M B E R

N U M B E R L I V.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1753.

*Naturaliter audita visis laudamus libentius ; & præ-
sentia*

*Invidiâ, præterita veneratione prosequimur : & his nos
Instrui, illis obrui credimus.*

VELL. PATERCULUS.

THERE is not a more favourite, or a more trite subject of declamation, than the degeneracy of the times. Each individual of society, charitably judging himself exempted from the general reproach, assumes the privilege of inveighing against the vices of the age, and the total decline from those virtues, which immortalized the exalted characters of antiquity. When the fit of admiring what is passed and gone is once raised, there is no paradox that the rhapsodist in this kind will not advance : he adds in the fervor of declamation, that the present race of *Englishmen* are not only sunk below all *Greek* and *Roman* fame, but much degenerated from that rough honesty, which enabled our ancestors to deliver down to posterity a constitution, which renders *Great Britain* the envy of the world.

This

This splenetic humour of decrying the moderns, is become universal. All ranks and orders of men seem more or less infected by it. The Divine pathetically bewails the shameful neglect of religion. The Patriot laments, that venality and corruption have irretrievably extinguished the genuine spirit of liberty. The Philosopher sighs, that enthusiasm and superstition should have usurped the throne of free enquiry, and debased the intellectual faculties. The Fair complain, that the dissolute inclinations of the men compel them to drag out an uncomfortable life in celibacy: while the Men, in their turn, pour out the most bitter invectives against the extravagance and dissipation of the other sex, which, they would have the world believe, are risen to such an excess, that the word matrimony carries with it an idea of bankruptcy and ruin. Nay so far has the influence of this infatuation reached, that it is become very common even for Stock-jobbers to assert, "That things are not now as they have
" been: nothing is to be done now. The bro-
" kerage in and out runs away with all the pro-
" fit; whereas, in King *William's* time, when the
" Government was distressed for money, and
" forced by its necessity to give six *per cent.* upon
" a loan, great strokes were to be made."

In

In order, therefore, to shew the unreasonable-
ness, as well as disingenuity, of this epidemic dis-
satisfaction with the age, in which I had the hap-
piness to be born, I shall endeavour to demon-
strate, and, I flatter myself, I shall be able to do
it beyond all possibility of doubt, that the now ex-
isting inhabitants of *Great Britain*, so far from
being inferior to their illustrious predecessors, do
at this day surpass the ancients in all the admired
virtues and qualifications, which the most enthu-
siastic idolizer of antiquity shall be able to point
out.

In the first place, *Socrates, Plato, Cicero*, and
some few others of remote antiquity, are frequent-
ly celebrated for that amazing strength of mind,
which enabled them to detect the impostures of
the religion established in the country where they
were born, and empowered them to break through
the impediments, which superstition and priest-
craft had placed in the avenues to truth. But
surely the insignificant number of instances, that
ancient history furnishes, of those truly philoso-
phic characters, however respectable the names
may be, will little deserve our attention, when we
consider how infinitely the present age eclipses
their claim of superiority in this respect. Is there
a gentleman at this day, any ways conversant in
polite life, who does not entertain the greatest
con-

contempt for the prejudices, or faith (as it is vulgarly called) in which he was educated? Are not the coffee-houses about *Temple-bar*, nay, even in the city, so many seminaries, where our youth discuss the most important questions of philosophy, and explode the errors imposed on mankind for so many centuries? Nor is this knowledge, as among the ancients, the result of tedious enquiry and meditation, but entirely intuitive, being most eminent in those, who are almost totally void of the least acquisition in any branch of literature, indebted to Nature alone for their astonishing discoveries.

The advocate for antiquity will, perhaps, thunder out an eulogium on the exalted virtue and patriotism of *Cato*, *Brutus*, and several other illustrious *Romans*, who, prodigal of life, disdained to survive the liberties of their country. But certainly there can be no room to run a parallel. The advantage is obviously on the side of the moderns. Those ingenious historians, the daily news-writers, in every page of their works afford us examples of the noblest disregard of death. The *Roman* voluntarily left the world, because he could not bear to be a witness to the slavery of his country; but the *Englishman* puts a period to his existence, because the fogs of *November* depress his spirits, and he scorns to be compelled to live longer

longer than life continues agreeable. How noble is this spirit of freedom! It is not confined to people of birth and education, but extends itself to the lowest mechanics. My lord is not more ready to discharge a pistol through his brain, than his barber to lift the razor to his throat. In short, the point is so extremely clear, that it would be superfluous to labour at the proof of it. I may venture to assert, that no nation, of which history has preserved the least record, has any pretension to dispute the glory of suicide with the discontented people of *England*.

I am aware, that great stress may be laid upon the literary merit of the ancients. I expect to hear the names of *Aristotle*, *Longinus* and *Quintilian* thrown out, with an air of triumph. Far be it from me to derogate from the long-established fame of those great men. Undoubtedly, they were very good critics for the times in which they lived; but with all due respect to those celebrated geniusses, we may take the liberty to suppose, that the art of Criticism must be now much better understood, than it possibly could be in their days, as it is much more universally practised. Attornies clerks, mercers apprentices, and merchants book-keepers, in this year 1753, *credite posteri!* are thoroughly qualified to pronounce, in the most decisive manner, upon the merit of all literary
com-

composition, particularly dramatic poetry, the noblest province of polite learning; not to mention, that we have found out the absurdity, and shook off the restraint of those fetters, which the Stagyrte would rivet on us, and transferred them to our Gallick neighbours, a nation inured to, and patient of, slavery.

Should any discontented, or disappointed politician, after poring over *Livy*, insinuate, that mankind are not now, as they were in the times of the *Roman* republic, when private considerations always gave way to the public good; I would desire such a phlegmatic murmurer to look through the kingdom, and only observe what a number of gentlemen have impaired their estates, and destroyed the tranquility and happiness of their families, in order to procure a seat in the representative assembly of the nation: undoubtedly with no other view, than to gain an opportunity of watching over the liberties of their country.

Some mercantile Cynic, dissatisfied with an unruly son, who finds more charms within the regions of *Covent-garden*, than the counting-house, will perhaps pay little regard to what I have hitherto advanced; he will exclaim, “that the spirit of industry is lost, and people of this age re-
“ gard

“gard nothing but pleasure.” The injustice of this censure will evidently appear to this narrow-minded citizen, if, the next time he goes to the pit at *Drury-lane* with his wife and daughters on a *Saturday*, he will only take the trouble to make the enquiry concerning the most gay and brilliant personages in the boxes. How will it raise his wonder, when he is told that most of those, who shine in that brilliant circle, are distinguished by the appellation of *Knights of Industry*, who, without any visible means of subsistence, enjoy all the pleasures of this metropolis, in the most elegant manner, and run into expences, which few men of *real* fortune can support?

Let us now turn our view to the amiable sex, and enter into a comparison between the females of ancient times and the present ladies of *Great-Britain*. In what an honourable light will our countrywomen appear? In vain shall the pedant, who derives his knowledge solely from books, harangue upon the conjugal attachment of *Roman* matrons, while we can mention numberless *British* wives, who, at this day, with unexampled unanimity, go hand in hand with their husbands, in pursuit of the grand business of life? I mean the practice of gaming, called by Mr. *Pope*, in his usual emphatic manner, *the nation's last great trade*.

Nor

Nor should the candor and disinterestedness of the virgins of this island want that encomium, which justice cannot refuse. *Plutarch* informs us, that *Lycurgus* ordered the *Spartan* nymphs to appear at the public exercises, in garments, made with artificial openings in different parts, in order that the *Lacedæmonian* youth might be captivated, by a seemingly accidental discovery of their charms. How have the fair-ones of the present age improved upon this antient rule of state-craft? Disdaining little stratagem, and scorning to take advantage of the illusions of imagination, which, inflamed by a transient glympse, is apt to form enthusiastic ideas of hidden beauty, they *shew things as they really are*, and by a generous display of all their charms, leave no room to their future husbands to complain that they were deceived in their expectations.

These examples, which I have brought in support of the proposition I undertook to prove, will sufficiently evince to every impartial mind, that the fancied pre-eminence of *Greece* and *Rome* over *Britain*, has no other foundation than prepossession and envy. The unprejudiced reader must acquiesce in the truth of the observation, made, with great insight into human nature, by the elegant historian, from whom I have taken the motto
of

of this paper: *We are naturally more inclined to praise what we hear of, than what we see: contemporary merit excites our envy; that of antiquity our veneration: by the latter we are edified; but by the former we feel ourselves eclipsed.*



N U M B E R LV.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1753.

*Vendit hic auro Patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit, fixit leges Pretio atque refixit.*

VIRG.

MIRGEHAN was a peasant in the desarts of *Arabia*: he frequently begged an alms of the travellers in the passing caravan. For a long time he drove the loaded camel over Mount *Pharan* for a jeweller of *Cairo*, till having, by an amazing parsimony, got together a few sequins of gold, he followed the occupation of his master. Affairs succeeded so well with him, that in the course of a few years *Mirgehan* began to assume to himself the pride of wealth. Elate with joy, and basking in the sunshine of fortune, he resolved to remove to *Basra*, where he was soon distinguished as the most eminent merchant of the place. As it is the nature of ambition to be ever restless and dissatisfied, after having, in the course of six years residence, amassed a very ample fortune, he determined to change his abode once more, and settle, with all his immense wealth, at *Bagdad*.

He

He was not long fixed at that place, when the reputation of his affluence was spread abroad. In all convivial meetings, among the rest of the merchants, as soon as his lips seemed to open, every tongue was suspended with silence; every eye gazed at him with admiration, and every ear devoured the periods of his story with greedy eagerness. His voice, which naturally was rough as the sound occasioned by a collision of billows on the rocky shore, now seemed as soft as the fragrant gale, which pants upon the leaves of the *Arabian* trees.

Mirgeban's credit grew every day more extensive. People of all ranks and degrees deposited their money with him. It was as much as a hundred servants could do, to count over the sequins of gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the midst of all these smiles of fortune, it happened, that the relict of a rich merchant, lately snatched away from the face of the earth, by the angel of death, attracted his attention. Her name was *Dardanè*, born in the city of *Damas*, and now in the possession of enormous wealth. From the habits, which education and time had implanted in her, she was in her temper of a most greedy avarice, and a powerful ambition to be counted richer than the rest of her

C 2

acquaint-

acquaintance. Urged by these motives, and by these only, (for to the passion of love she was an utter stranger) *Dardanè* bestowed her graceful person upon *Mirgehan*, who, she thought, would manage her ample fortunes, and by the gainful trade that he followed, add a wonderful accumulation of wealth. *Mirgehan* amused her expectation, but could not bear the idea of a sharer in his prosperity. To call the whole stock his own was his ardent wish, and to accomplish this point, he did his utmost by cruelty to cut short the days of the wife of his bosom. In this he succeeded too well. *Dardanè* pined and wasted away. The roses faded on her cheek; the lily appeared of a yellower hue; and, by slow degrees, her constitution received such severe strokes from his severity, that in a short time she lay breathless on her bed.

Mirgehan was now happy in the completion of his wishes: he had got rid of a wife, whom, notwithstanding her exquisite beauty, his soul abhorred. He exulted in the review of the vast accession to his fortune, which, through her means, he had obtained. His heart now began to expand with greater alacrity, and he resolved to spend the remainder of his days in ease, in elegance, in luxury, and every delicate enjoyment. The dainties of the East did not suffice to crown his board; he would send to the West for *Turtle*,
and

and every corner of the globe administered to his gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad* he purchased a most magnificent house, where he determined to fix his country retreat. The rooms eternally resounded with fingers and minstrels; amber and aloes contributed their rich perfumes; and his tables were covered with vases of agate, filled with the most delicious liquors. Painting and sculpture concurred to adorn his apartments. Vanity became a leading passion, and governed him with force little inferior to his avarice. Expence in great profusion followed, but he knew that it extended his reputation, and his avarice was in secret pleased with the reflection, that opportunities of a full reimbursement would frequently be offered by the follies of mankind; and in the art of profiting by the follies of others, no man equalled *Mirgekan*.

He was now happy in all the enjoyments which riches could procure him; his heart danced to perpetual tunes of joy, and the meanness of his birth he thought sufficiently compensated by the lustre and dignity of his present way of life. To compleat his elevation, and to raise himself to that point of eminence, from which he imagined he might look down upon most of his fellow creatures, Fortune, who had for a series of years smiled

propitiously upon all the undertakings of *Mirgeban*, at length presented an opportunity.

It happened, that the Emperor of *Bagdad* had occasion, on a particular emergence in his affairs, to call together an assembly of the wisest and ablest heads in his territories. He was upon the eve of an important war with the most powerful Prince in the East. Large sums of money he saw would be immediately necessary, and for this purpose he wished to be assisted in public council. The *Califf* resolved upon this step, with the advice of his *Vizir*, and in a few days mandates were dispatched to sundry different parts, commanding the provinces and towns to depute to the general Divan two persons the most renowned for sagacity and judgment. *Mirgeban* heard the news at his country seat. His passions were violent as the ed-dying sand that is torn up by the hurricane. His pride was roused, and to be enrolled among the most distinguished statesmen of *Bagdad* was the ambition of his soul.

In pursuit of this design he set out from his habitation; but had not gone far, when travelling a solitary road, over a long extended mountain, the heat of the day, together with the fatigue he had undergone, inclined him to stop under a shady retreat, and refresh his senses with a gentle slumber.

From

From this he was soon awakened by a strain of music, which thrilled melodiously in his ears. He thought that gleams of Paradise were opening to his dazzled sight. He looked around, and saw a reverend form advancing towards him: *Mirgeban* rose from the arbour, and throwing himself on his knees, he worshipped the venerable appearance which stood before him. This personage was an holy hermit, who long inhabited a small mansion on the side of a rock, which terminated the prospect on the left side of the mountain. Being endowed with a magic power, he called forth all around such beautiful scenes, as looked like a new creation. *Mirgeban's* heart throbbed with holy rapture. At length the pious sage began. “*Mirgeban*, I know thy purpose; I am acquainted with thy design in this journey. But reflect, O Man! on the obscurity of thy birth, and the meanness of thy education. Canst thou confer light to the councils of the wise? Canst thou dispel the mist from before their eyes, and let in powerful irradiations of truth upon their darkling understandings? Desist, vain man, from thy ill founded pursuits.” At these words the venerable hermit waved his wand, and suddenly the scene vanished like a morning dream from *Mirgeban's* eyes. After having raised his arm; “Now, said he, let the objects that are

“ placed before thee, instruct thy soul; behold
“ how easily thou mightest have squandered away
“ all those possessions which thy heart delights in,
“ for a mere empty bubble. There see an election
“ for two persons to assist in the debates for the
“ ease and happiness of the Califf; see the blind,
“ the lame, the old, the infirm, the sick arriving in
“ caravans, to vote for those who pay them high-
“ est. See how they all solemnly vow by the
“ holy Prophet, that money has no influence up-
“ on them; and yet behold how in private they
“ grasp the sequins of gold! Does not thy heart,
“ which has fixed all its affections upon thy yel-
“ low dirt, tremble within thee, to think that in
“ this manner all thy wealth might be squandered
“ away, and thou not be able to render the least
“ service to the Califf, thy country, or thy family?
“ That this is the fate of many, who, like thee,
“ have risen from mean beginnings, and have, in
“ their old days, proved mere spendthrifts, thou
“ may’st receive ocular demonstration, by survey-
“ ing those wretches, who are now despised by
“ their country, detested by their relations, and
“ rejected by the *Vizier*, in whose service they ex-
“ hausted all their treasures.”

Here *Zemroude* (for that was the hermit’s name)
perceiving the affections of *Mirgeban* totally
changed,

changed, dispersed into the air his new creation, and returned with solemn step to his cell under the rock. *Mirgeban* ordered his camels to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he spent the remainder of his days in ease and content: at his death he left those sums of gold, which he was going to squander in visionary schemes, among his relations, who now live in affluence, and the memory of *Mirgeban* is respected among them.



NUMBER LVI.

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1753.

Non omnia apud majores meliora ; sed nostra quoque ætas multa laudis et artium imitanda posteris tulit.

TACIT.

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,

I Cannot but very much approve that love of truth and justice which seem to have inspired your generous vindication of modern times from the calumny of those, who degrade all living virtue, and admire nothing, but what lies far removed, and covered with the clouds of antiquity. This, Sir, you have performed with undoubted success. As I entirely coincide with your way of thinking, I beg leave to address this letter to you, as a supplement to the doctrine you have advanced.

As you have led the way, I am free to declare that the moderns have in every thing greatly exceeded the admired ancients. If the latter boast their *Plato*, we have our *Shaftesbury*; and if the death of *Cato* is justly stiled by the poet *Catonis nobile*

bile Letum, because he would not survive the loss of liberty, is it not much more heroic in a modern cobbler to dispatch himself, for no other reason than that he does not like the weather? or in a nobleman to cut his throat, because he has lost the odd trick at whist? In addition to this, it must be confessed that few instances of this sort of fortitude are recorded among the *Romans*; whereas I am credibly informed by a very sensible man, and one who belongs to the *Coroner's Inquest*, that there does not pass by a single day, without his being called to survey the glorious reliques of a self-devoted taylor, a shoemaker, a gambler, and others of various description. The same person assures me at the same time, that not a tenth part of those exalted minds have due honours paid to their memory by the public newspapers. They are permitted to remove themselves from human life in the same silence, as if they had quietly passed through nature to eternity, and never dared to fly in the face of their Maker. But to state the account fairly between the ancients and the moderns, I shall here draw up a catalogue of those eminent worthies, who figure in the records of ages passed, and against this boasted list I shall place, in an opposite column, the illustrious names, which have done honour to the present age. Upon a fair inspection, the impartial reader will be able to decide for himself.

Ancient

Ancient Catalogue.

- 1 *Aristotle.*
- 2 *Hippocrates.*
- 3 *Socrates.*
- 4 *Tully.*
- 5 *Cato Uticensis.*
- 6 *Epietetus's Morals.*
- 7 *The Stoics, the Sceptics, the Peripatetics, the Acedemics, the Epicureans, &c. &c.*
- 8 *Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Longinus, Quintilian.*
- 9 *A Secession of the Romana Plebs.*
- 10 *The Elufinian Myseries*
- 11 *Balnea Romana.*
- 12 *The Olympick Games.*
- 13 *Plato's Symposium.*
- 14 *Lucius Junius Brutus.*
- 15 *The Roman Consuls.*
- 16 *Senatus Populusque Romanus.*

Modern Catalogue.

- 1 *Doctor Hill.*
- 2 *Doctor Rock.*
- 3 *Whitfield.*
- 4 *Orator Henley.*
- 5 *Englishmen that hang and drown themselves*
- 6 *The Fable of the Bees*
- 7 *The Deists, Mandevillians, Muggletonians, Freethinkers, the Robin Hood Society.*
- 8 *The Magazines and Daily Papers.*
- 9 *An English Mob.*
- 10 *Free Masonry.*
- 11 *The Covent Garden Bagnios.*
- 12 *Newmarket Races.*
- 13 *The Club at White's.*
- 14 *Ravillac.*
- 15 *The Two Brothers.*
- 16 *The Parliament of Great Britain.*

Without

Without adding any further articles, I think it manifest from the above state of the case, that the moderns can easily balance the scale with the so much celebrated ancients. But the matter does not rest here : I am convinced we can throw in several circumstances, which will greatly entitle us to the pre-eminence. For instance, I do not find that an *Atheist* was known to antiquity ; and surely the character of an *Atheist* must, in the eyes of all men of sense, do very great honour to the present age, the tenets of his philosophy being entirely new, and such as were not discovered by *Plato*, *Socrates*, or any of the ancient philosophers. *Epicurus* did not controvert the existence of a Supreme Being ; he only denied his attributes. *Tully* informs us, that in his time no nation was so savage, no man so brutal, as not to have some impression of a Deity. *Nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam immanis, cujus mentem non imbucrit deorum opinio.* The happy discovery of *fate* and *blind* chance was reserved for the present age, so much enlightened, as a great genius says, in all true philosophy. Add to this, what has been already urged on a similar occasion, the ancients were totally ignorant of the laws of *England*, and, I believe, it cannot be denied, but the common law of *England* is by many degrees preferable to the laws of *Solon*, or any other legislator, founded, as it certainly is, upon
the

the basis of common sense, intelligible to the meanest capacity, and full as easy in the practice as in the theory. I must acknowledge that I have read in *Livy* and *Sallust* some random accounts of the contempt the candidates had in *Rome* for money upon all elections for the Consulship, the Tribuneship, and other public offices. This procedure among them was by the ill-natured called by the name of *Ambitus*; by the rigid among the moderns bribery and corruption. But, to divest things of odious appellations, the public and benevolent spirit of our countrymen at a general election cannot be paralleled any where in the *Roman* page. The ancients occasionally make a murmur concerning a matter which they call *nequissima fœnora*, but it will need no force of argument to prove, that usury has attained to a greater degree of rapacity among the moderns. How many young heirs are ruined with us before they come to years of discretion? Not to mention that the *Greeks* and *Romans* had not the faintest idea of the *Stocks*, *Jonathan's* coffee-house, *Change-alley*, the *South-Sea-house*, the *India-house*, *Rescounters*, *Directors*, *Broekrs*, and the rest of that class. That the *Romans* were a very expensive people, is well known to every one who has dipped into *Vertot's* *Revolutions*, or the famous *Montesquieu's* *Causes of the Declension of the Roman Empire*; notwith-

notwithstanding this, I have the pleasure to congratulate my countrymen on our owing so many millions of money. My readers will to a man allow, that the national debt gives us a very great advantage over the ancients. I am not ignorant that *Sallust* mentions *publicè Egestatem, privatim Opulentiam, public Penury* and *private Opulence*. But, Sir, I appeal to you, whether we have not both of these in a more eminent degree than appears any where in the *Roman* history. I should be sorry to be guided by partiality in this matter. The point, I know, is of moment, but I cannot help saying that our national debt is as remarkable a thing as I ever read of in history. As to private wealth, the infinite sums of money laid out in artificial falls of water, artificial canals, and indeed in artificial wine, prove our superiority to a demonstration. Moreover, the ancients were entire strangers to routs and drums; not to mention two or three hundred card-tables in one house. I do not think they seem to have the faintest idea of an E. O. table, of *reversing*, of *forcing*, of *finessing*, of *seesawing*, and the many elegant turns in the game of whist. *Picquet, Brag, Backgammon, Cribbage*, are not even mentioned in the slightest manner. I flatter myself I may say, without the danger of a controversy, that the discoveries made by Mr. *Hoyle* in the doctrine of
chances,

chances, by far exceed their deepest researches in the mathematics.

To give the argument another turn; the beauty, the elegance, and manners of our *British* ladies, add a surprizing lustre to the present age. *Horace* informs us,

*Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.*

A matron never shews any part of her person except her face. They were, it seems, all, except *Catia*, studious to cover the rest of their amiable bodies with a garment. *Catia* appears a singular instance; but how different is the conduct of the matrons of the modern times? They have happily emerged from the ruff of *Queen Bess*. The chief endeavour, at present, is to display all their charms to full view. Had this fashion prevailed among the ancient ladies, I conceive, a *naked Venus* would not have been so great a rarity. Indeed in *England* some remains of this false modesty prevailed not very long since, and, therefore, *Mr. Pope* has said,

*If Queensbury to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take an Helen.*

But happily future painters will not be reduced to such difficulties. The modern ladies are daily
strip-

stripping as fast as they can. The approaches of the amiable sex to a general nakedness, cannot fail to give a lustre to my fair countrywomen. The tendency to undressing is so strong at present, that I make no doubt but the time will come in a period not far distant, when Miss in her teens will cry out, "Lard, mamma, I have been reading
 " some of the essays written in 1753; but they
 " are so full of hard and cramp words, I can't
 " think what to make of 'em. Pray, mamma,
 " what can they mean by stays?" "Really,
 " child, I can't say for certain, but if one may
 " conjecture, I should imagine, that in those days
 " the women wore something about their bodies,
 " as high from the waist as the pit of their sto-
 " mach." "He! he! he! mamma, what a ri-
 " diculous fashion that must be! what has a wo-
 " man a fine skin for but to shew it? or, if she
 " has not a fine skin, what has she paint for but
 " to make a fine skin? And then, mamma, what
 " could the petticoat be? Why, child, it looks
 " as if in those days they wore a covering for
 " their limbs down from the waist as low as the
 " ankle." "Horrid! what has a woman legs
 " for but to shew 'em? And then, mamma, I
 " suppose by crown-whist that the people in
 " those days were so penurious, and so pitiful,
 " as to play for crowns?" "Yes, child, that is
 Vol. VI. D " pretty

“ pretty plain, and keeping *Sundays* was then
 “ made a crime, and three hundred card tables
 “ was counted a thing of consequence.” “ Well,
 “ mamma, I am glad as any thing I was not born
 “ in those grave, formal times.”

This, or something not unlike it, will most assuredly be the language of the rising generation. If improvements are made in other branches, such as the *national debt, atheism, libelling, perjury, cheating, buying annuities*, and the like, I persuade myself, that whatever the admirers of the antients may urge at present, our superiority will then be incontestible.

Pleased with the prospect of this happy period, I will here lay down my pen, and subscribe myself,

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.



NUMBER

N U M B E R LVII.

*Saturday, Nov. 17, 1753.**O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!*

PERSEUS:

HOW vain and fantastic are all human pursuits? How unsettled and inconstant are our tempers? One day pining for the attainment of some imaginary good, and the next turning with aversion from what excited so much vehemence of desire. How often are the soberest understandings thrown into agitation about things of little value, and by accidents, which no prudence could prevent? When the hurry of our thoughts is over, how contemptible do we appear to ourselves, for yielding to a storm of passion, to which the cause bore no manner of proportion? Every period of life is marked with this inconstancy: the child has perplexities which the boy laughs at: when ripened into manhood, our previous occupations become ridiculous, and old age thinks the whole a series of folly, little aware that the passions operate at that juncture with diminished force, not because reason is stronger, but because the whole frame has lost its vigour. Old men, says *Rocheaucault*, give good advice, be-

cause they cannot any longer give bad example. I am inclined to think that the human soul will be always in this progression, constantly making each moment a critic on the last, and that as soon as the spirit shall be unbodied, it will instantly smile at our wisest employments in this world, our deepest reflections, and our most serious speculations.

It was a tenet of the ancient schools of philosophy, that the soul of man would, in a future state, be employed in the same pursuits that engaged its affections on this side of the grave. This doctrine has been adopted by *Virgil*, and embellished with all the graces of a fine imagination.

————— *Quæ gratia currûm*

Armorumque fuit vivis ; quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos ; eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Were the notion true, the consequence, in my opinion, would be endless misery. To continue in another world, without any respite from the cares of this, what were it but to go on in a progression of folly to all eternity ? If any habits contracted in this state of probation may be supposed not to wear out, it must be those of virtue only. Must the man, who ruined himself and his posterity by his horses at *Newmarket*, be tormented

mented with a stud in the next world? Such an account would well consist with a description of the regions of torture, not with a state of bliss. For my own part, I am willing to think, that it will hereafter be the happiness of man to be divested of all his wordly anxieties, his idle hopes, and frivolous fears; or, if he remembers his former pursuits, and the ends for which his ambition laboured, I conceive he will only remember them, to wonder at the absurdity of his views, and the vehemence of his vain desires.

I was the other evening struck with this idea, and having an imagination, which does not easily detach itself from what has made a deep impression, I went on in the same train of thought for a considerable time. There is something in these abstract speculations so very amusing, that one sometimes goes on in a waking dream, aware that we see nothing but a baseless fabric, yet pleased with the delusion. I fell, accordingly, into a *reverie* of this sort, and cannot now refrain from giving an account of it.

I thought the hemisphere on a sudden brightened with more than common lustre: a flood of glory diffused itself through all creation, and from an opening of the heavens appeared, high exalted on a throne, THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. A

trumpet had sounded three times, and the following sounds were awfully pronounced. “ Let all
 “ those fleeting spirits, which formerly sojourned
 “ on earth, forthwith appear from their several
 “ mansions of retribution; and let those who now
 “ support a feverish existence upon earth, instant-
 “ ly repair hither, divested of their bodily in-
 “ cumbrance, and account for the use they have
 “ made of their time.”

The edict was immediately obeyed. I fancied that I had no sooner emerged from my tenement of clay, than every thing wore another appearance. I had instantly new faculties of perception. The original colours, concerning which so many volumes have been written, vanished into nothing. Wit, taste, learning, philosophy, mathematics, and even money itself, appeared an absolute chimæra. I saw numbers approach the throne. On every countenance I could plainly read the traces of repentance and self-reproach. They looked back to their actions done in life, and saw that their most strenuous efforts for fame, for wealth, for honours, and preferment, were mere contentions for a bubble. In general they offered up their addresses in terms of humiliation, but in such a multitude I could not hear them all distinctly. The voices of many were depressed with shame: some delivered themselves without hesitation,

tation, and, as I conceived, to the following effect.

Homer declared that, since he read the works of *Moses* and other inspired writers, he considered his own poems as a wild and extravagant rhapsody. He said it was truly observed by *Cicero*, that he had transferred to his heroes the attributes of his gods, and, in return, clothed his deities with the frailties of man. He was glad, however, that by some moral touches, he made amends for his vain theology.

Plato owned that he knew nothing of the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair. *Shaftesbury* wished that, instead of being guided by the Pagan Philosopher, he had made use of the light of Revelation, which might have afforded him some faint dawning of that truth, of which he is now perfectly convinced.

Aristotle declared his System of Logic to be nothing but a scheme of laboured perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder mankind. *Pindar* smiled at his Olympics, and did not hesitate to say, that he believed he was mad when he wrote them. Old *Euclid*, who, I believe, never once laughed on earth, burst into a loud expression of mirth, when he reflected upon his endeavours to square the circle.

Alexander confessed himself a child for weeping for more worlds. *Cæsar* declared he would as contentedly be the last in a village, as the first in *Rome*; and *Pompey* had no longer an aversion to an equal. *Cicero* condemned his pursuit of fame. He added that he never thought himself properly employed but when expatiating against the minute philosophers. *Virgil* still persisted that his whole *Æneid* should be burned. *Horace* and *Ovid* both laughed at the duration of their works, which in their days of nature they flattered themselves would be indelible monuments of their fame.

In short, among all the celebrated personages of antiquity, every one accused himself of mistaken views; of a false estimate of life, and means exerted with vigour, when the ends were unworthy of a wise man's consideration. Warriors wished they had not left the plough for the command of armies; and conquerors, who were famous for laying waste the human species, acknowledged that their glory would have been more solid, if they had taught mankind how to rear with increase a single blade of grass, or a grain of corn. Even *Titus* complained that he had lost many days.

There were, who acknowledged that they never knew uneasiness in life, but what was occasioned

sioned by the success of others. They were always completely happy, or completely miserable by comparison. *Poets* laughed at all their labours to tag a rhyme and their solicitude for works which now appeared to them in a proper light; and *Criticks* owned that they took too much pains to destroy productions of so perishable a nature.

I saw *Ministers of State*, who aimed at popularity, not by their actions, but by paragraphs in newspapers, for which they squandered the public money. I also saw, in the various walks of life, several persons who had felt an ardent passion for fame, unblest with talents to deserve it. They repined at the success of others, but aimed at no improvement. They gave themselves up to envy, and while they were tormented, they thought they were leading a life of literature. They defamed, what they could not imitate. While they lessened their contemporaries, they thought they raised themselves; and while the public voice was silent about them and their works, they hoped to grow illustrious, by being the clandestine writers of their own panegyrick. These unhappy men now saw too late that they ought to have wished for an honest fame, or honest obscurity. The *Miser* railed at gold: he expected that it would pay him with happiness, but he found it insolvent.

The

The softer sex appeared upon this occasion; but the simper of self-admiration no longer displayed itself. They were not anxious about the gloss of their skin, the arrangement of a curl, or the disposition of a patch. The snowy breast ceased to heave by rules of art, and the shape was no longer tortured a thousand ways, in order to look attractive in the eye of man. The labours of the toilet were now despised: each fair-one wondered how dress could make so great a part of the business of life. They were now persuaded that true beauty dwells in the mind; drums, routs, cards, and equipage were held in contempt. The sex was ashamed of the falsehood of their friendships, their turns of coquetry, their dissimulation, and all the variety of female artifice. All agreed that they had been distracted with cares beneath a rational creature.

From the passions, that disturb our happiness, I was rejoiced to see my fellow creatures relieved; and to perceive love, joy, and benevolence, effacing all traces of former guilt, gave me inexpressible delight. But this glow of rapture, like all things subject to time and mortal chance, soon came to an end. I had been for some time troubled with a cold, and all my wisdom, like that of *Horace's* Stoic, vanished in a fit of coughing. I then perceived

ceived that I had lost myself in a deep, and, perhaps, a wild meditation: whatever it be, this moral may be deduced from it, namely, that there is nothing in human life worth the anxiety it creates, and that it should be our business to fix those propensities in our souls, which we shall have no occasion hereafter to wish totally effaced, and which it is probable we shall be carrying to a higher degree of purity in those parts of our existence, that lie concealed in futurity.



NUMBER LVIII.

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1753.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.*—————

OVID.

THE chambers over my apartment in *Gray's-Inn* having been unoccupied, I have lived for a considerable time in lettered ease, and unmolested tranquility. Those sudden alarms of noise and uproar, which too frequently occur in the Inns of Court, have been for many months entirely banished: but my repose has lately met with an interruption of so pleasant a kind, that I have determined to acquaint my readers with the particulars of the incident.

About ten days since a gentleman entered upon the upper chambers. Ever since I have been frequently disturbed by such quick and unexpected shocks, that it was absolutely impossible for me to pursue the same train of thought with any degree of attention. I was yesterday morning perusing Mr. *Hawkins Brown's* excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined, in their full force, all the arguments

ments in support of that important article of our belief: the subject is awful, but there is something wonderfully grateful in that variety of emotions, with which the heart is agitated. Scenes of futurity fill the imagination, and we are lost in the immensity of duration and space. As I sat, absorbed in contemplation, I heard on a sudden a violent noise over my head: the cieling trembled as if ready to come down; a violent convulsion shook the house. Deep reflection sometimes unbraces the nerves to such a degree, that an unexpected noise startles the whole frame, and throws the spirits out of that placid state, which is requisite in order to think with calmness and perspicuity. This discomposure I experienced upon so many occasions, and sometimes in such quick succession, that I judged it proper to step up stairs to the gentleman, to inform him of the inconveniencies which I suffered, and to beg of him to manage his affairs for the future with less commotion.

I knocked two or three times at his door, but receiving no answer, and hearing him run about with great violence of exertion, I made bold to walk in. A long entry lies before you: you go into the dining-room through a glass folding-door, which was at this time shut, but the curtains undrawn. Through the window, I saw the gentleman pulling off his cloaths with the utmost
eager-

eagerness. In an instant he appeared in the habit and air of an old woman delivering Doctor *Rock's* bills upon *Ludgate bill*. Surprized at this change, I stopt short to observe the actions of this extraordinary personage. I was soon entertained with another change. After frisking about the room, and running in circle within circle, with the agility and the gambols of a cat pursuing its own tale, he shifted his cloaths, and with an air of composure walked about with a basket on his shoulder, pronouncing with an audible voice, "Muf-
"fins for coffee and tea, gentlemen and ladies." This appeared extremely whimsical; he then varied his dress, and with a silver pipe cried out *London Evening Post*: after which he threw away his bundle of papers, fell down upon his knees, laid his hand on his heart, looked up with a great expression of joy, and then rising, indulged himself in all the whimsical vagaries of a man frantic with sensations too exquisite to endure. In this way he continued for some time: at length he threw himself into the attitude of surprize; he looked up to Heaven; he clasped his hands; he beat his breast, and stood for some time plunged in the last despair. In this situation he seemed to invoke the gods, but in vain: he fixed his eyes upon the ground, as if to call up the dæmons of mischief: at length, to my great amazement, he mustered
up

up his spirits, took a turn or two with wonderful celerity, and leaped through the pannel of a closet door. He fell, it seems, into the coal-hole. After absconding there for a short space of time, he came forth with a sack of coals upon his shoulders, which he emptied in the middle of the room, calling with some earnestness, "*Below.*" He bowed from side to side with profound humility, plainly indicating by his manner that a number of people were passing by. Over the head of one of them he lifted up his sack, and pulled it, with great dexterity, about the poor fellow's ears, and I could perceive that he soon enveloped his whole body. He then placed his sack in the middle of the room, with his prisoner in it, and dancing round in frolick gambol, gave the poor man several smart strokes across the back, which, you may imagine, made him roar most lustily. Amidst this triumph, he directed his eyes sparkling with joy to his bedroom door, and gazed like an Indian at a star. He threw the sack over his shoulder, and marched off as if he laboured under the weight. Having disincumbered himself, he returned in rapture, and drew from the adjoining room a paste-board figure, representing a lovely female form. He was now wild with transport. After many extatic movements, he waved his wooden sabre: the curtains dropt; a table run upon castors with
great

great velocity ; he placed a couple of chairs, and sat down with the lady. Though there was not a single dish on the table, he revelled in luxury. I saw him hold up nothing, and dissect a fowl with the skill of an anatomist. He kissed his mistress's hand, filled out the wine, drank her health ; fell on his knees, and rose in extacy. The seasons administered to his palate : he eat cherries, and shot away the stones ; he sucked his gooseberries, blew up the skins, and with a brisk flap of his hand caused a sudden explosion. After a full display of this manual eloquence, he seemed to enjoy the completion of his wishes : but human felicity is of short duration. He started away from the table, and ran about in agonies of grief, of rage, vexation, and despair, as if suddenly pursued, exploring every passage, hopeless, without a chance of escaping. Having tried every avenue, but in vain, he advanced to the folding doors, where I had in the beginning fixed my station. The opportunity seemed fair to make my appearance, but I no sooner opened the place, than he seized me by the shoulder, and twirling me round with all his strength, sent me reeling into the furthest corner of the room. He, meanwhile, stood at a distance in a fit of laughter, and, with one leg raised and extended, stood pointing at me with contempt, till at length he gave himself

self a stroke on the thigh, ran out of the room, and drew the door after him. I was glad to be thus delivered. My troubles I thought were over, when, to my great surprize, he opened a small casement-window, which was over the door of his bed-chamber. From thence stretching forth his neck, and looking me full in the face, he burst into a loud fit of laughter; then producing a squirt, he let fly at me in such a manner, that I was soon pretty well watered from head to foot. The exclamations which I vented upon this occasion, rung such a peal in the gentleman's ears, that he was brought to a recollection of himself. He came down very leisurely from his post, and with a modest air and genteel address, politely asked my pardon, adding, that he was so intent upon his business, he really did not perceive that he was offering indignities to a stranger.

Thinking myself in the hands of a madman, I was willing to acquiesce with his apology, but to satisfy my curiosity, I took the liberty to enquire of him, the nature of his business, and what might be his vocation. "Sir, said he, will you please
 "to be seated? With regard to my business, I
 "am a Pantomime Poet:" "a Pantomime Poet!
 "Pray, Sir, what is a Pantomime Poet?" He answered with a smile, "A writer of pantomime,

“ Sir. It is a plan to which I have determined
“ to apply myself: it is the only way of succeed-
“ ing in the present age. I was bred at *Eton*
“ school; from thence I removed to the Univer-
“ sity: at both places I laid in a sufficient store of
“ *Greek* and *Latin*, but always feeling a particu-
“ lar turn for the Drama, I directed my genius to
“ Tragedy and Comedy. In each species of wri-
“ ting I have given the finishing hand to some
“ pieces, which have received the approbation of
“ a few gentlemen of known taste, and perfectly
“ well versed in critical matters. Encouraged by
“ their opinion I came to town; I waited on the
“ Managers, and after much painful attendance,
“ I find it impossible to get any of my perform-
“ ances exhibited. Mr. *Garrick* has already, like
“ a provident general, laid his plan of operations
“ for two years, as he assured me. For the truth
“ of his assertion, he appealed to his Prompter,
“ his Carpenter, and several others, whom I did
“ not know; but they all vouched for him. I went
“ to the other house: Mr. *Rich* is determined to
“ bring on no new pieces, till we have such a genius
“ as *Tom D’Urfey*. “ I wish, said he, that we had
“ such a writer now.” In this situation my pa-
“ tience is worn out. Being, however, fertile in
“ expedients, I have resolved to cultivate a spe-
“ cies of the drama, which cannot fail of being
“ profitable to all parties.”

Here-

Hereupon I broke the thread of his discourse : pray, Sir, are you determined to perform Harlequin yourself? He answered in the negative ; but as it is a rule in writing to place yourself in the situation of the character for which you are to find suitable dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to the precept. In order the better to concert the sudden escapes and changes of dress, which have so pleasing an effect in this kind of poetry, he was practising over every striking attitude, and every unexpected situation, that he might the better form an opinion of the plot, and the several incidents of the marvellous, which he had found it necessary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purposed calling his first piece HARLEQUIN TRIUMPHANT, or POETRY IN THE SUDS. In this performance the whole race of authors are to be exposed to the derision of the public. Harlequin is to crack a very great number of facetious jokes upon their shoulders with his wooden sword. A poet is to be placed at a table with a beef-stake laid before him, to his inexpressible joy, when in an instant, by some curious stroke of art, the solid substance is to be changed into a modern tragedy, and *Calvert's Entire But* waisted away from his longing eyes. The Bard after this is to be ducked in a well, and then tossed dry in a blanket, while Mo-

ther *Dulness* enjoys the sprightly vein of mirth, happy to see her orders faithfully executed. In short, the unhappy Poet is to undergo every indignity that human wit can invent : in contrast to this, Harlequin is to riot in luxury ; the spring is to pour forth her freshest verdure to charm his eye, summer to ripen the various fruits upon the loaded boughs ; autumn to administer the circling glass, and winter to expand the frozen surface of the waters, that he may skate with dignity, in sight of the astonished audience.

Though this plan appeared highly romantic, I could not help telling the gentleman, that I made no doubt but he would find his account in it. I added, that the sure way to rise in the world was by gratifying the follies of the people. I hinted, that if he could contrive to be less violent in his studies, I should take it as a particular favour, and after assuring him of my sincere wishes for the encouragement of his project, I took my leave. Ever since this interview, I have been tolerably quiet, not hearing more than two or three alarms in a day, which must be now and then expected from so vigorous and warm an imagination.

N U M B E R LIX.

Saturday, Dec. 1, 1753.

———— *Piētis bellantur Amazones armis.*

VIRG.

I Paid a visit, a few days since, to a lady, for whom I always entertained the highest esteem. Besides the many good and amiable qualities, that adorn her character, she possesses, in a supreme degree, that easy turn of conversation, that can interest even in trifles, and soften the austerity of knowledge, by giving it a familiar air, and making her deepest remarks slide into her discourse, as if they found their way by accident, the careless escapes of an enlightened mind, not ushered in by design, for the vanity of talking sentences, or the ambition of shining.

Mrs. *Mellefont* (for that is her name) was never known to have the smallest propensity to scandal. She knows what is doing in the gay world, but does not chuse to be a retailer of anecdotes. The important knowledge of who and who were together at the masquerade; who were seen to interchange amorous glances at the theatre, and who has had an ill run at play,

with many articles of the same kind that swell the scandalous chronicle, she is obliged to hear, but she hears all with an air, that shews her unaffectedly concerned for the misfortunes of her acquaintance, and the folly of prevailing fashions. Subjects of this nature are never long kept up in her company. Malice, indeed, loves to dwell upon certain topicks, and, as a French writer expresses it, finds a ragout in detraction: but Mrs. *Mellefont* has the art of disappointing malice, without giving offence: in a manner peculiar to herself, she shifts the conversation, and that so imperceptibly, that the attention of all is soon transferred to another object. Politeness, affability, and good-nature are her characteristic perfections. She is ready to allow wit and beauty in others, as well as her own daughters; though, in my opinion, it is a rare thing to see them equalled by any of their sex. The two young ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in shape, and delicate in their features; extremely like each other in the turn of the face, and still each of them forming, if I may be allowed to use the phrase, a different school of beauty.

Harriet has the start of her sister by near two years. She is about nineteen, of course more formed, and approaching nearer to woman than

Char-

Charlotte. She is now in the highest bloom, but frankly says she dreads the total eclipse, which her beauty must suffer very shortly, when all the charms, which are at present budding forth in the person of *Charlotte*, have attained their full perfection. Though *Harriet* is sensible of this, she yet perceives it without any proneness to envy. On the contrary she rallies herself with great vivacity, and will fairly own that she is upon the look-out for a man for herself, before *Charlotte* becomes so mischievous a beauty, as to engross the attention of every beholder, and then, says she “I shall lose all my admirers: I am, therefore, resolved to get married out of the way.”

At present she takes the lead in conversation, and though she does not copy her mother's manner, she shews, however, that she has benefited by so bright a model. At times she is the liveliest rattle in the world, but in her wildest sallies there is so sweet a delicacy, that I am convinced her good sense will lead her, when she resigns her person, to imitate the gentleness and mild affection of her sister. *Charlotte* does not aspire to be so fierce a beauty as *Harriet*. To be mistress of willing hearts is her ambition. She does not endeavour to kindle her eyes into that glare

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of

of fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiously she lets them shine in their own native mildness: if she captivates every heart, it is without any premeditated design. In short, the difference between these two young ladies is this: *Charlotte's* charms have a constant emanation; *Harriet's* are in perpetual exertion.

I spent an hour in the most agreeable manner with this family, when, *Harriet*, in her giddy manner, gave a new turn to the conversation, by asking me, "Pray, can you tell me about *Macklin's* new scheme? he has left the stage, they say; what is the man about?" Not being sufficiently in the secret, the sum of my answer was, that he has built two magnificent rooms, and intends to furnish them in an elegant manner; the apartment on the ground-floor to be a public coffee-room, and the other for the reception of such gentlemen as are ready to stake, or, as the case may be, to seek their fortunes at play: and thus the company and their landlord will be all adventurers; but the latter, I feared, would share the common fate of projectors.

"Well, I vow and protest, says *Harriet*, it's a vexatious thing to see how these men are always contriving places for their own accommodation. Nobody thinks for us women. The
"odious

“ odious things are always herding with one an-
 “ other, and the ladies are sequestered, and left to
 “ themselves. Does not one hear the men eter-
 “ nally saying with an air of indifference, Ma’am
 “ I must go to the coffee-house, and so they faun-
 “ ter away with that janty careless air, that never
 “ fails to provoke me? Well, I wish the women
 “ would agree to have a coffee-house of their
 “ own; it would be the sweetest revenge. I
 “ would have it an exclusive club; no man to be
 “ admitted. I don’t know what to say as to hus-
 “ bands; but they will not desire admittance,
 “ And as to lovers, what should be done? Posi-
 “ tively exclude them: the men will be so
 “ humbled, and will so beg and pray: it will do
 “ charmingly; don’t you think so, sister? It
 “ will so tantalize the creatures, to see us going
 “ into a place where none of them can gain ad-
 “ mittance. They will be proud to wait at the
 “ door to hand us to our chairs; and it would be
 “ such a pleasure to meet one’s acquaintance
 “ without going constantly in a formal dress to
 “ routs and drums. Mr. *Ranger*, you must give
 “ us an helping hand; give us an essay upon it,
 “ you wild devil.” With this she tapped me on
 the shoulder, in her lively manner, and insisted
 with all the rhetoric of a beautiful romp, that I
 should propose her scheme to the public.

The

The idea of a lady's club seemed, at the first view, to be attended with insuperable objections. The men, in my opinion, are not gainers by the number of coffee-houses always open for their reception. To people of business, who have bargains to drive, and the course of exchange to settle, such places may be of use; but at the St. James's end of the town, I am sure it is otherwise. Take a view throughout the city of *Westminster*, and how are the coffee-houses filled? With bucks, bloods, rakes, and others of the like description. From their manners you can acquire nothing, except a swagger in the gait, a drunken totter, a noisy riotous deportment, a volley of oaths, and a total breach of all decorum. The loungers form another, and, perhaps, the most numerous class. Of these what swarms abound in every quarter of the town? And what a melancholy spectacle do they exhibit? We see them weary of themselves, oppressed with langour, listless for want of something to do, and sinking even under the load of nothing. Their minds are in a state of stagnation, and not a breeze brushes over the pool, to give it motion. They look at a newspaper for want of thought, and they lay it down with equal insensibility. Were an idea to penetrate their heads, they would wonder what is the matter with them. They count the clock, and
never

never reflect that the hours are passing away, which will be hereafter imputed to them. A life like this can hardly be said to rise above vegetation. It is of such men that *Seneca* has said, They die before they begin to live; and *Sallust* emphatically tells us, that their life and death are of equal moment; for men are silent about both.

For this whole tribe of useless beings, whom true poetry has lately called, "The insolvent tenants of incumber'd space," we are indebted to those receptacles, called coffee-houses. The bold and forward have no other place to figure in. It is there that the old and peevish neglect their family affairs for the good of their country. They follow *Shakespear's* precept, "Get thee glass eyes," and, like a scurvy politician, see things that are "not." It is there that the gamester passes his time from six in the evening till seven the next morning, wearing himself out in the service of the four Kings of those mighty empires, SPADES, CLUBS, HEARTS, and DIAMONDS. I have lately visited some of these temples of fortune. At the *Crown* coffee-house in *Bedford-row*, I saw faces of care and anxiety. The deepest silence prevailed, at times, however, disturbed by a rich old gentleman, who seemed, by some right, which I did not understand, to insult the rest of the company. His phraseology resembled *Swift's* Polite Conversation.

If

If he made a bett, “ *Here, says he, I have a guinea* “ *that my wife knows nothing of.*” If he played a rubber, he had his vulgarisms for every turn of the game : upon the loss of a trick, “ Oh ! my G-d, “ quoth *Nanny Sayer*, what a whore am I !” If he won the trick, “ You, Mr. *Quibus* ; Nomina- tivo, *Quibus*, *Quobus*, *Quodbus*, and so forth.” This was thought humour, and the company looked as if they were passing a pleasant evening. I adjourned to *Slaughter’s* in *St. Martin’s* lane, and there sat down to observe the stratagems of the game of chess. The players, however, soon broke off in a violent quarrel. Monsieur *D’Onion* hap- pened to approve of the struggle made by the Parliament of Paris against the arbitrary measures of the Clergy : “ *Parblieu !* said he, *de Huguenots* “ may be restore : if I see dat day, I die wid plea- “ sure ; for I have sacrifice my estate of five hun- “ dred livre, de rent, for my religion.” Monsieur *D’Echalotte* (the opposite party) took him up shortly : “ Monsieur *D’Onion*, sat right have you “ to make de man of consequence ? My father “ give up his estate, *avec droit de chasse.*” “ But, said Monsieur *D’Onion*, “ my estate was better :” “ Dat may be, replied *D’Echalotte*, but not *avec* “ *droit de chasse.*” The dispute grew violent, and this asylum of refugees was soon in such commo- tion, that I was glad to retire.

I have

I have since reflected upon the nature of coffee-houses, and not being able to perceive any advantages arising to the men, who frequent them, I tremble for the consequences that may follow, should a rendezvous of the same kind be established for the ladies. The graces of the sex, I fear, will be laid aside. The town will swarm with pretty libertines, and masculine beauties. What should we say of a memorandum-book at the bar, containing messages in the following stile?

“ Lady *Last-stakes* came according to appointment to meet Lady *Betty Modish*; is gone to hear *Skuter* give the *London Cries*; will be here again after the play, when she will be glad to have a party of *piquet* with Lady *Betty*, and spend the remainder of the evening.”

“ Miss *Madcap* called here about six o'clock, in hopes of seeing Miss *Limber-tongue*; is gone to consult Mrs. *Sermon* in *Naked-boy alley*, after which she intends to see *Harlequin Ranger*, and will call here again. Begs Miss *Limber-tongue* will leave word where she may be heard of.”

“ Miss *Tattleaid* begs to see Miss *Graveairs*; has a million of things to say to her, and particularly something she heard last night at Lady *Hurlyburly's*.”

Such

Such proceedings threaten a revolution of the manners, in its nature violent, but, perhaps, of short duration. I remember a *Greek* comedy, in which the men, with common consent, abandon their town, and leave it to a republic of women: but they soon return and besiege the place. A female club, from which the men are excluded, may have the same effect. The state of separation will, probably, be found intolerable, and both sexes may be brought together upon proper terms. I am therefore willing to try the experiment, and for that purpose have drawn the following regulations.

Rules for the Female Club.

1. That each lady pay one shilling at the bar, whether she drink tea, coffee, chocolate, capillaire, citron-water, or ratifia.
2. That Actresses may be admitted, to the end that the ladies may learn the secrets of the Green-room, and thereby become as good critics as the men.
3. That no lady shall, upon any account, be suffered to brag of her amours, that infamous practice being thought fit for the men only.
4. If any lady's cap, ruffles, or lace should be torn in a quarrel, the first assailant shall pay to the injured party the milliner's bill.

5. If

5. If any lady is discovered with a pair-royal of aces in her pocket, she shall be expelled the club, with as much strictness as if it had happened at *White's*.
6. If any husband should send in for his wife, he shall be obliged to prove that he endeavours to make home agreeable, and in default thereof, his message shall be treated with contempt.
7. Should any young lady, who is thought handsome, offer herself to be chosen into the club by ballot, a single white ball shall be sufficient, it being improbable that a real beauty can obtain that favour from more than one of her sex.
8. If any lady's husband makes it his custom to stay out all night, the wife shall be at liberty to do the same, and what the husband says to the contrary shall be null and void.



NUMBER LX.

Saturday, Dec. 8, 1753.

Mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne.

HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IT is the observation of *Congreve*, that, wherever Wit is, it is always contriving its own ruin. Of this truth there are in the world a number of melancholy instances. If we search for the cause, the solution will not be attended with much difficulty.

To succeed in life is generally the effect of prudence, or to express myself with more precision, of moderate passions, and a sedateness of mind, that can pursue, with steadiness, what it conceives to be good, and avoid what has the appearance of evil. To this end it is enough to feel the influence of one single passion; the rest cannot be held too much in subjection. Let the desire of private advantage, or self-interest prevail; let the love of lucre be a keen and active principle; and if the mind in every other respect is lulled in apathy,

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the person so formed by nature will find at the foot of the account a considerable ballance in his favour. His progress may be slow, but at the long run will be sure. Genius is not required in the ordinary track of business: on the contrary, a comfortable share of dulness is most likely to thrive. With the man of lively parts the case is different: he talks and reasons from the perceptions of his understanding, but acts with the violence of his passions. The man of prudence is often purblind: he sees but a little way before him, and, for fear of stumbling, walks with timidity. Genius has more extensive views, a greater variety of objects, and a larger horizon. It looks abroad from an eminence; surveys the distant scene, and never thinks of the tangling weeds that lie beneath, to obstruct the way. Add to this, the chief, and, too often, the only interest of genius, is applause, not the accumulation of wealth. The man, who has quickness and vigour of mind, is amply paid if you admire him; and admiration is so cheap a recompense, that blockheads are ever ready to part with it. Gentle dullness loves a joke, and wit aims at nothing more, content with the laughter it excites. The object of the man of business is to chase away his cares, and he, who has talents to divert his company, thinks the loudest laughter his

sincereſt friend : but, unhappily, there is not a word, in the compaſs of the Engliſh language, more groſsly abuſed than the term Friendſhip. As matters are now managed, it means no more, than that men eat together, game together ; are grave and merry, drunk and ſober together, without taking an intereſt in each others affairs, or feeling a concern for their mutual happineſs. I believe every day's experience will point out numbers, who are the dupes of convivial mirth, and fancy that they have friends, when in fact they have only bottle-companions. In the courſe of my obſervation I have marked a particular character, that falls more egregiouſly into this error, than the reſt of mankind. The character I mean is that of THE COMICAL FELLOW, or THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, or THE MAN OF HUMOUR, or THE GENIUS, or by whatever name, (for many names will ſuit him) you may pleaſe to diſtinguiſh the perſon, whom a cheerful flow of ſpirits, and a quick circulation of ideas, conſpire to render an entertaining companion.

The COMICAL FELLOW, is in high requeſt among all his acquaintance: different parties at the *Shakeſpear*, the *Bedford-Arms*, the *King's Arms*, and other places, are vying with each other to have him the maſter of the joke. He is without doubt
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the fittest creature in the world to kill an hour with, the merry droll has such a variety of chat, and such a deal of humour in telling a story. But while the Son of Gaiety is happy in the caresses of all, this secret misfortune attends him; he has not any where procured the least degree of esteem, because it is too well known that he has not a single virtue under the sun. He would at any time, according to the common saying, rather lose his friend than his joke. No obligation can bind him; he lashes all alike, for ever upon the look out for some incident, which, by a perversion of circumstances, or by a few touches of mimicry, or by some other adventitious aid, may be worked up into a story for the entertainment of the next company he goes into. On this account THE AGREEABLE DEVIL is held in contempt; but the vivacity of his imagination will not afford him leisure to think; his vanity is gratified by the applause he meets with, while his finances run to waste in the company of men, who have nothing in view, but to brighten the mist, that rises from the cares and the business of life.

I will venture to affirm, that few evils are more epidemic, than this rage of being an HIGH FELLOW. Of the many bankruptcies, which fill the columns of the *Gazette*, few are so much owing to

losses in trade, as to the pitiful ambition of discovering a vein of humour. When once the sober Cit becomes the ringleader in wit and frolick festivity; when once he has learned to *elevate and surprise*, his shop assumes a gloomy aspect, and book-keeping is a dull employment, unfit for men of finer sensations. Accordingly the man of business exchanges his Ledger for *Joe Miller*: in pursuit of mirth he flies to the tavern, where he cracks his joke, and thrice he enjoys the laugh, and thrice repeats the pun. In a little time, his name is inserted in the *Gazette*: his former companions shake their heads: “He was a wag, a merry man; a COMICAL FELLOW; but business is a serious thing.”

Poor *Jack Spatter*! he is at present the most remarkable of all THE AGREEABLE DEVILS I have ever known. *Jack* does not want a share of native humour: he dresses up a story at second hand with such additional touches, that a man is frequently as much entertained as if he had not heard it before, or had not himself told it to the merry droll the preceding day. For it is often the diverting rogue's trick unwittingly to fasten with *something high* upon the very person, who at first supplied him with the subject. And then THE GENIUS is such a mimick! nothing can escape him. A Cat, a Dog, a Monkey, a Manager, a

Burlette

Burletta Girl, a *Woodward*, a *Garrick*, all must undergo the touches of his humorous imitation, and mean while, the company, whores, waiters and all, do so laugh, and so shake their sides, that life is quite flat and insipid without *Jack Spatter*. But in this world, where, as *Moliere* says, *on donne rien pour rien*, where every thing must be paid for, it cannot but prove very expensive to be thus aspiring in company; and the vanity of *Spatter* extends to expence, as well as wit and humour. How many shifts have I known him make, that he might display his vivacity at the tavern! A turtle-feast was sometime since fixed at the *King's Arms* in *Cornhill*, and *Spatter* was invited to make one. "A turtle-feast," says *Jack*, "very well! it can't be better: citizens laugh heartily when their bellies are full. I'll certainly go: but how to pay my reckoning! There's *Title-page*, the bookseller; he likes a touch of my humour. He'll tip me two guineas for an epilogue: I'll write one for him: let me see what's here? *Dryden's Miscellany*! I'll transcribe one from this."—No sooner said than done, for *Jack* has quick parts, and away he sets out towards *Fleet-street*. He meets his friend *Humdrum* at *Temple-bar*; reads the piece to him, to shew what a COMICAL DEVIL he is; *Humdrum* admires it; *Jack* forgets that he stole it, and admires it more; touches

two guineas from *Title-page*, and who but he at the turtle-feast? A *masquerade* requires somewhat a larger capital. He writes a pamphlet from stale materials, and receives five guineas. A jant to *Tunbridge*, in the summer season, with some lovers of wit and humour, could not but be agreeable to Mr. *Spatter*: he sits down and writes a farce; and because *Fielding's Coffee-house Politician* is not very likely to be acted again on either of our stages, what does the merry wag do, but he takes the character, gives it a new name, makes a little alteration in the scene, where the *Politician* reads the newspapers, and instantly *Genial Jacob*, and a warm third day, equip the GENIUS for *Tunbridge*. Thus is the HIGH FELLOW, the AIMABLE FRIPON, perpetually spending the income of his brain, and torturing his invention in endeavours to live with those, who have fortunes to supply their expences, and do not entertain the least sentiment of friendship for their merry companion. They court him for his humour, but, in serious matters, they never consult him, aware of his indiscretion: to their friendship they never receive him, for they know his treachery. What will become of him, when he has played all his tricks, and when his stories are worn threadbare, I tremble to think, and, as if his misfortunes were now present, I cannot help crying out, “Alas, poor
“ *Yorick!*

“ *Yorick!* I knew him, a fellow of infinite jest:
 “ where be your gibes now? Your flashes of
 “ merriment, that were wont to set the table on a
 “ roar? Quite chop-fallen!”

My fancy has pictured this scene of distress so strongly, that I wish some means could be devised to avert the impending evil. An ingenious gentleman, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, proposed some time since a scheme for an HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED POETS. Suppose, in imitation of this laudable design, an hospital were to be raised for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS. I cannot but think the plan deserves encouragement. For my own part, I am willing to give the profits of this paper towards carrying it into execution. Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Rich* will, I dare say, contribute on their parts an annual benefit towards so useful a charity, the objects of which may be admitted as follows.

“ It being certified to us, that the bearer, *A. B.*
 “ was an AGREEABLE DEVIL, and entirely ruined
 “ himself by endeavouring to keep company with
 “ men of fortune, who countenanced him merely
 “ as their jester, you are hereby directed to admit
 “ the said unhappy pleasant creature into the hos-
 “ pital for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS, *London.*

Signed by two Directors.”

Should this propofal take effect, I fhall rejoice at being instrumental in the redemption of fo many diverting creatures from utter mifery. It would be melancholy to reflect that he, who often enlivened even the fprightly *Champaign*, might become miferably witty in an alehoufe, or be a joking *boot-catcher* at an inn, and tell your honour a ftory, while he is divesting your legs of their leathern incumbrance. I fhall therefore hope that all true lovers of humour will promote a fcheme, calculated to prevent the diftrefs of thofe, who ruin themfelves to divert their company.

I am, Sir, your conftant reader,

CRITO.



NUMBER

N U M B E R LXI.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1753.

————— *Utinam remeare liceret*
Ad veteres fines, et mœnia pauperis Anci.

CLAUD.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

I Cannot agree with you, or your correspondent (who on the tenth of last month thought proper to second your argument) in the position, which you have both laid down, in favour of modern times, as I conceive, to the disadvantage of the ancients, and no less injurious to the interests of truth and virtue. Your hypothesis, in my opinion, remains unsupported by either facts or reason.

Notwithstanding that air of gravity, which runs through both your performances, I must take the liberty to suppose, that under the mask of irony you have concealed an opinion diametrically opposite to what you have advanced. For a system so wild and chimerical there is no other way of accounting. And even upon this supposition I cannot think you justifiable. There is a passage
in

in the account given by *Tacitus* of the ancient *German* manners, which might have occurred to you ; and if it had, a little reflection would have taught you to treat so important a subject in a very different manner. *Nemo illic vitia ridet*, says the great *Roman* historian, *nec corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocatur*. Vice, it seems, in those uncivilized regions excited indignation. The levity, that considers it as a subject of mirth and raillery, was not as yet in fashion. To laugh at that, which calls for efficacious remedy, is mere quackery in morals ; and, like all physical quackery, leaves the disease untouched, or, perhaps, more inveterate than ever. It may be said that taxes and game-laws have so engrossed the legislature for a series of years, that there has been little leisure to counteract vice, and reform the manners. If that be so, it is the crisis of national depravity. When a people, says *Livy*, can neither bear their vices, nor the application of adequate remedies, they are upon the verge of ruin. It is the duty of a moral writer not to compound with vice for the sake of wit or idle merriment. For my own part, your whole account of modern times appeared to me no better than wilful misrepresentation, and I went immediately to see the reverse of the medal. That was near at hand. I found it in *Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*, where the Emperor, after hearing
a smooth

a smooth apologist for the manners of this country, pronounces our history to be no better than *a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects, that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, envy, lust, and malice, and ambition, could produce.*

I could not help saying to myself, Here is a writer, who deals in bold truth, and holds up to the world its own form and image. I then turned to the comparative view of a *Roman* and a modern senate. It made too deep an impression. I felt for my country, and with great anxiety of mind went to rest, when I had the following vision, proceeding, as I suppose, from the agitation of my spirits.

I thought I was embarked on a voyage round the world, but with what view I am not certain. It was either to find the longitude, a new mineral, or a slipper of the bark of a tree for the Royal Society. Being in the great Pacific Ocean, we were thrown, in the night-time, by distress of weather, upon an island unknown to the ship's crew. While they were, next morning, all hands at work to get off the ship, I adventured up the country. I had not journeyed far, when I perceived that I was among the people of *Brobdingnag*. As they
had

had before seen one of my species, I was freed from the disagreeable circumstance of being stared at, and shewed about, in the manner we do a tall man or a short woman in *England*. I was conducted without delay to the office of the Minister of State, and soon after to the Emperor's presence. As I entered the room, he burst into a fit of laughter, which made me think of myself with great contempt. His Majesty sent for an interpreter, and, on his arrival, placing me on a table, began to question me concerning the state of *Europe*, and that of *Great Britain* in particular. He asked me whether the same vices were still in fashion among us, more especially whether that list of enormities, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him, still continued in practice; such as *robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging, gaming, lying, fauning, bestowing, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking*, and the like. I told him they flourished with as much, if not more vigour, than ever, and that two of them, *gaming* and *libelling*, encreased and gathered strength every day; that there are several in the metropolis of *Great Britain* who professedly live by them, and had no other means of subsistence. To carry on gaming with alacrity, I mentioned several societies, that meet with a design upon one another's pockets.

pockets. I took great pains to give some idea of the games in vogue. I added, that the hours ordained by nature for repose, are spent in painful vigils, and with an industry, that seems to aim at nothing less than the ruin of health, reputation, and fortune. I stated the pernicious consequences, that attend the habit of gaming, and in particular mentioned it as the cause of frequent SUICIDE. His Majesty desired me not to tell him a lie. Nature, said he, shrinks back from destruction, and that any man shall voluntarily rush upon it, is altogether incredible. I assured him of the fact, and describing a pistol as well as I could, observed, that the horrid deed is generally performed by a brace of bullets discharged at some part of the head by the force of that powder, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him. The Emperor here fetched a groan, that sounded in my ears like thunder. I could not dissemble, that the ladies are as much addicted to play as the men, divesting themselves as fast as possible of all the natural affections, and those amiable qualities, that constitute the peculiar ornament of the sex.

Of LIBELLING the account I gave was without reserve, but in nothing exaggerated. I took notice of what is called the liberty of the press, being, in fact, no more than a right of doing that, without a licence, for which we are afterwards accountable,

countable, if the act be immoral, or of a tendency to public or private mischief. Men, in this respect, as in many others, are left free agents, but their conduct is imputable to them. The printers of newspapers understand it differently. The liberty of doing, what is blameless, they conceive to be a right to do, what is wrong. The materials of truth afford but a scanty supply, not sufficient to furnish one column of a paper. For the rest, invention must be tortured, and when that faculty is once let loose, every quarter of the globe is laid under contribution. But to commit ravages in every place, without mercy, requires a number of hands. For this purpose, the printer retains in his pay a sett of scribblers, who in their garrets write letters from foreign parts, and prowl about at home, seeking whom they can devour. Hence ensues a general massacre of characters. Nor rank, nor merit, nor sex, nor age is spared. The persons employed in this destructive work, ought to be at the plough or the anvil. He is often seen mending a pen, who might be useful in making Whitechapel needles. The wages of defamation are better than the King's pay, and for that reason government is often in want of soldiers, while the town abounds with critics without a tincture of learning. The art, by which these men succeed in their vocation, is attended with
little

little difficulty : they know that envy and hatred, malice and treachery are interwoven in the constitution of the human mind, and he who best can gratify those malignant passions, is sure of the greatest number of customers. The coarsest stile answers the purpose. To convince the Emperor of this truth, I took out of my pocket one of our daily papers, and at the same time happened to drop another printed sheet, which I endeavoured to recover in great haste and some confusion. A few articles of news abundantly satisfied the Emperor's curiosity. He then desired to know the contents of the paper, which I had dropt by accident. This was Mr. *Pond*'s list of the several horses, that had run at a *Newmarket* meeting. His Majesty laughed heartily at the whimsicalness of the conceit, but wondered that Mr. *Pond* would say the thing, which was not. I assured him of the truth of the account, and added, however incredible it might appear, that boys, who sweat themselves down to a certain weight, ride at the full stretch of their horses speed, to decide wagers for the nobility and gentry ; and that the most eminent peers of the realm frequently ride their own matches in the face of the world, making no better appearance than common jockies and grooms. To be a spectacle to the people, upon these occasions, is no disgrace to the
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the proudest lord in the kingdom. I could not help adding, that on the approach of a race-week, I have known the most important business of the nation suspended, that the ministers might have an opportunity of shewing how capable they are, if rightly employed, of being most excellent post-boys. As I uttered these words, I perceived upon his Majesty's countenance a smile expressive of the most mixed sensation I ever beheld. Contempt, indignation, and ridicule were blended together in proportions, that played alternately, and sometimes with their united force, upon every feature of his face. After a pause, he asked me whether ministers of state were not often chosen from the body of the nobility, and whether any care was taken of the education of such persons since he had conversed with Captain *Gulliver*? I told his Majesty, that no form of education was held necessary: to qualify a nobleman for the first offices, it is sufficient, that by the splendor of his living, by the boroughs under his influence, and the number of his cooks, he can keep a great many adherents and dependants in his train; that in his younger days he called himself a Whig, headed mobs, and burnt the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender; that he has learned to promise, and to break his promise with dexterity; and that he knows in apt time how to give a few yards of
blue

blue ribbon to one, of red to another, and green to a third. These are the qualifications of a minister; and with these he may keep his place, when age has impaired his faculties, governing by jobbs at home, sending blockheads to preside in colonies abroad, advancing broken gamblers to preferment, securing majorities to vote away the national money, and from such expedients assuming the name of a statesman.

The Emperor paused for a short time, and then put several questions, which I answered without disguise. Of parliaments, their elections, and their conduct, I could say nothing that varied from Captain *Gulliver's* account. That *trick* and *chicane* were banished from our courts of law, was more than I could pretend; nor could I venture to assert that the rights of men were always determined upon the real merits. I confessed that for want of a single word, and sometimes a single letter in an indictment, the worst malefactors escaped; and of those, that were convicted of fraud and perjury, many were sent to foreign provinces, in order to sow, in places too remote from authority, the seeds of treachery and future mischief. Our religious sectaries, I was obliged to admit, continue to live in mutual animosity, their faces decked with smiles, and their hearts envenomed against each other.

In praise of our philosophers nothing could be urged. I mentioned some, that affected to believe the Existence of a God, and the Immortality of the Soul, yet hanged or shot themselves: others, who denied both those important articles, relying for their virtue upon the pride and dignity of human nature, and by their actions proving, that self-interest, where there is no sense of obligation, will be always found a motive too prevailing.

I explained the nature of BROKERS and CONTRACTORS, and enlarged upon several other topics. The history of divorces took up much time: but the Emperor was now out of humour, as he said, with such a catalogue of vices. By a person, who entered the room, we were informed that the ship, in which I came, was got off the rocks, and ready for sea. In compliance with my request his Majesty permitted me to return, with much condescension wishing me a good voyage, and adding with some spleen, "*My little friend,*
 "*as I formerly said to Captain Gulliver, your coun-*
 "*trymen are the most pernicious race of little odious*
 "*vermin, that ever crawled upon the face of the*
 "*earth.*"

I was glad to revisit my companions. We set sail with a favourable wind, and meeting but few
 acci

accidents on our voyage, we came in a short time safe to anchor in the Downs. In this manner I closed the adventures of a night, not without reflecting, as soon as I waked, that the superiority of the moderns over ancient virtue, is the extravagance of paradox.



NUMBER LXII.

Saturday, Dec. 22, 1753.

— *Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa ferena.*

LUCRET.

IN a former paper I took occasion to make my readers acquainted with that celebrated academy, called the ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY. I am pleased to find that the arts and sciences flourish in this learned seminary, and that moral, as well as natural philosophy, continues to make the most rapid advances. I attended the debates of the initiated on Monday last, and perceived, with inward satisfaction, that the seat of rational enquiry, *de quolibet ente*, of metaphysicks, *occult qualities*, and *substantial forms*, is now fixed in BUTCHER-Row. In imitation of *Spratt's* history of the Royal Society, I have some thoughts of collecting together the annals of this respectable assembly, the members of which have nothing so much at heart, as the discovery of truth. Sir *Francis Bacon's* noble project for the advancement of learning, together with the *Novum Organum* of that COLUMBUS in literature, may now be laid aside, consigned for ever to the libraries of the curious. The *Academus*

demus of SOCRATES, and the *Lyceum* of ARISTOTLE, are wholly eclipsed by this modern institution. All degrees and ranks of men crowd to this place. The love of knowledge has pervaded every breast, insomuch that wisdom scorns all distinction of persons, and we may now hear an unshod shoemaker rejudge the works of creation; a taylor, out at elbows, demonstrate that *a remnant of all shall be saved*; an attorney, who has lost his INSTRUCTOR CLERICALIS, bring *a writ of error* against revelation; a *Philomath* from ABERDEEN set forth the danger of lawn sleeves to both church and state; and a cobbler solve a knotty point, and settle the most abstruse speculation. It is here that the moral government of the universe is called in question, and the fitness of things, and the eternal rule of right, are either established or refuted, according to the different genius, the tempers, and complexions of the several disputants. In the course of their academical exercises, the students are frequently observed to make such vigorous application to certain pewter pots lying before them, and to draw from thence such copious draughts, that it is by many imagined to be at last discovered, that the ancients were mistaken, when they supposed TRUTH to be in the bottom of a well; this coy and retired goddess, in the opinion of the *Robin Hood* Society, being to be found at present

in the bottom of a *pot of porter*. Certain it is, the noble system of free-thinking is here displayed in its genuine lustre. The deistical writers, and the minute philosophers of every denomination, are in great vogue with the members of the academy. *Hobbs, Chubb, Mandeville, and Spinoza*, are in current reputation. The preachers of *Boyle's* lecture, with *Locke, Berkley*, and others of that stamp, are in no degree of credit. At the last meeting of this learned body I heard, with astonishment, the most profound points treated by the professors with an air of conviction, that shewed how familiar the several professors were with the deepest secrets of nature. They called to my mind the philosophical disputes described by *Milton* :

*Others apart sat on a hill retir'd
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Fore-Knowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free Will, Fore-Knowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.*

But this will appear more fully from the following debate, with which I shall fill up the remainder of this day's paper.

Robin Hood Society, Dec. 17, 1753.

At six this evening the members began to assemble. They spent their time in various modes
of

of contemplation, such as sleeping, dozing, snoring, whistling, drinking, and yawning, till seven, when the President made his public entry, through a lane of Under-Graduates. Having taken possession of his chair, he began with a clear and audible voice—" Silence, gentlemen—Pray, gentlemen, be silent—Gentlemen, here are two questions to be read to you for your approbation, before they can be inserted in our book of *Free Enquiry*."

Whether English quartern loaves are not better than French bread? Signed *Antigallicus*.

" You that are for its being a question, hold up your hands—(*hands up*)—You that are against it, hold up yours (*hands up*) The majority is for it. The other question is,

Whether religion is consistent with the genius of a trading nation? Signed, *Lovegold*.

" You that are for it, hold up your hands (*all up*) it must be a question."

First Member. What do you throw down the porter for?

Second Member. It was only an accident.

First Member. An accident! I have it all in my shoes.

President. Pray, gentlemen, be silent: pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Are all the gentlemen served with *porter*?—Gentlemen, the first question is, *Whether there is in the natural or moral world such a thing as evil, and if there be, what is the origin of evil?* Signed, *Manly*.

Is Mr. *Manly* here? If he is, I wish he would answer.

Manly. Sir, the question is mine, and my reason for proposing it is, because I am afflicted with the gout, the stone, the gravel, and a complication of disorders. I want to know, as I was always an enemy to French claret, why I suffer so much physical evil? and having lent fifty pounds to an ungrateful fellow, who has made off with my money, why moral evil has been allowed to take place in the world? and whether it would not shew a more just and benevolent disposition of matters and things, if I was free from the gout, and my money paid back, as of right and justice it ought?

President. Do you chuse to speak, Sir?—Do you?—You?—Does any gentleman in this row chuse to give his thoughts?

William Crosslegs. (*a taylor without buttons to his coat*) It has long been my opinion that things are all going wrong. The cause is not so very remote, but he that will look, may see it. From
the

the introduction of Italian operas we may date the whole of the mischief. I am an enemy to all modern harmony. I believe in a *pre-established harmony*, and the case of the *præ-Adamites* may be proved to a demonstration. And the gentleman who preached last Sunday at the Tabernacle—

President. Time, sir: your sand is run out. Do you chuse, sir?

Timothy Meek. (*a cabinet-maker, with a wife and seven children starving*) When I think, Mr. President, of those horrible times, when persecution was carried on in the bowels of the land; I cannot come down so low as the gentleman who spoke last. Operas, to be sure, may be accounted among the evils, that add to the grievances of the public. No man is more ready to declare against those unnatural shews, contrived, for the most part, by people ignorant of every principle of composition. They know nothing of *counterpoint*. Now counterpoint is the art of placing different notes, so that they may sound together in true harmonic order. Musick, Sir, consists of melody and harmony: but melody is the regular progression of a single part, and harmony, is the union, the full accord of different parts. And so much, Sir, for Italian operas. But when I think of faggots lighted up in Smithfield, of fires blazing, and men, women, and children consumed in the flames,
I say,

I say, Sir, when I think of this barbarous tragedy, am I to waste a thought upon Italian operas? I have read in *Eachard's* history—

President. Time, Sir.

Isaac Instep (a shoemaker, whose customers are all leaving him, because they can get no work out of his hands) I have considered the question, Mr. *President*, for this week past, as well as my friend who spoke last, and I fancy's I have come at the very *Soal* of it, and I'll now lay my *All* before ye, and, as a body may say, you'll find I have taken the right measure of the subject. The tanners, Sir, do the whole mischief, and if the tricks played by them in the articles of bark, and—

President. Mr. *Profound*, do you chuse to speak?

Mr. Profound. Sir, I have a motion to make.

A Member. Sir, you must at present speak to the question.

Several Members. The question! the question!

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. The present question must be militated before any other question can be received.

Mr. Profound. Mr. *President*,—a—I think,—I think,—a—Mr. *President*, that you have all been wrong-headed in this debate;—I believe they have not read *Quintilian*, and of course have not correct minds—a—Mr. *President*,—I never, for my own part,—looked into the *vitals* of the
dead

dead languages, but there is a gentleman, who tells me what *Quintilian* says in the beginning of a chapter, and then I can think with the author, and find out the rest of his meaning. If I hear but one sentiment, that is clue enough for me. Sir,—I have more imagination than I can dispose of. In the present debate there is a *Trinity* of circumstances, that—a—a—make up a *Vesuvius*—or—a—a—a Mount *Ætna*, as I may say, in the mind.

President. Time, Sir.

Mr. Profound. Pray, Sir, why are you to lay an *embargo* on my thoughts?

President. Sir, the Rules—

Mr. Profound. But, Sir, every discourse should have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*. I have not got to the beginning: and so I move for five minutes more. I am to speak upon an important question: now speaking, as *Quintilian* says, has different modes. An orator, Sir, (*in a very husky tone*) should have a silver voice. An orator should shew (*rubbing the sweat from his forehead*) that he has lived among gentlemen: and that (*scratching his arm-pit*) that he has had a polite education. And now, Sir, to the point. Read the question, Sir. (*question read*) Law! what is law? what is obligation? All things have their laws: that candle has its law. The philosopher of *Malmshbury*—

President.

President. I am sorry your time is out.

Witwould. And, Sir, my patience is out. With difficulty I survived the last five minutes, and so, Mr. *President*, we'll do with him, as he does with *Quintilian*: when once he has told us a sentiment, for the future, we'll *think* the rest for him.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Does any gentlemen there chuse to speak? Mr. *Macpherson*, it is with you.

Mr. *Macpherson.* I do not know whether the gentleman's reasoning be *reet*, about *Quintilian*, and as to the philosopher of *Malmsbury* he has left us in the dark. Others have mentioned Italian Operas, and I agree with them; they are exotic productions, and will never thrive in *Britain*. But, Sir, operas of our genuine manufacture ought to be received. I am of opinion that *Allan Ramsay* set to musick by the *Philharmonic* society at *Dumferlin*, will exceed the squeaking of Italian eunucks. The musick of the north is your only musick. It received, I grant, some advantages from *David Rizzio*. We have now in the north several pret y poets, and for true pastoral they excell *Theocritus*. And you ken, Sir, that in *aw* things you may look to the north for perfection: from the banks of the *Tweed* to *Johnny Grots* it is a nation of *scho-lars* and of poets. And as I said just now, you see that in *aw* things the North-Britons are excellent.

For

For the ruffles, there is Mrs. *Mac-Cloud* in Bond-street; for the law, there is the Advocates at *Edinburgh*; for true constitutional principles, you have there the best politicians, and if one part of the family is wrong, the other is sure to be right. For the mathematicks, you have *Mac Gregor*, who is esteemed better than NEWTON; and for the shoes, you have *Mac Auly's* blacking ball. So you see that in *aw* things——

President. Time, Sir.

Macpherson. You see that in *aw* things——

President. Pray, gentlemen, be silent.

Macpherson. And for the origin of evil you can go no higher than the Revolution; though something like amends has been made by the accession Britain has gained by the Union.

President. Order, Sir: you must observe order.—As to my sentiments, gentlemen, upon this question, it is now late, and I shall endeavour to be very concise. Matter—motion—cogitative—incogitative—blind chance—mind—directing intelligence—Epicurus—concourse of atoms—history of human opinions—Pythagoras—Galileo imprisoned for the damnable heresies of the Copernican system.—Gentlemen, it is late: I wish you all a good night.

NUMBER LXIII.

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1753.

*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque,
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.*

HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

THE languages of all nations have ever been in a state of fluctuation. Old words have fallen into obscurity, new ones have started up, and modes of phraseology have varied, often without necessity, frequently without any other cause than caprice, false taste, or the natural inconstancy of the human temper, not content with what is fit and useful, seeking something better, and generally finding what is worse. Of this instability complaints have been made in every age by men, who had the honour of letters at heart. The diction of the Romans is now like to last till time shall be no more; yet we find that *Horace* was aware of this decay of old words, and the coinage of new. In several passages of his writings there are short reflections upon this uncertainty of language, and the poet always delivers himself with regret.

regret. Words, he says, have their season: they fall like leaves, and yield their place to a new succession: like young persons, they flourish for a time, and then are heard no more. Nothing can be more just than this comparison. It may be added, that as young men, in their bloom and vigour, are said to be *upon town*, it is the same with words: they are also upon town for a time; they soon die away, and sink into oblivion. I have often thought, that a *weekly bill* of words would not be unentertaining; and that if a register-office were kept for the purpose of recording the *birth and burial* of words, as they happen to spring up and fade away, we might, from such an establishment, expect a history of language of great use, not only to contemporary writers, but to the future commentator and antiquarian. A distinction might be made to mark a kind of sex in words, that is to say, which belonged peculiarly to the ladies, and which to the men. DAMNATION I take to be of male extraction: *psshaw! a fiddlestick's end!* are perfectly female. Upon this plan the weekly bill might stand in this form.

Born this week	Males	300	Buried	Males	400
	Females	900		Females	990
Total		1200	Total		1390

Decreased in the burial of words this week 57.

If,

If, for the satisfaction of the curious, a list were made of the several terms, that are born, and die away, with a short account of the life and character of each, whether born of honest parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what company it kept, whether Whig or Tory, Papist or Protestant, it would, in my opinion, be an agreeable addition to this verbal history. To this might be added an account of all expressions naturalized, with the objections of the learned, who should from time to time protest against the incorporating of so many foreigners with the natives of this land. A work like this would yield satisfaction to the curious, and if not of efficacy to prevent the intability of our language, it would at least display the gradual steps towards improvement or final destruction. For my part, I have ever considered the permanency of our language as of greater consequence than the flocks, of whatever denomination. For this reason, I should be glad that some means were devised to hinder the diction of *Bacon*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, and *Hooker*, from being covered with the rust of time, and rendered useless by the quaint prettiness of modern innovation. I never could read the following beautiful lines without particular sensibility.

*So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,*

Where

*Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years the full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away.*

I feel, with uneasiness, that something like this may be the fate of *Dryden*, *Pope*, and *Addison*. To prevent so fatal a mischief, the Dictionary, which the erudition of Mr. *Johnson* is now preparing for the public, may hereafter be found of use. In aid to that design, I have been for some time planning a dictionary of such words, as appear to me, from a concurrence of various causes, most likely to fall into oblivion. To forward this undertaking, I have annexed a specimen, not as yet reduced into alphabetical order, but drawn out in such a manner, as to convey some idea of the intended work. The whole, when compleated, may prove a proper companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the works of morality, which have been published in this country. Posterity may derive from it some faint notion of what is meant in many places, when the total change of man-

ners has made the descriptions obscure, the allusions flat, and the moral unintelligible.

SPECIMEN *of an* ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Creature. A term to shew our contempt of any person whom we dislike; chiefly used by the ladies.

Thing. Very often used to imply our dislike, but chiefly to signify our highest approbation. Thus it is said of a fine lady, "She's the very thing," or of a young fellow, "O, Ma'em, he's the very thing;" and sometimes with limitation, "Very well, but not the thing."

Patriot. A man who speaks against the Court till he gets a place or pension, and till then loves his country out of spite.

Honest. From the *Latin* word *Honestum*, which among the *Romans* implied whatever is fair and honourable: *Incoctum generoso pectus honesto*. The word, now warped from its original sense, imports gaming, drinking, and debauchery of every sort. Thus we say of a man addicted to all fashionable vices, "he is an *Honest Fellow*."

Good-Nature. An old *English* word much in use with our ancestors: it is plain that it carried some allusion to the customs and manners of those times, but there is no tracing it to its source.

Religion. An old *English* word for the worship of a Supreme Being, and the practice of social duties

ties : probably a custom known to the ancient Druids.

Humbug. A lye.

Worth. Originally it meant the laudable qualities of the mind ; at present confined to a man's fortune. Thus a scoundrel of fifty thousand is a man of *worth*, and an honest man in indigence is *worth* nothing.

Party. Formerly signified divisions in the state ; at present a jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any place of diversion.

Tragedy. A name by which *Shakespear*, *Otway*, and some others, entitled their dramatic writings : the moderns retain the word, but the thing itself is vanished.

Comedy. Probably a piece in which our rude ancestors represented the follies and characters of the age : nothing of this sort is at present known amongst us.

Damned. When priestcraft prevailed in this country, the people were frightened with strange ideas of *Hell*, or a place of torture, where the departed spirits of bad men were supposed to be confined. At present it signifies the highest praise we can confer. Thus we say, " A damned fine woman ; a damned good dinner ; a damned fine fellow ; a damned high thing."

Drum. An instrument of warlike music used

at the march of an army, or in time of battle to animate the soldiery : hence stiled by *Shakespear* the *spirit-stirring drum*. It has not been used to any purpose by the *English* since the days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical sense it means a party of cards. (*Vide Rout*)

Friendship. An old *English* word importing the complex idea of affection and esteem between two or more persons, founded upon sympathy of temper, and congenial habits of virtue. (*Vide Virtue*) This custom was totally abolished in the reign of King *Charles II.* and few or no traces of it have been discovered ever since.

God. The ancient *Druids*, it is probable from all historians, imagined that a Governing Mind superintended the direction of the Universe, and the term *God*, it is not unlikely, signified that Supreme Intelligence ; but since it has been happily found out, that every thing was made by *Chance*, or that *Nature* (*Vide Nature*) produced every thing we behold ; and since the properties of matter have been sufficiently discovered by Lord *Bolingbroke* and others, the term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expressive of some chimæra, which has no existence.

Modesty. Alludes to some custom among the antient *British* ladies.

Earth-

Earthquake. A party at cards. (*Vide Rout, Drum, Hurricane*)

Fashionable. A polite term for all the vices that can be thought of.

Nature. It is often called *plastic Nature, universal Nature, &c.*: supposed to be superior to the author of all things: a goddess held in veneration by *Atheists* and Freethinkers.

Rout. Formerly signified the defeat of an army; when the soldiers were put to flight, they were said to be routed. The ladies, in order to preserve some idea of *Cressy, Poitiers, and Blenheim*, have agreed to call their assemblies by the name of *Routs*; and this with the more propriety, as whole families, at those meetings, are entirely *routed* out of house and home.

Soul. It was formerly believed, that in each human creature there existed something incorruptible, which did not perish with the dissolution of our bodies, but removed to some other part of the universe, to enjoy the reward of virtue, or to suffer condign punishment for all transgressions in this state of probation. But the happy discovery of the properties of matter has banished this absurd doctrine, which serves now to embellish the fictions of poetry, and the visions of philosophy.

Immense. An epithet of praise; thus we say "an immense fine woman!" (*Vide damned*)

Virtue. The antient *Druids* made it a rule to keep their passions in due government, by which means they were never known to treat their Maker with contempt ; to injure their neighbour ; or to hurt their own constitutions by intemperance. This practice, it is probable, was signified by the word *Virtue*. It is used by *Shakespear*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and other poets : it occurs sometimes in modern romance, but seldom in real life. (*Vide Friendship*)

Pity. This is also an old *English* word, the meaning of which cannot be traced : it is now a term of course, when we do not care a farthing for a friend in affliction.

Whig. Formerly a name of reproach in *Scotland*, and now, by some strange reverse, a title of honour in *England*.

Tory. Originally a gang of robbers in *Ireland* : the word has been imported from thence to signify the friends of monarchy.

The Wisdom of the Nation. A term well understood in the Saxon *Witten-a-Gemot* : now a medley of contractors, sharpers, gamblers, and adventurers of every kind : a *rendezvous* of all the fell passions, such as *avarice*, *envy*, *malice*, &c. When they have railed at each other for several hours, they call it a *DEBATE* ; and when they have roared with barbarous monotony, they call it *ORATORY*.

Z. Y. Z.

N U M B E R

N U M B E R L X I V .

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1754.

Contemptor Divum Mezentius !

VIRG.

A T the last meeting of our Club, of which I must consider myself an unworthy member, not having of late attended with due punctuality, my friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the acquaintance of my readers, produced a paper, which, he said, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongst several other manuscripts of the same nature. As the piece seems calculated to add to the entertainment of my readers, I have ordered it a place in this day's paper.

In the days when the empire of *Bagdad* spread terror round the nations, and their conquering arms added a constant accession of honour and wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcasem*, a youth of extensive parts and boundless ambition, had the address to raise himself to the first honours of the state. In process of time, he arrived at the dignity of Vizier. In this office his conduct was such as might be expected from a person of his exalted talents. His renown for genius and a bright

understanding distinguished him above the rest of the Ministers, and the name of *Aboulcasem* was wafted on the wings of Fame through all the regions of the East.

Amidst all this effulgence of his glory, *Aboulcasem* was hurried away by the violence of his temper. His passions were rapid as the cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the whirlwind of the desert. His soul was apt to kindle into a blaze at the sight of beauty, and in the height of his national business he would frequently sport away his hours in wanton dalliance with a *Circassian* beauty. With her he would often retire to secret bowers, to the baths, and other sequestered places, and, in the midst of amorous dissipation, transact affairs of the first importance to the Califf, and the whole empire of *Bagdad*. Love and business took their turns, and the transition from one to the other was with a celerity that astonished all beholders. In the arms of his concubine, he would write dispatches to his agents at the neighbouring Courts, and though in his general appearance formed for pleasure only, he was, even in the wanton bower, a profound politician, bold and original in all his designs, and by a wonderful diversity of nature uniting in himself the opposite qualities of wisdom and temerity, hurry and reflection, a delicate sense of

of honour, and the most artful duplicity. To all this he added a vein of eloquence that could varnish whatever cause he favoured; sure to charm, even when he could not persuade. He was at length suspected of favouring the banished Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the deserts of *Arabia*. Though no convincing proofs could be alledged against him, yet not being able to vindicate himself from the imputation, he was obliged to fly his country.

Aboulcasem immediately betook himself to the Prince *Abdallah*, but finding his cause totally ruined, without any possibility of re-instating him, he soon exerted all his industry to obtain leave to return home. As things of this nature cannot be compassed in a short time, in order to hinder his mind, in the interval, from falling a prey to melancholy, and all the horrors of disappointed ambition, he applied himself to the labours of the wise men. Knowledge seemed congenial to his soul. Here he penned his thoughts upon exile, and many important points of speculative morality. He lived like an hermit in the deserts of *Arabia*, and, there, illustriously hid, carried on his researches into the study of nature, history, and all the branches of human learning. He embraced the whole circle of science, and appropriated with rapidity whatever could enrich so accomplished a mind.

Thus

Thus furnished with all mental embellishments, *Aboulcasem* was in time permitted to return to his native country. He was not, however, restored to his former honours. As ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no sooner fixed in his own abode, than he instantly became an implacable enemy to the Vizier, who had consented to recall him. He drew from the stores of knowledge, which he had formerly treasured up, some of the severest reflections, which could be made upon the Minister's administration, and this in such a powerful strain of nervous eloquence, that he may very justly be said to have had a great share in his downfall. To ruin the VIZIER was for a number of years his darling object. In this design he persevered with unrelenting ardour. His efforts were crowned with success; but that grand work of his life accomplished, he found himself as distant as ever from his Prince's ear. In despair he betook himself to his country-house at a small distance from *Bagdad*, where he employed his hours in reading all the moralists of *Arabia*, and, in short, all the fine Eastern writers. In this recess he cultivated an acquaintance with two of the first geniuses of his time, *Selim* and *Mirza*; the former remarkable among the Eastern sages for elevated strains of poetry, and the latter for those Oriental tales, which are generally called the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Adventures of Gulliver*, the merchant of *Bagdad*.

Bagdad. These two undertook the defence of *Aboulcasem's* character, and spared no pains to blazon his fame to the world.

Aboulcasem in the meantime pursued his researches into all the branches of human wisdom : the civil polity of states was to him a store-house, which disclosed a constant supply of knowledge : he then turned his eye inwards upon the texture and make of his own mind : he used to say, that the mind was a concealed repository of riches, and that it behoved every man to find out the secrets of it. In every pursuit the genius of *Aboulcasem* went on with rapidity, surmounting difficulties, and always enlarging the horizon of his views. His mind became a repository of science : elocution flowed from his tongue. He did not enjoy the secret, selfish gratification of many, who, when in possession of a treasure, never suffer it be seen by human eyes ; on the contrary, he was glad of every opportunity to display himself, perhaps with ostentation. He proceed to examine into matters of religion : the various systems of the Eastern sages were to him perfectly known : he laughed at the *Koran* ; the system of morality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcasem* held in contempt ; the Paradise of *Mahomet* was the vision of an impostor, and every system of belief, however founded,

founded, and embraced by millions, was to him no better than the vapoured dream, that vanishes at the dawn of day. The *Bramins* were the objects of his severest contempt: in the dictates of natural religion, he would say, we have no occasion for such guides, and in the explanation of established forms, they are highly dangerous. He was an enemy to the modes of worship offered in the temple of the prophet: he endeavoured to subvert the principles upon which this worship was founded, and to introduce a new system of his own. Since *Aboulcasem* could have no share in the direction of state-affairs, he was determined to soar above sublunary things, and to have the lead in matters of higher importance. Dogmatical in his assertions, he carried his extravagance so far, as to advance, that there was no difference between the human species and brutes: he esteemed it highly probable that dogs and the rest of the animal creation are endued with souls as well as mankind. In general he asserted that all souls are material.

In the midst of these disquisitions, *Aboulcasem* was sitting one night in his study, his lamp burning before him, when of a sudden thunders rolled deep and awful over his head; the mountains were shaken, and they groaned; keen lightnings flashed

flashed athwart the hemisphere; the third heaven was opened, and a flood of radiance descended upon the earth. The solemnity of the scene appalled the heart of *Aboulcasem*; trembling seized his limbs; he fell prostrate and adored the messenger of the Most High, who now stood before him, and spoke in accents, which chilled the blood within him, and made him stand convinced of his vain philosophy.

“ *Aboulcasem*, said he, receive my sayings with
 “ an ear of attention. Know then, that the eye
 “ of him, who is in the third heaven, hath beheld
 “ thee: he hath viewed thy ways with compas-
 “ sion, and now intends this vision as a vehicle
 “ of instruction unto thy soul, at present lost
 “ and bewildered in a maze of idle and foolish
 “ philosophy. Thy enquiries are not calculated
 “ to advance true knowledge, virtue, and wis-
 “ dom. Ostentation and vain-glory have in-
 “ duced thee to display thy imagined superiority
 “ of parts: thy vanity pretends to pervade all
 “ systems of religion, and thy heart's conceit will
 “ approve of none. Thy studies are ill directed.
 “ Thy views tend only to alienate the minds of
 “ men from any settled form of worship, which it
 “ it is the more wicked to disturb, as your own
 “ insufficiency cannot substitute a better system
 “ than

“ what is designed to fix in the minds of men a due
“ sense of resignation to a supreme being, and to pre-
“ serve the bands of society religiously unbroken.
“ Cast thine eye upon yonder vale ; behold what is
“ there transacted. There thou may’st see whole
“ tribes divested of all forms of worship, and ren-
“ dered perfectly conformable to thy vain notions
“ of religion. There thou may’st see what is the
“ state of man ungoverned by settled rules of de-
“ votion : they have shaken off all regard to the
“ Prophet, and behold them immersed in all
“ manner of vicious practice. Uncontrouled,
“ they invade each other’s rights ; they make
“ war to gratify their ambition ; freely without
“ restraint, they proscribe whom they please ; the
“ bonds of society are broken, and the contempt
“ of divine laws has introduced a contempt for
“ all human institutions. To promote this scene
“ of confusion are thy writings calculated, but
“ know, and dread the truth I am now to utter.
“ To lead men to happiness is the work of an-
“ gels ; but to pervert all sense of right and
“ wrong, and teach the world to be impious, and
“ therefore miserable, is the province of a DÆ-
“ MON, or an EVIL GENIUS. It will henceforth
“ behove thee to pay submission to established
“ principles : to teach men not to believe, were
“ to teach them to be unhappy. Remove the
“ impres-

“ impression of an all-knowing and superior
 “ judge, and you remove all sense of duty: when
 “ obligation ceases, who shall promise himself
 “ that he can continue to tread the paths of the
 “ just? Disturb no more the peace of the faith-
 “ ful. Cease to fill the minds of men with doubt,
 “ mistrust, suspicion, and all the errors of an over-
 “ weening imagination. Respect the ways of
 “ providence; and teach the world, that to adore
 “ is wisdom; and to submit with resignation to the
 “ will of the eternal power, is the true happiness
 “ of man.”

At these words the radiance, which spoke, with-
 drew from his eyes, and left *Aboulcasem* in the ut-
 most consternation. The impression was, how-
 ever, soon effaced: he persevered in his ill designs;
 but the thread of his days was cut short before he
 could send abroad into the world the pernicious
 doctrines over which he had long been brooding.
 But the hand of Death had no sooner smote him,
 than his Visions fell into the hands of *Mirvan*, the
 son of *Hamet*, an inferior genius of the east, who
 assumed the pride of talents, but succeeded chiefly
 by a certain pliancy, that could, in apt season,
 fawn and cringe, and lick the dust under the feet
 of his superiors. He boasted of the works of
Aboulcasem as of a Talisman, which he sold for se-
 quins

quins of gold. The mischief, however, did not extend far. Men saw the wickedness of the vain attempt, and the inhabitants of Bagdad learned, from this instance of human depravity, two useful lessons; in the case of *Mirvan*, that avarice, for its own ends, will sell the most pernicious poison; in that of *Aboulcasem*, that the brightest talents may be perverted to evil purposes, and that, however Providence may be arraigned in the books of presumptuous man, the GREAT VOLUME OF NATURE will still lie open, displaying, in stupendous scenes, the beauty of the general system, and the glory of him, that made it.



NUMBER LXV.

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1754.

*Hic solos homines imitatur, at ille
Fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens.*

OVID.

MY friend, the Pantomime Poet, of whom I gave some account in a former paper, continues to live in the apartments over mine. I cannot say that my tranquility has never been disturbed, since I introduced this extraordinary genius to the acquaintance of my readers; but the interruptions have been but rare, and always of short continuance. Two or three violent jumps at a time have, now and then, given me notice, that my friend was pursuing his lucubrations; but such sudden starts, upon the conception of a great hint, are natural to a person of so warm and active an imagination, especially when a new train of ideas is opened to the fancy. My friend continues to be a student of the Peripatetic School, enjoying the pleasures of meditation and exercise at the same time. The fervour of his enthusiasm is, however, much abated, and I now consider him as a peaceable and quiet neighbour.

The other morning he paid me a visit. As he entered my room, I perceived a smile upon his countenance, that seemed to indicate a consciousness of something whimsical in our former interview. Under the operation of the squirt, which he played so copiously upon me, I must have made an odd appearance, and that idea, perhaps, presented itself to his mind. To prevent a repetition of apologies, I started the topics of the day as quick as possible. He conversed with great composure, like one returning to plain common sense, when the fit of inspiration is over. I began to hope that he was now tired of his former wild pursuits, and intended to content himself with more sober studies for the future. In this I was deceived. He found occasion to slide into the subject, upon which he came to consult me. I could not but observe, as soon as he touched upon his favourite scheme of thinking, that his eye glanced fire, and a certain muscular motion seemed to threaten an immediate leap over the table. This alarm soon subsided. He proceeded with remarkable sedateness. "Sir," said he, "I have intruded upon
" you this morning in relation to a work, which
" I have had in hand for some time. It is one of
" the *desiderata* in literature; a species of criticism, that promises much advantage to the
" learned world. I intend, Sir, to publish by
" sub-

“ subscription *The Art of Pantomime* ;” and laying his book upon the table, he desired my opinion of the doctrine, founded, as he said, upon philosophical principles.

A scheme so wild and chimerical was enough to make me pause. Perceiving the perplexity, into which he had thrown me, he took up the thread of his discourse, assuring me, that there was no room for doubt or hesitation. He allowed that much praise was due to *Garrick*, for that truth of imitation, which he had displayed in the higher characters of tragedy, and in the lower personages of comedy ; as well in *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, as in *Sir John Brute*, *Kitely*, and *Abel Drugger*. The tragic powers of this excellent actor, he said, were well described by his own *Shakespear* : “ Is it not monstrous that this Player
 “ here, but in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 “ should so force his soul to his own conceit,
 “ that from her working all his visage wann’d ?
 “ Tears in his eye, distraction in his aspect ! a
 “ broken voice, and a function suiting, with forms
 “ to his conceit !” Having repeated these words, he took from a shelf near his hand the first volume of *Pope’s Shakespear*, and read the following passage : “ How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, Laughter and
 I 2 “ Spleen,

“ Spleen, are no less at his command ! That he
 “ is not more a master of the great, than of the
 “ ridiculous in human nature ; of our noblest
 “ tenderneffes, than of our vaineft foibles ; of our
 “ ftrongeft emotions, than of our idleft fenfations !
 “ And yet, continued my friend, of what avail is
 “ all this excellence ? The public taste calls for
 “ variety : the truth of representation grows in-
 “ fipid, and nothing now can charm but mon-
 “ ftrous novelty, wild extravagance, and a heap
 “ of incredibilities. The fable of Phœdrus is
 “ well known : *Garrick* may be confidered as the
 “ countryman with the pig under his cloak ; he
 “ produces the tones of nature, and the true ac-
 “ cent as well of the paffions, as the humors of the
 “ mind : but how long are the tones of nature to
 “ be in fashion ? Let thofe decide, who have
 “ feen with what applaufe our audiences receive
 “ a Turk upon the ropes, a burletta girl from Italy,
 “ an oſtrich, or even a monſter unknown to every
 “ naturalift.”

Our Pantomime Poet feemed now to have run
 himſelf out of breath, but having mentioned Mr.
Lun, he once more took fire, and went on with
 new alacrity. “ I wiſh,” ſaid he, “ that I had
 “ lived in the days, when that great man was in
 “ his meridian ſplendor. In a late viſit, which I
 paid

“ paid him, I was transported with a recital of the
 “ feats, which he has performed. GARRICK, Sir,
 “ imitates men, and men only: LUN runs through
 “ the whole animal creation; a dog, and cat, by
 “ turns; a bird, a wild beast, a serpent, or what
 “ you will. Don't you think it must have given
 “ the quickest sensations to every breast, to see
 “ him, in the point of being overpowered by his
 “ pursuers, make his escape, by a sudden leap in-
 “ to the tub, or box over the stage-door? When
 “ he darted from thence, at his utmost need, and
 “ by the help of a wire, of so dark a hue as to be
 “ invisible, threw himself across the stage into the
 “ opposite box, and there stood laughing at his
 “ pursuers, could surprize swell up, by any natu-
 “ ral means, to such a tumult of emotion? When
 “ embraced by one of his enemies, at the top of
 “ the scene, and folded close, arm in arm, both
 “ fell together; how do you imagine that he
 “ escaped? With wonderful agility he turned
 “ his comrade under him, and thus had an easy
 “ fall, while the other broke his collar bone,
 “ amidst the acclamations of the audience. Per-
 “ haps you would never guess how many steps
 “ he made in running in a circular manner round
 “ the stage: in the length of ten feet, he minced
 “ it so as to make, with astonishing rapidity, no
 “ less than three hundred steps. This, Sir, was the

“ glorious æra of the British theatre. Under the
“ patronage of Mr. LUN, I am living fast to see
“ those happy days renewed. Next winter we
“ shall give an old pantomime, new vamped, with
“ an additional scene of a *Scythian* winter piece.
“ Several agents are now in *Russia* to purchase a
“ sufficient number of bears, and a large quantity
“ of ice is actually preparing at the tin-shop. The
“ ice will be disposed in large rocks, and the
“ beasts will be sent on shivering amidst the hoary
“ frost. The sun will be discovered, shorn of his
“ beams, and you will see the lightning play up-
“ on the impassive ice. There will be at a dis-
“ tance a lofty mountain, from whose summit will
“ come roaring down a tumultuous cataract,
“ loud, impetuous in its course, and at the bot-
“ tom will be placed a reservoir to collect the
“ rushing torrent, where it will form itself into a
“ smooth expansive river, which is to glide off in
“ the sight of the spectators. On a sudden the
“ audience will see the stream arrested in its
“ course by the intenseness of the frost. The
“ water will instantly be stopped by the gelid sea-
“ son, and the spectators will have the pleasure
“ of seeing the pendant icicle made by the best
“ hand at Paris, and curiously spangled. How the
“ audience will gape and stare at the wonders of the
“ liquid stone! *Liquid miracula saxi*, you know *Clau-*
“ *dian*

“ *dian* talks of. To all this will be added several other ornaments, tending greatly to heighten the wonder of the public.”

Our theatrical projector was now exhausted. He left his book with me, and retired. Upon perusal, I found it *A complete Treatise on the Art of Pantomime*, in imitation of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, and divided into as many sections. The first chapter gives an account of the imitative arts, in which pantomime is preferred, for variety of gesticulation, and the significance of its attitudes. The next section treats of the persons proper for imitation, such as magicians, enchanters, genii, gods, imps, monsters, devils, and furies. Then follows a dissertation upon the proper manner of imitating, with an enquiry into the origin of pantomime, tracing it from the time of *Horace* down to the glorious days of *Mahomet Carathra*.

Our author proceeds to examine the nature of *Farce*, and shows how it differs from *Pantomime*. He then enters more minutely into the laws of *Pantomime*. The fable is first considered, and may be either simple or implex. He does not totally reject the former, but insists principally upon the beauties of the complicated plot, such as *Harlequin Sorcerer*, *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and the like.

The refined beauties of the art offering themselves next, our author exhausts all his erudition, all his rhetoric, and all his whole stock of criticism, to point out the advantages arising from a well-conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in these words. “The pantomimical *Peripetia* consists in
“ sudden changes of fortune, arising from a con-
“ catenation of incidents, that bring about an im-
“ probable end by means still more improbable.” The *Agnitio* is proved to be the liveliest beauty in this species of the drama, when the personages of the piece, after long absence, recognize, and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds access to his *Colombine* in disguise, and she by some token discovers her lover, and is happy in his embrace.

Having enforced these striking particulars, he delivers rules for the excitement of terror, pity, and the marvellous. The two former he mentions but slightly: but in the marvellous consists the utmost effort of human genius. The means by which it is excited, are flying Mercurys, rope-dancers, storms of rain, thunder, and lightening, and a good quantity of paper cut into snow.

The next division of the work, relates to the manners, the customs, the intrigues, the flights and descents of the gods, with the whole history of the heathen mythology. In this part of the
work

work he expatiates at large upon the use of machinery, excelling, in my opinion, the celebrated *Bossu*. Having the interests of the theatre greatly at heart, our author proves, that no playhouse can long subsist without a good set of carpenters, an expeditious band of scene-drawers, excellent candle-snuffers, fire-eaters, trap-door men, monkeys, serpents, and the whole animal world, besides a race of beings never seen upon the face of the earth.

The sentiment comes into consideration in the following chapter. The several modes of the mind are here explained, and directions given to the performer, to render himself perfectly acquainted with the different actions of begging, commanding, threatening, interrogating, answering, that he may be able to impress a lively idea of each upon the minds of his spectators.

The sentiment being established, the diction claims our next regard. Under this head the several pretty pieces of poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticised, and proper rules prescribed for writing these kind of nonsense-verses. To the whole work is annexed a particular examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in order to give a specimen of the great utility and truth of the foregoing rules.

rules. I shall conclude this paper with an abstract from this part of the work.

There cannot, says my author, be found in any pantomime writer a better imagined opening, than the first incident in this piece. The scene discovers a large wood, in which Harlequin is wandering, in a violent storm of rain, thunder and lightening. In a fit of desperation he throws himself on the ground, and to heighten our compassion poor Madam *Fortune* is introduced bemoaning her condition in a very pathetic strain of poetry. The amiable character of *Fortunatus* is seen in his readiness to assist the distressed, and the sequel conveys a fine moral, namely, that riches, riot, and debauchery, are the most desirable things in this world. The piece, accordingly, ends with *Harlequin's* full enjoyment of all his wishes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleasing image of rural happiness, and the beautiful incident of a dog biting the clown, serves to convince us that a dog's obeyed in office. It serves further to enforce the necessity of an act of parliament to lessen the number of dogs, which over-run the kingdom, to the great annoyance of his Majesty's loyal subjects. The frequent remembrances between *Colombine* and *Harlequin*, make upon all occasions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the sudden change of
their

their fortunes, affords a beautiful *Peripetia*. Harlequin's escape into the oven, his running up the chimney, and his leap over the gateway, when his enemies are in close pursuit of him, are all touches of the highest elevation and genius. Upon the whole, we may say with Mr. *Dennis*, that this piece is admirable for its fine moralities, its universality, and its integrity.

Such is the work of this extraordinary projector. I consider the whole as so much theatrical poison, and shall, in some future paper, endeavour to furnish a proper antidote.



NUMBER LXVI.

Saturday, Jan. 19, 1754.

*Quod genus hoc hominum? Quæve hunc tam barbaræ
morem*

Permittit patria?

VIRG.

IT is a general complaint made by the ladies of Great Britain, that the men have not only cast off that respect and attention which are at all times due to their charms, but even shew great averfeness to their company. The charge, I fear, cannot be controverted. The truth appears too manifestly in that air of constrained deportment, and those uncouth attempts at politeness, which almost universally characterize the youth of this island.

Certain it is, that a frequent, liberal intercourse with that more refined part of our species, which is happily described by the appellation of the *Fair Sex*, so powerfully influences, not only our manner and behaviour, but our way of thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain delicacy of sentiment, which extends itself even to the most minute circumstances of life. From hence it is, that our neighbours, the *French*, have established through

throughout *Europe* that character of politeness, which we do not chuse to be at the trouble of emulating, as we find it much more easy to ridicule and laugh at it. My Lord *Anglois*, while the profusion, with which he disperses his guineas, creates astonishment in the mechanics of *Paris*, conscious of a deficiency in that ease and elegant freedom, which he observes in every man of education, shuns all good company; and after reluctantly spending three months between the *Hôtel* and the several places of public diversion, returns to his native soil, strongly impressed with the most contemptuous idea of the *French*, whom, though he has but literally seen, he takes the liberty to describe as a superficial, volatile nation, for no other reason, perhaps, than that they are perfectly skilled in the most entertaining, I had almost said the most useful art that invention can suggest; namely, the art of trifling agreeably.

A *Frenchman* has no idea of a party of pleasure without ladies, nor can an *Englishman* entertain the least conception of enjoying himself, until they retreat. From those opposite dispositions it arises, that the first introduces himself with a becoming unconcern into company, a perfect master of that *bienveillance*, which distinguishes the gentleman, and performs all offices of life with.

without embarrassment: whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find gentlemen of family and fortune, who know nothing of the fair-sex, but what they have collected from the most abandoned part of it, and can scarce reckon a virtuous family within the whole scope of their acquaintance. It is not unpleasant to observe one of this class, when chance or necessity has brought him into a room with ladies of reputation: an awkward restraint hangs about him; he is afraid to speak, lest he should inadvertently bolt out something, which, though extremely suitable to the dialect of *Covent-garden*, would be grossly offensive to those females, who have not received their rudiments of education in that seminary. The gloom that hangs over an *English* company, while the ladies remain, and the reciprocal restraint, that each sex seems to be upon the other, has been frequently a subject of ludicrous observations to foreigners; and indeed the fair-ones themselves, *though natives here, and to the manner born*, frequently wonder what mysteries the men can have to celebrate, so opposite to those of the *Bona Dea*, that no female must be present at the ceremony. I am not at liberty to divulge this important secret: for the satisfaction of the ladies, I will, however, assure them, that they are not of a nature vastly beyond their apprehension; on the

con-

contrary, they may be easily understood, even by a Miss in hanging-sleeves, provided she has had the happiness of a boarding-school education.

At the same time that I condemn my countrymen for separating themselves from those, who have the art of refining every joy this world affords, I am sorry to be obliged to observe, that the ladies themselves do, in some measure, contribute to this great evil. The scandalous practice, so prevalent at present, of giving up their whole thoughts, as well as time to cards, has made the company of women (pardon the expression) extremely insipid to those, who would willingly consider them as rational creatures, and do not depend upon their superior skill in the game of whist for a subsistence. Is it to be imagined that a man, whose mind is the least raised above the vulgar, will devote that time, which he may employ in conversing agreeably either with the dead or the living, to those assemblies, where no ideas enter beyond the respective excellencies of *Garrick* and *Barry*, and the several possible cases so profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. *Hoyle*? Yet from declining these places, I know many intimate friends, who have acquired the odious character of women haters, though at the same time they entertain the highest esteem for that amiable sex, and sincerely regret, that the tyrant

rant fashion has put it out of their power to enjoy more of their company, than a bare view of their persons, agitated by the various and uncertain revolutions of fortune's wheel.

Besides what I have already mentioned, another obstacle, extremely pernicious to society, proceeds from the excessive officiousness of the female world in cutting out matches. It has been said, that *every woman is at heart a rake*: I believe it is not less true, though I fear the assertion will be much more offensive to the virgins of *Britain*, that *every woman is a fortune-bunter*. This character is deservedly infamous in the male part of the creation. All agree to laugh at the man, *though of an exceeding good family in Ireland*, who, aided by the friendship and confidence of his taylor, makes a pompous display of the breadth of his shoulders, and the firmness of his calves; and yet no indignation is expected against the lovely nymph, who *undresses* herself, in the same view, with the most seducing art, and generously, much too generously for her own interest, exhibits every charm the happy man will be possessed of, who takes her to his bosom. The idea of entrapping somebody mixes so intimately with the general cast of thought in women, that they can never divest themselves of it. If a gentleman pays that compliment to their beauty, which female pride will
not

not pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themselves that he must have a design of marriage. This notion once conceived, a convocation of aunts, old maids, discreet friends, and prudent neighbours, is assembled, when every circumstance is sure to be discussed. — Miss intimates, “He is very particular to me : what
 “can he mean? He looked at me all the time
 “he was here; sure he will propose soon. Then
 “did you remark, Aunt *Betty*, when we talked
 “of marriage, what he said? — He certainly
 “means to have me” — The result of this consultation is, that Miss must carry it with a proper reserve, in order to compel the imaginary lover to declare himself, who, if he be a man of experience in the subtleties of women, instantly sees through the flimsy artifice, and discontinues his visits. I submit to the candor of every female reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal picture. Can these angelic beings reasonably expect, that a man will chuse to visit them, under the disagreeable alternative of behaving continually with a ceremonious distance, or running the risk of being driven to the necessity of an awkward explanation? No, while narrow sentiments of this kind prevail, it will be impossible to introduce a truly social converse between the sexes, which must be effected, on the part of

the ladies, by an undefining decent freedom, the inseparable companion of real virtue. Let them assert their own dignity, and manifest a consciousness that they were not created merely to be instrumental in the continuation of the species, but are endowed with intellectual faculties, that qualify them for the sweet joys of society. Let them at length so far undeceive themselves, as to think, that a man may like their company, admire their virtues, nay, even their personal charms, and cherish the warmest friendship for them, without any intention of addressing them on the score of love: let them but offer this violence to the natural vanity of their sex, and I will undertake to promise that they will not long have reason to complain of being neglected. Men of sense will then seek their company, and, what I hope may make some impression on a female mind, will then think of them as partners for life.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Jan. 17th.

THE following is a copy of the Epilogue spoken by Mr. *Macklin* at his benefit in December last, when that excellent Actor took his leave of

the Stage, determined, it seems, to give his whole attention to the business of his house in the Piazza. In this Epilogue, the reader will perceive the features of an author, who has often diverted the town upon similar occasions, and seems to keep the retail-trade of wit in his own hands. *Foot*e observed, that *Garrick* wrote the Epilogue, in hopes that *Macklin* will keep his word; but the sense of the company was, that so just a performer cannot be spared; "You need not fear," says *Foot*e, "he will first break in trade, and then break his word."

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

POOR I, tofs'd up and down from shore to
 shore,
 Sick, wet, and weary, will to sea no more;
 Yet 'tis some comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
 That this last voyage with success is made,
 The ship full laden, and the freight all pay'd. }
 Since then for reasons I the Stage give o'er,
 And for your sakes,—write Tragedies no more:
 Some other schemes, of course possess my brain,
 For he who once has eat, must eat again.

K 2

And

And lest this lank, this melancholy phyz,
 Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is;
 A Scheme I have in hand will make you stare !
 Tho' off the Stage, I still must be the Play'r.
 Still I must follow the theatric plan,
 Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
 And to each guest appear a different man.
 I (like my liquors) must each palate hit,
 Rake with the wild, be sober with the cit,
 Nay sometimes act my least becoming part—
 the wit.

With politicians I must nod—seem full ;
 And act my best becoming part,—the *Dull*.
 My plan is this :—Man's form'd a social creature,
 Requiring converse by the laws of nature ;
 And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
 Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
 So—do I make myself well understood ?
 I'm puzzled, faith :—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
 You'll know my plot much better when you see it.

But truce with jesting, let me now impart
 The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart.
 Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry last,
 My mind shall treasure up your favours past :
 And might one added boon increase the store,
 With much less sorrow should I quit this shore :

To

To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
 Protect the pledge, my fondness leaves behind :
 To you her guardians I resign my care,
 Let her with others your indulgence share ;
 Whate'er *my* fate, if this my wish prevails,
 'Twill glad the *father*, tho' the *schemist* fails.

NUMBER LXVII.

Saturday, Jan. 26, 1754.

*Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum & mendacem.* HOR.

MY readers will observe, that the mottos to these essays are frequently selected from the author, whose name stands at the head of this day's paper. *Horace* is the writer of all antiquity, who looked at life with an eye of penetration; and has painted the manners and the passions of men with the most elegant touches of his art. His sense is so refined, and the turn of his expression so peculiarly delicate, that his remarks occur upon almost every occasion. He is sensibly and elegantly sententious, not only in his epistles and satires, which are professedly moral discourses, but also in his lighter odes, and his gayest excursions of fancy. I have often thought, that an excellent system of morality might be extracted out of his writings; and I have carried this hint so far, as to think seriously of publishing a translation of all his excellent ethic observations, which would, in my opinion,
be

be the best collection of thoughts on various subjects, that has ever been offered to the public.

The passage, which occasioned the loose reflections now to be laid before the reader, contains a very beautiful moral. "Who is there," says the bard, "that can desire an accession of false honour, if he is not sensible of some inherent defect? Who can be alarmed at the blasts of calumny and detraction, while he bears in his own heart a regard to truth?"——This sentence carries with it the brightest marks of a virtuous disposition. It should be written in letters of gold, and impressed in deep characters on the heart of every man, who would pass through life with a fair and honest fame. It fills the generous mind with a just contempt of all praise, but that which is truly earned. Complimentary verses, puffing paragraphs, letters, and essays, whether written by the man himself, or his venal instruments, all fade away, and sink into nothing, when they are considered as the mere lye of the day. And, in like manner, all productions of that kind, that teem with falsehood, calumny, or malevolence, will be disregarded by the firm and upright heart, that triumphs in its own integrity, and knows that

the publications of the day are the wretched efforts of envy, dullness, and malice.

Hot, busy, bold, and loud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and
die.

Hypocrisy is considered, by all moralists, as the most despicable and infamous disease of the soul. It discovers a sense of the grace and beauty of a fair character, but carries with it a total absence of all good qualities. It aims at esteem, by artfully concealing latent imperfections, while it exhibits to the public eye a glossy appearance of something amiable and honest. But unless the mind is thoroughly weeded, in spite of every artful disguise, the lurking mischief will, one time or other, break out, and, as *Persius* expresses it, like a wild *fig-tree*, force its way through the very liver ;

——— *Quæ semel intus*

Innata est, rupto jecore exierit Caprificus.

Since I have mentioned this satirist, it falls in with my present purpose to observe, that there is not in any author ancient or modern, a nobler descrip-

tion of a real honour, than what is found in two lines of that author. I shall transcribe his words, because the passage is highly beautiful, and for the sake of the mere *English* reader, I shall add Mr. *Dryden's* excellent translation.

*Compositum jus fasque Animi, sanctosque Recessus
Mentis, Et incoctum generoso Pectus honesto.*

*A soul, where laws both human and divine
In practice more than speculation shine;
A genuine honour, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind.*

For the formation of a regular character, clear and settled principles are necessary. Mere instinctive goodness, acting upon the spur of the moment, will often have, not only the appearance, but also the ill consequences of caprice and whim. A perfect knowledge of right and wrong should be settled in the mind: virtue should be lodged in the soul, and the heart should glow with the love of truth; but as the world goes, there is more art to acquire the popular opinion than merit to deserve it. The usual method, by which people grasp at fame, consists in depreciating some neighbour's character. Thus the female beauty aims at being a general toast,

toast, by detracting from some of her acquaintance. The merchant endeavours to extend his own credit, by an artful propagation of suspicions to the disadvantage of his neighbour; and the quack, after setting forth the unerring efficacy of his nostrum, closes his advertisement with, "Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad."

Cicero observes, that for one man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himself at the expence of his neighbour, is more against nature than death, than grief, or any other calamity incident to human life. The realms of fame are not to be explored by *doublings* and *shiftings*. He who would arrive at those regions must steer a direct and open course. Honour, truth, and generosity must freight the vessel: the breath of voluntary, impartial, and unbribed applause must swell the sail; and the whole voyage of life must carry on a fair and lawful commerce.

A reputation, otherwise obtained, will afford very little satisfaction, and will still administer less, when we consider, that it is only, as *Shakespeare* calls it, MOUTH HONOUR, gained from the ignorant, from the self-interested, the mean, and the contemptible: *Tollat sua munera cerdo*, says
a writer

a writer already quoted : let the underlings of mankind keep their commendations to themselves. The praise of such is beneath the ambition of an honest man, and, by parity of reason, their censure, their disapprobation, their cabals, their intrigues, their tattles, their daily compositions, and their midnight clubs, are to be despised by every one, whose breast is impregnated with a love of truth and virtue.

To draw to a conclusion : The uncertain tide of popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to subside : The *shallows* are then discovered ; the *treacherous quicksands* are revealed, and the *bottom* lies betrayed to sight. In like manner giddy detraction spends and exhausts itself ; the storm howls for a time, but soon decays into the murmur of obloquy, and at length dies totally away ; the scene clears up ; the lustre of integrity spreads a day around ; and infamy, instead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native spring.

I have somewhere met with a short *Chinese* tale, with which I shall dismiss this paper.
 “ The celebrated *Ming* was accused of entertaining disrespectful Ideas of *Tien* and *Li*, and
 “ of being dissaffected to the Emperor *Vang*.
 “ When

“ When the executioners went to seize the old
 “ man, they found him composing a panegyric
 “ upon *Vang*, and an hymn to *Tien* and *Li*.”

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Tilt-yard Coffee-house, Jan. 20, 1754.

WE are not a little surprized, that Mr. *Ranger*, in his *Rambles*, never drops into this military academy ; perhaps he may imagine that among the gentlemen of the sword nothing can offer worthy the notice of a man of letters. But we can assure him we have some personages of profound erudition. Capt. *Halfpay* acquainted the corps, the other day, that he had lately taken up a book, which lay on the window at his lodging, called THE BIBLE. He said, he had never met with the work before ; he read a pretty story enough in it, of one *Joseph* and his brethren. He observed, that the stile was rather uncouth, but that really there was something well enough in it for a book of the kind. Upon this Lieutenant *Strut* said, that he had heard of the book, but never looked into it. He believed he had it in his hand once, when he took the oaths, but he did not well recollect. He added, however, that
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he would upon Captain *Halfpay*'s recommendation, carry it with him, when he went next into country quarters. We mention this only as a specimen of what *Ranger* may pick up, if he will but favour us with a visit.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The *Italian Burletta*, which was performed here for the first time about the middle of last month, has continued to draw splendid audiences three times a week ever since. The humour does not seem calculated for the meridian of this country; and yet, one of this exotic Troup, who, in the piece is called *Spiletta*, has such a quick expression in her countenance, such vivacity of action, joined to such variety, that she is allowed, in this fantastic part of acting, to be an excellent performer. Mr. *Rich*, the manager, very gravely observed, that she does not know how to lay her *emphasis*. "I assure you, Mr.—, said he, the *Italians*, as well as the *English*, lay their EMPHERSIS on the "ADJUTANT."

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

ANY person inclined to go to *Drury-Lane* Playhouse this evening in a hackney-coach, may hear of three agreeable companions at the *Rainbow Coffee-House*, in *Cornhill*.

N. B. As *Harlequin Fortunatus* is to be performed, it will be necessary to set out early.

NUMBER LXVIII.

Saturday, Feb. 2, 1754.

*In omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est bonis.)
grassatus—* FLORUS.

A WRITER of periodical essays is like the voyager, who goes coasting from place to place, in order to lay down a proper chart, and mark the bearings and limits of the land. As he pursues his course, every minute object furnishes him with matter of contemplation: not a hill lifts its head, whether cloathed with verdure and embowered with over-hanging wood, or wild, barren, and craggy, but he instantly treasures it in the storehouse of imagination. Each recess of the land, each creek, rock; and harbour demand his particular notice. In like manner, the writer, who is engaged in a course of lucubrations to be published on a stated day, is constantly traversing about, to watch the varying scenes of life. In his intercourse with men and manners every occurrence attracts his eye; in the course of his reading, he often meets with passages, which deserve to be

be minutely set down, to serve as lights or landmarks to those, who, like himself, are embarked upon a sea of troubles.

For the purpose of the Essay-writer, the ancient classics abound with the most useful hints. The art of saying much in a narrow compass seems to be their peculiar talent. A short reflection, interwoven with the thread of a poem or narration, and given with so little parade, that it lies almost concealed in the general matter, will often afford to a thinking mind a subject of meditation for several days. Of this nature is the remark made by *Florus* upon the character of *Tarquin*. The historian tells us, with his usual closeness, “That the tyrannic monarch
“behaved to all who approached him, with a
“peculiar pride, which to the ingenuous mind
“is worse than cruelty.” This observation, concise as it is, is founded in truth, and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

A witty satirist has called pride the universal passion, and indeed its influence on mankind is so manifest, that there is too much reason to believe the maxim strictly true. The general prevalence of politeness suppresses in some measure the appearance of it among the *French*, but
he,

he, who has been at *Versailles*, may remember, that after all the attention and deference of the embroidered gentleman, who undertakes the office of shewing the curiosities of the place, the ceremony is always concluded with a consciousness of their national superiority. You are sure to be asked, “*Eh bien ! Monsieur, avez vous de pareille magnificence à Londres ?* Well, Sir, have you any thing equal to this in *London ?*” In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, haughtiness is manifested by the use of the stiletto : Pride is there displayed by killing others ; and the people of *England* discover it by murdering themselves.

The notion of independence, with which a free-born *Briton* is inflamed, renders him untractable and refractory to all laws : of religion he makes a joke ; and he wonders at the impertinence of parliament in attempting to restrain his unquestionable right to dispose of his person in marriage as he thinks proper.

Montesquieu imputes the variety of oddities, which prevail in this country, to the general infection of the scurvy. Black and fizy blood may certainly aggravate the distemper. Pride seems to be to the soul what the scurvy is to the body, the source of ill humour and disorders.

The fatal effects of the corporal indisposition have been so severely felt for a long time past, that our common news-papers are filled with advertisements of chymical drops, to eradicate it intirely out of the blood. This unquestionably would be a general benefit; but, I apprehend, he would still deserve more of mankind, who should devise a cure for the disease of the mind. I should, therefore, be glad to see a paragraph in the papers to the following effect.

To Persons of either Sex, afflicted with any species of

P R I D E.

NEVER were *pride, arrogance, and haughtiness* so frequent as of late years; nor has any remedy been found adequate to this pernicious habit, which occasioned a physician of the soul, who has employed several years in study, to adapt a medicine, or Moral Elixir, which is a sovereign remedy against PRIDE and all the variety of symptoms, by which it mimics, by turns, almost all the vices poor mortals are afflicted with, and have their rise from a depraved selfishness of thinking, vicious ferments of ill-nature, and the want of self-knowledge; whence proceed the supercilious brow, and surly moroseness in the men, and coquetry,

quetry, airs, fidgets, tehees and titters in the women, destroying their beauty and their features, and by a consent of parts affecting their heads, and producing direful views and terrible apprehensions; at other times, fits, flushing heats, lowness and sinking of spirits, palpitation of the heart, twitchings of the limbs, with many convulsive disorders, which affect numbers of both sexes.

The above Elixir is a wonderful alterative. It enters into immediate contest with the offending matter, and entirely eradicates the same. It occasions laudable humility, and is good for all sorts of people, producing in persons of both sexes an even temper of mind, and making them patient, good humoured, affable, and perfectly polite.

Whenever I meet with a proud man, I am apt to imagine, that if his inward state of mind were detected to the eye of the world, it would afford a ridiculous contrast between his several foibles and his fancied elevation above the rest of his species. I would have a person of this cast made emperor of the Moon, or removed to some other sphere fitted for his reception, where cruelty

may pass for courage, ostentation for merit, and pride for dignity.

Nothing can so surely demonstrate a narrow mind, as an attempt to degrade our fellow-creatures by an haughty arrogance of carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *insolence of office* and the *proud man's contumely* among those instigations which might prompt injured merit to a deed of extreme despair.

I cannot dismiss this paper without observing, that there is a right species of pride to which every man is entitled, and that is a spirit above dependence, above flattery, above an abject deportment, and above every thing poor, fordid, and little. There is a pride, which may serve to invigorate honour, to embolden truth, and to carry virtue to the highest pitch of improvement. The pleasures resulting from this principle are manly and noble. To enjoy the inward consciousness of integrity and honour, is just and laudable. Thus much of pride every one has a right to, and I know no external circumstance, that can reasonably entitle any man alive to more.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Jonathan's in Change-Alley, Nov. 24.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exhibition, which Mr. Ranger has lately given us, in his scenes called the *Temple of Laverna*, there are some of us, who can boast a taste for the polite amusements of the town. Mr. Simeon Paraphimosis acquainted us the other day, that he has seen Garrick in King *Lear*, this season; and gave it as his opinion, that he did it 5 *per Cent.* better than usual. He informed us, that tho' he was at the house at half an hour after four, he should not have got in at all, if he had not employed one of the orange wenches as a *broker*, who got him into the Pit thro' the Boxes. He added, that Garrick makes a *fine job of it*, and that he should be glad to have an *interest* in the house: "For
 "plays, continued he, are well enough now and
 "then, when it is not a man's club night, and in-
 "deed I should go pretty often, only for the ex-
 "pence of being *transferred* there, which, not-
 "withstanding the *caravan*, is so great, that
 "really it does not turn to *account*." We shall occasionally communicate more of this Gentleman's remarks, from which the critics will undoubtedly receive great instruction.

N U M B E R LXIX.

Saturday, Feb. 9, 1754.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*

HOR.

THE Theatre is the place where I love to pass the leisure hours of the evening; but I do not go, as I believe most people do, merely to see and to be seen. A well-constructed fable, especially if it be, as it ought, subservient to the production of character, affords me the most exquisite entertainment. The artifice of the poet, who can, at times, give reality to fiction, fills the mind with the most agreeable sensations: but if the performer does not shew that he has a taste for fine writing, by doing justice to his author, the best scenes may fail of their effect. It is for this reason that I intend, in this day's paper, to throw together some loose reflections upon the art of acting.

The precept, which the judicious author of my motto has laid down for the good writer, is likewise the best rule for an actor; they both
pro-

profess an imitative art, and the poet's rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," says *Horace*, "to the skilful imitator, a close observ-
 "ance of human life, and the manners of the
 "performers in that great drama; that he may,
 "from that source, derive the true language of
 "nature."

This advice, short and simple as it is, contains the whole secret: whoever artfully conforms to it, will be sure of acquiring applause from crowded theatres. The actor, in every situation on the stage, is a copyist: the deportment of gentlemen is to be attained by watching the manners in that class of life. As persons of inferior degree must be in a well-wrought drama frequently intermixed, the less polished, but perhaps, more natural deportment of citizens, even down to the lowest scale, must be attended to by him, who wishes to be a general performer. It is thus that we see represented by the same person, *Don Felix* one night, and *Abel Drugger* the next. *Archer* and *Scrub* have been both performed by GARRICK, and in Mrs. PRITCHARD we have seen Lady BETTY MODISH and DOLL COMMON.

But the closest observation of external circumstances will not be sufficient. The human heart is the proper study of every performer, who would arrive at the point of excellence. The passions are to be studied, in all their various workings, and their minutest effects upon the human frame; in what proportion they agitate the nerves and muscles; how they impress the features with their respective signatures, elevate or contract the brow, brace or relax the sinews, and command the attitude and disposition of the whole person. There is not a passion, in the whole train of those feelings, to which our nature is subject, but what has its own peculiar adjuncts, its own air, its own look, and its own proper tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole system, sinks the spirits, and depresses the voice into a plaintive melancholy; anger, on the other hand, contracts each sinew, sends the spirits in a blaze to the eye, and vents itself in precipitate and vehement accents. It is the immediate business of the performer, to lay down to himself an exact definition of each passion, with all its characteristics; otherwise it will be impossible to mark the progress and workings of a mind, awakened and excited by the vehemence of their impulse, or to separate the tender desire of *Romeo*, from the conjugal affection of *Jessier*.

After

After having thus distinguished the nature and boundaries of each affection, the next step to be taken, is, to watch them in the various shiftings and veerings of the soul, and that quick vicissitude with which they rise and fall, succeeding to each other with a rapidity almost imperceptible. The mind of man cannot dwell for any considerable time upon one object: love and resentment, grief and joy, despair and hope, rage and tenderness, are perpetually taking their turns in the breast. To perceive minutely the very point where the first ceases, and the succeeding one begins to rise, requires a nice discernment; as in the well-wrought piece of some eminent artist, the colours run so artfully into one another, that their gradual evanescence from the sight, and their growing by insensible degrees into a full glow, is only to be discovered by the curious eye. If I do not mistake, the touch, which so skilfully blends different colours in this delicate confederacy, is called by the painters the *demi-tint*. Should not something like this be preserved, in the performances of a good actor, in order to render each transition graceful and natural? to melt an audience by regular essays into tenderness, or induce any other impression with justness and propriety? He, who has marked with due attention the various tran-

transitions of the mind, how one passion ebbs away, and another flows in like the returning tide, will be always sure to have an irresistible command over his audience.

But the matter does not rest here: there is another peculiar circumstance in the operation of the passions, which must never escape the notice of him, who would imitate nature to advantage. The affections of the soul not only succeed to each other, but they often unite, clash, and blend in one mixed emotion.

——— *Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.*

VIRG.

These complicated agitations of the mind are often imperceptible to all but the skilful observer; and, therefore, as the actor's chief difficulty lies in this point, a feeling expression of it will always be a proof of his excellence. Strokes of this nature, well executed, will impress on every breast the liveliest sensations.

To give with full force this union of contending, and even opposite passions, is among
the

the nicest beauties of the orator and the poet. With the latter we find it more frequent, as poetry more directly professes to please the imagination. Thus we see, that, in mere descriptive verse, the writer, observing some surprising agreement between things in their nature totally inconsistent, from thence takes occasion to reconcile contrarieties in such an agreeable assemblage, that the reader of taste is entertained with a picture, which at once amuses his fancy, and satisfies his judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate touches of this nature; and *Horace*, who had art enough for every poetic embellishment, has heightened his odes with several beauties of this sort. In this class of elegancies, may be reckoned the following passages:

*Urit grata protervitas;
Pignusque direptum lacertis
Aut digito malè pertinaci.
——Tityosque vultu
Risit invito.——*

Milton, who has every softer delicacy in minute descriptions, as well as every lofty image in the sublime, has given many beautiful touches of this sort in his *Paradise Lost*. *Darkness visible*, and *grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile*,
are

are instances that will occur to every body. Mr. *Addison* has given to thoughts of this nature, the title of *thwarting ideas*; and he adds, that they are some of the finest strokes in the whole compass of poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this hint further, I should call all passages of this kind, where the mind is worked into a ferment, by the name of *thwarting passions*; and I will venture to say, that they will be universally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere clash of ideas, which the eminent critic just mentioned has so much insisted upon; because they not only surprize with a seeming contrast, but also interest the heart; the very perfection of poetry. The *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and indeed the fine writers among the moderns, are full of these pathetic representations of human nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer instance, than a passage in Mr. *Whitehead's Roman Father*, when that hero is reflecting on the combat, which is to decide the fate of *Rome*. As spoken by *Garrick*, there is hardly any thing in *King Lear*, that has affected me more.

—Had I a thousand sons in such a cause,
I could behold 'em bleeding at my feet,
And thank the Gods with tears.—

To

To express these complicated sensations, where several passions at once agitate the soul, requires such a command of countenance and voice, that in this the greatest difficulty, as well as the nicest beauty of acting, may be said to consist. With a kind of magic power, it always leads us into the most pleasing distress. The mind is thus like a musical instrument: one chord is touched, and while it sounds in the ear, another is struck, and mingles with the vibration of the former note. Thus *Othello* says, "I'll tear her all to pieces!—" "And yet the pity of it, *Iago*; Oh! *Iago*, the pity of it!"

If the bounds of my paper would admit it, I should here indulge myself in examining our present performers, with regard to the three divisions of the passions above established. To one, I should, perhaps, ascribe the merit of expressing with proper enforcement the sentiments of haughty anger, and tyrannic cruelty; in another, I should chiefly admire the graceful transition from rage to tenderness; and probably I should not hesitate to say, of a third, that he is excellent in all vicissitudes of the mind; and that in mixed sensations, he penetrates to the very soul of his hearers. Were I to add, that, in many situations, I have experienced the same
from

from Mrs. *Cibber*, it would be but barely doing her that justice which her excellent art deserves.

From what has been premised, it will appear, that to express the emotions of the human heart is the chief business of an actor. No account is ever to be made of figure, voice, or any other external circumstances, unless when they combine with the performer's feelings to make deeper impressions on an audience. I have known an actor lengthen out the tone of voice, and if it sounded clearly, imagine his business finely executed, when nature and the passions required that he should speak in another key, and in broken, short, and vehement accents. *Quintilian* has a just remark on this head. "As poets," says he "profess to sing their works, verse should be repeated in a manner somewhat elevated above common discourse, with a sweetness properly tempered by discretion, and not thrilling into a wanton luxuriance of sound, as if the throat had been gargled for the purpose." I shall only add, a lively imagination is the talent, which an actor should principally cultivate, as it is that which excites those pathetic feelings, without which no man will ever succeed on the stage, and with which it is hardly possible to fail.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-House, Feb. 6.

THE Board of *Priggism* met here a few days since, when the following persons were present; *Jack Oakstick, Harry Lapelle, Bob Nankeen, Jemmy Scratch, Nat Pigtail, Billy Spindle, Jack Phaeton, Peter Littlebat, and Billy Lowheels.* *Nat Pigtail* signified to the Board, that he was in the country upon a hunting party in December last, when Mr. *Glover's Boadicea* was acted at *Drury-Lane.* *Jack Phaeton* and *Billy Lowheels* were also out of town, when the play was acted, but gave it as their opinion that it was a Comedy. *Harry Lapelle* interposed: he said, that he had not been long from *Merchant Taylor's*; that he believed the word to be *Latin.* Upon which, *Jack Oakstick* said, he did not care about the word; but he was in the Pit the first night, and for his part, he was no great judge, but the physician, who always sat near the spikes, said it was an excellent Tragedy.

NUM-

NUMBER LXX.

Saturday, Feb. 16, 1754.

———*Sub judice lis est.* HOR.

MY Readers will remember, that a Court of *Censorial Enquiry* has been some time established by virtue of an authority given under our hand, soon after the commencement of this paper. As the *Court of Conscience* has jurisdiction with regard to small debts; so the Court above mentioned has cognizance of petty offences against decency and good manners. Though no report has been lately published of the proceedings of the Court, the commissioners have been unwearied in the discharge of their duty. I shall devote the entire papers of this day, and the ensuing Saturday, to an account of the most material causes, that have been tried in that upright Court of Manners, where, according to the law of the land, every Englishman has his trial by jury.

Proceedings of the Court of Censorial-Enquiry, on the Commission of OYER and TERMINER, and general Goal Delivery, held for the Cities of London and Westminster.

About nine o'clock the Judges took their seats, and the Jury, consisting of the following persons, were sworn and impannelled.

Thomas Thimble, an EMINENT Haberdasher of Small-ware.

John Rhubarb, an EMINENT Apothecary.

William Buckram, an EMINENT Taylor.

Joseph Bauble, an EMINENT Toyman.

Abel Drugger, an EMINENT Tobacconist.

John Candlewick, an EMINENT Tallow-chandler.

Jeremiah Prim, an EMINENT Mercer.

Timothy Buck, an EMINENT Breeches-maker.

Joseph Instep, an EMINENT Shoe-maker.

Robert Frizzle, an EMINENT Peruke-maker.

David Elzevir, an EMINENT Bookseller.

Isaac Birmingham, an EMINENT Hard-ware-Man.

Jack Oakstick was indicted for that he, on Saturday night, the 4th of February, went into the middle-gallery at *Drury-Lane* Play-house, and from thence one apple, value a farthing, on

the stage did fling, to the great annoyance of the actors, and disturbance of the company. The fact was proved by two undeniable witnesses, who, being interrogated whether they had not the freedom of the house, severally answered, that they had not, and added, that they did not even go in with an order: that their only motive for appearing on the occasion was, to bring to condign punishment an offender against the respect due to a public assembly. Whereupon, the prisoner being asked by the court what he had to say for himself, made answer, that he was drunk, and as he hoped to be saved, it was nothing but an innocent frolick. GUILTY; upon which he was ordered to wait upon the managers of the above-mentioned theatre, to ask their pardon for his misbehaviour: He was ordered to drink but a pint of wine after dinner for the future.

Sir *Peter Jessamy* was indicted for standing between the scenes in such a manner, as to hurt the most pathetic situations of the drama. GUILTY; but it appearing to the court, that it was not done with malice prepense, but only with intent to display his cloaths to the ladies, he was dismissed without any other punishment than a severe reprimand, and an order, that he should
 2 not

not be admitted behind the scenes again, without giving security for his good behaviour, of which Mr. *Varney* and Mr. *Crudge* are to take proper notice.

Elizabeth, the wife of *John Gayless*, Esq. was indicted, for that she, not having the love of her husband before her eyes, hath, for the space of three years past, obstinately, wilfully, and urged on by the instigation of a certain fury called GAMING, addicted all her attention to cards, to the great detriment of her husband, and the utter extinction of all domestic happiness.

The cause was opened by Councillor *Manly*, who urged, in a long harangue, that to spend a life over a pack of cards, is an apostacy from all that can be deemed elegant in that amiable sex; that such conduct can only serve to spoil their complexions, disturb their tempers, and suppress the natural affections, which alone can create conjugal felicity; that it must inevitably put to flight the *loves* and *graces*, which would otherwise hover round them; and in their stead, infest them with a band of *barpies*, such as *suspicion*, *mistrust*, *vexation*, *disappointment*, &c.—That, in short, it must bring on such an insensibility, as to render a woman capable of venturing a

M 2
daughter's

daughter's portion upon the turning up of a die, and oblige her to surrender her lovely person, in case of non-payment, upon an *habeas corpus* from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betty Minnikin*, chambermaid to the prisoner, was examined, and she deposed, as how her mistress never went to bed till four or five in the morning, and that she had often heard her say, she actually thought the King of Clubs a much handsomer man than her husband.

Cross examined. Pray mistress—Remember you're upon your oath——Have you no intrigue with your master?——

Betty Minnikin—I'd have you to know Sir—that I scorn your words—I've nothing to do with fellows—though to be sure (in tears) he does use me barbarously, and has taken no notice ever since he had his wicked will of me.

James Ditto, Mercer, was sworn, and deposed, that he had served the lady ever since her marriage, and that he knew no more of the colour of her money, than of the real colour of her face, though he was informed by her husband, and he verily believed the same to be true, that she

she had been supplied occasionally with money to discharge all her bills.

The Defence.

The *Prisoner's Council* proved to the Court, that their client always preserved her virtue, and that no instance of infidelity to the marriage-bed could be charged against her, even though she had been tempted by Lord *Trumpabout*, who offered to remit a considerable gaming debt, for so small a consideration as cuckolding her husband; upon this they rested their defence.

In reply, the Council for the prosecution observed, “ It is not enough that a woman preserves
“ her virtue, if she is insensible to shame in every
“ other point, agreeably to the *Statute 6th Young*,

Some modern ladies think one crime is all;

Can women then no way but backward fall?

Lord *Townley's* case was also cited, by which it appeared a matter of indifference, whether a man be cuckolded by a *black ace*, or a powdered beau. Whereupon the jury, without withdrawing, brought in their verdict, GUILTY; and the prisoner was ordered into the close custody of

her husband, to be by him carried into the country for twelve months, there to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, and never suffered to revisit *London*, without proper security for her good behaviour.

John Cockney was indicted at the suit of Mrs. *Seesaw*, for that he, as a servant to the said Mrs. *Seesaw*, behaved ill in his place, and was guilty of several misdemeanors, such as not answering when called, nor shutting the room-door after him, and, when bid, doing it in such a manner, as to shake the whole house. The fact being proved, the prisoner was asked, what he had to say in mitigation of his offence; to which he replied, “I
 “ does not want to live with the lady—I have
 “ often bid her discharge me——She keeps but
 “ seven card tables—and what can a poor ser-
 “ vant do, if he gets no more vails nor that?—
 “ it is not the pay of a country curate——Lord
 “ bless her, she may get some raw boy to live
 “ with her, but it won't do for me”—Upon this the jury declared him GUILTY. The Court directed Mrs. *Seesaw* to discharge him without a character, giving her at the same time a hint to keep fewer card-tables for the future.

William

William Dactyle was indicted, for that he hath frequently been, during the winter season, at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, and then and there for a dish of coffee did call, or for *red tea*, or *Capillaire*, as his fancy directed, and did afterwards steal out of the back-door, without paying for the same, to the prejudice of the house, &c.

Charles Price, sworn.

The prisoner at the bar was at our house on *Sunday* evening last, and he gave himself very great airs, as God is his shudge, as much as *Mr. Ap Jones* of *Trinigidie*, or any gentleman in the place. “Waiter, give a tish of coffee,” says he; and so he was helping a gentleman, and so the prisoner huff he, as if he was no better than a dog. Ecot, it mate my blood boil in me, and so I was resolved to be even with he, and so I watch he, when he was going out, according to his old tricks, and so *Ropert* and I detect he in the fact.

Q.—Did he make a practice of this?—

Charles Price. I believe he to it ten times since *November* last.

John Hazard, sworn.

I am marker at the billiard-table, and I serve in the Coffee-room on *sundays*. *Charles Price* bid me watch the prisoner, telling me of his ways, and so he went out at the back-door.

Prisoner's Defence.

I have people to call to my character.

Quinbus Flestrin. I know Mr. *Dactyle* perfectly well: we both lay together upon a flock-bed in *Fleet-street*, when we translated *Juvenal's* Satyrs; he always declaimed with great energy against vice, and talked much of *decorum*, and the beauty of virtue. I did not think him capable of such an action.

John Rubric. I am a bookseller; I employed the prisoner to write me an account of lamentable accidents; I advanced him the whole money, being fifteen-shillings and six pence, and he behaved very honestly.

Court. What is his general character?

Rubric. A very pretty versifyer: I never heard an ill thing of him before this. GUILTY 10d.

N U M B E R LXXI.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1754

*Ergo exercentur Pænis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt.*—————

VIRG.

*Continuation of the Proceedings at the Court of
Censorial-Enquiry.*

JOHAN VAINLOVE, Esq. was indicted, for that he, not having the fear of this Court before his eyes, but falsely, vainly, and inconsiderately tricked, deluded, and jilted several of his Majesty's most amiable subjects, and urged on by the instigation of a most extraordinary self-conceit, hath continued for a long time in this practice, to the great disappointment of several young ladies, &c.

Clerk of the Arraignment.

John Vainlove, hold up your hand. How will you be tried?

Prisoner. By this court and my country.

Upon which the *Attorney General* of the Court opened the cause in a long speech, setting forth, that such behaviour argues a depraved mind, in-
sen-

sensible to truth, and wantonly delighting in giving uneasiness to the fair-sex, by making many of them imagine he had honourable intentions, when, at the same time, he only meant, in the end, to break off, to their disappointment and confusion.

Miss Saffron, sworn on her pocket looking-glass.

I met the prisoner at the bar at *Enfield* Assembly, where I danced with him till two in the morning: he squeezed my hand several times, called me his angel, and “I protest, *Miss Saffron*,” says he, “you have the finest neck in the world.” I was so far misled by this speech, that I have ever since gone without an handkerchief: he visited me next morning, and gave me strong reasons to expect proposals for marriage. But instead of that, I have been the *laughing-stock* of all my acquaintances ever since, for shewing the yellowness of my skin; and I never saw the prisoner, from that time till now.

Miss Threadneedle, sworn on a billet-doux.

I danced with the prisoner at *Hampstead* Assembly: I was at that time upon a treaty of marriage with my father's 'prentice, which I broke off on his account; and I have since rejected many very eligible offers, encouraged by the prisoner's promises; in consequence of which,
I bought

I bought me a new gown at *Carr, Ibson's* and *Bigg's*; and now I find I'm not likely to be a bit the better for it.

Widow Liquorish, sworn on a small box of carmine.

I had not been spoke to for several years, till I met the prisoner at a rout: we played in the same set; and he paid me so many compliments, and lost his money with so much good humour, that I was sure he was in love with me. I had five card-tables at my lodging since, when the prisoner promised to be one of our party; but I never saw him more, till I heard he was taken up: I am sure that is he; I can swear to the man.

Prisoner's Defence.

May it please this honourable court, I am a beau; and in order to support that character, I thought it would not be amiss to have a few treaties of marriage depending, though, at the same time, I protest, I have no attachment to any one breathing, except myself.

Upon this the prisoner rested his cause; and the jury, without retiring, brought in their verdict, a *male jilt*. The court adjudged, upon the statute of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, that no lady whatever should admit the addresses of *John Vainlove*,

love, Esq. unless he could produce a character from the lady he last served, testifying that *he behaved well in her service*.

Lady *Tittle Tattle* was indicted, for that she went frequently to one or other of the two theatres; and there, placing herself in a side-box, as near the stage as possible, talked louder than the actors, even though a *Garrick*, or a *Barry*, a *Cibber*, or a *Pritchard*, were principal in the scene. The prisoner, instead of denying the fact, insisted upon her right to behave in that manner, alleging it was what she always did at church, and truly she could never be made to hold her tongue in her life. Verdict, GUILTY; upon which the court was going to pass sentence, that she should lose her tongue; but one of the judges recollecting an instance in *Ovid*, where the remaining roots and fibres retain their activity, *radix micat ultima linguæ*, objected to the punishment, insisting upon it, that it would not cure the disease; and though no articulate accents could be produced, *nec vox nec verba sequuntur*, yet such sounds might issue, as would still continue to annoy the company: she was therefore required to give bail for her good behaviour for the future, which she found difficult to do, as her husband, for reasons best known to himself, refused to be one; at length Mr. *Hoyle* became her security; he being in
pos.

possession of the only charm which can, for a while, stop the female tongue.

Bob Riot was indicted, for that he, in a full gallery at *Drury-Lane* play-house, cried out fire. The fact being incontestibly proved, but no one being able positively to swear to the man, the strongest evidence amounting to no more than I believe it is he, and I think it is the same voice, he was acquitted.

William Quibble was indicted for picking a gentleman's pocket of a silk handkerchief, value three shillings. The prosecutor deposed, that he went into the *Bedford* Coffee-house, and stood for some time next to the prisoner at the bar, and when he wanted his pocket handkerchief, could not find it.

Cross examined. Pray, Sir, was you at the play that night?

Answer. I was.

Q. And did not you pass through the mob that is generally gathered in the Piazza?

Answer. I did.

Q. Then

Q. Then might you not lose your handkerchief there? What reason have you for charging the prisoner at the bar?

Answer. Because he made a pun; and every body knows that a man that will pun, will also pick a pocket.

Acquitted of the *handkerchief*, but detained upon an indictment for the *pun*.

Joseph Indolent was indicted, for that he murdered his time every evening at the *Bedford Coffee-house*. It was plainly proved to the court, that the prisoner generally took his seat among the rest of the *loungers* at the middle fire, and there past all his hours in dozing, yawning, telling long stories, listening to long stories, enquiring of every one that came in, have you been at *Drury-lane* to-night? "Yes."—Great house, I suppose—"very great house"—ay, as usual—have you been at *Covent-garden*? "I looked in"—very thin, I hear—"about five people in the boxes, and half a pit"—ay, as usual! Upon which the jury, without going out of court, brought in their verdict, WILFUL MURDER; but the prisoner seeming to have a very sensible feeling of his condition, the court, in hopes he might by this be awakened into reflection, allowed him his *benefit of clergy*, which they

they assured him was the only thing that could redeem him from destruction; and therefore they recommended to him to read four hours every day, for the future.

William Clumsy was indicted, for that he walked about the room at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, for near half an hour every evening, and trod frequently upon people's toes, to the great annoyance of Mrs. *Michell's* customers.—GUILTY. Upon which the court ordered him to Mr. *Hart's* Dancing Academy for grown persons, until the said Mr. *Hart* shall think proper to trust him with the use of his limbs abroad.

John Sceptic was indicted, for that he, after reading the posthumous works of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, did embrace the absurd doctrine of *scepticism*, and is now an absolute unbeliever in the most obvious truths.

Miss Sweetlips, sworn.

I was going through *Tavistock-street*—this was about seven o'clock at night—and I met the prisoner at the bar, who led me to a lamp, and after looking me full in the face, kissed me with great eagerness. He then told me that I was a pretty apparition: upon which I could not help saying, I was as good flesh and blood as him-

himself: he then repeated the word apparition, and brushed away.

Abraham Buckram.

I made cloaths for the prisoner at the bar, for many years past, and he never disputed payment, till I carried in my bill the other morning, being obliged to make up a sum; and he told me, they were only imaginary cloaths, and that I must prove the reality of matter; of which, he said, he doubted the existence.

Mary Spinster.

I am a maiden lady; I let lodgings in St. *Martin's-lane*: the prisoner has had an apartment in my house for nine months; and when I asked him for some money, he says he owes for no lodging, and that all is *Elysium* round him.

Prisoner's Defence.

I doubt the real existence of every thing I meet: as for instance; I have often heard of *honour*, and *honesty*, and *patriotism*, and *friendship*; and I am sure there is no such thing in reality. I therefore demur to the jurisdiction of the court, because I doubt the reality of it, and of all these appearances about me. Verdict, *guilty of wilful scepticism*; whereupon the court adjudged

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judged the said posthumous works of Lord *Bolingbroke* to be forfeited as a *deodand*, and allowed him *benefit of clergy*.

Copia Vera,

CHARLES RANGER.

The Court broke up till next Sessions.

N U M B E R LXXII.

Saturday, March, 2, 1754.

————— *Ut omnis*
Votivâ veluti pateat descripta Tabellâ
Vita —————

HOR.

Tecum habita, & noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

PER.

TO endeavour at some degree of self-knowledge, was the constant advice of the ethic writers among the Greeks and Romans; and this precept we find inculcated by many of them, in terms that come home to every man's breast. Among the moderns, Lord *Shaftsbury* has more particularly enforced the doctrine to the race of writers. He has recommended this intuitive intercourse to every author, and, in the most pressing terms, desires him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himself; by which means he will probably be informed, whether he can boast that intellectual harmony, which is requisite for the formation of a tasteful mind; whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the progress of the human

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human understanding, the secret movements of the heart, the grace of character, the beauty of virtue, and all those elegant refinements of thinking, without which it is impossible to reach any degree of excellence in a composition. We likewise find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyrift, was aware of the necessity of this spiritual retreat (if I may be allowed so to call it). He has accordingly entered into a review of himself in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleasant a piece of humour, as ever was produced by any writer, ancient or modern. The poet addresses himself to his own mind, by saying, that he wants to hold a little private conversation with that internal agent, whom he had too long encouraged in whims and frolicks, by an indolent indulgence; and, now that his patience is provoked to the utmost, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

*C'est à vous, mon Esprit, à qui je veux parler;
Vous avez des defauts, que je ne puis celer.
Assez & trop long-temps ma lache complaisance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'insolence.
Mais puisque vous poussez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en ma vie, il fant vous dire tout.*

In conformity to the injunction of the noble writer,

ter, and in imitation of the sensible and polite satyrift, I have lately divided myself into two persons, in order to examine my inward frame, the motives of my actions, the fecret fpring of my writings, and to attain a more intimate knowledge of my feveral foibles, my various humours, and the whimfical viciffitudes of my paffions. The dialogue was carried on with great warmth on both fides, as if there was really an intestine war within me. As I am willing to difclofe myfelf, as well as to diffect other characters, as they occur in my rambles, for the more effectual improvement or entertainment of my readers, I fhall lay the whole *Drama* before them this day. The candid, I am convinced, will pardon all fuch errors, as arife from the imbecillity of human nature; and the enemies of the author (if he has any) will abate from their inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous felf-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own infirmities.

SCENE, *the author's ftudy; he fits down to his writing-table, rubs his forehead, bites his nails, pauses for fome time in reflection, and then the dialogue begins.*

Ranger.—Come, my foul, or whatever you are, that actuate this machine; you and I have long
been

been wrangling, and I desire now to have a private conference with you. Pray, what could put it into your head to make me turn writer?

Soul. How can you ask me such a question? You know my original motive was to make as much waste paper, as the rest of the scribblers of the age. The town began early to take notice of my undertaking, and so the amusement of it, and a principle of gratitude, induced me to persevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a busy, pragmatical, intermeddling, foolish kind of a being, and when once you take a fancy into your head, there is no such thing as reasoning with you. Did not I represent to you, that writing is a state of warfare upon earth, and that the most candid and unassuming expression will not secure a man from secret poisoned arrows, while malice, and envy, and ill-nature are such predominant vices in mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always answer you, that the wise and good will not become tools to a party, and that they will never condescend to do the dirty work of calumny and detraction? A public writer, who is attended with a degree of

success, must expect to be attacked by scribblers : and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, you are an arrant blockhead, if you ever suffer any of them to ruffle your temper. Take my advice, and laugh at the impotence of malice : whenever any one attempts to wound you with the weapons of falsehood, smile at the dart, which, short of its aim, falls harmless at your feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil*,

—————*Telumque imbellis sine ictu*

Conjecit—————

Ranger. This is all fine talking ! But am not I pointed at in the mean time ? Don't I perceive the contracted brow, the inflamed eye, the look that denounces vengeance ?

Soul. Not so fast in your career : pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourself ? What business had you to discover the author ? Prejudices will unavoidably arise against a known writer. But you must go and consult with a few of your friends, before the work was commenced ; and what was the consequence ? Did they assist you ? They only whispered it about ; and, in a month's time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a temper.

Observe

Observe how some people lock up their minds in company ; snug's the word ; not a syllable from their lips ; and they make use of all they can extract from your communicative disposition. Look ye, if you would but keep my secrets a little closer, I don't in the least doubt but we should succeed much better. Don't be quite so precipitate, and let us take time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll stake my immortality, that we go on with more safety and ease. Or, if you must take the opinion of people, ask it of those only who have both inclination and capacity to serve you : learn to distinguish between men.

Ranger. I have no sinister intentions myself, and I never suspect any body else of harbouring ill designs. But do you intend to persevere in this task ?

Soul. Most certainly, while the public continues favourable.

Ranger. 'Gad, 'tis pleasant enough to see you assume the air of a dictator, and take upon you to reform men and manners ; to correct vitiated taste ; to offer your criticisms on fine writing, give rules for style, reprobate a profusion of me-

taphors and flowery epithets, and ridicule the foibles of mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the task: do you feel within you the emotions of a sublime spirit? Have your pervading eyes searched every subject to the bottom? Had not you better employ yourself in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, than spinning out from yourself? Has *Apollo* opened to you the secrets of *Parnassus*? And then don't I know your method of proceeding? Don't you some times defer things to the last hour? And don't you let inaccuracies escape, which a little time would inform you want correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the nature of periodical writings must admit some flight inadvertencies. The dissipations of pleasure, and a thousand other avocations, must inevitably disconcert a person at times; and then one is not always in the same humour. But why don't you take care to correct the press? When you should be attending to that necessary trouble, you are often running about the town: dissipation is no excuse to the reader. For my part, I flatter myself that the best judges will allow for an youthful enterprize, and a well meant endeavour will be received with candour.

Ranger.

Ranger. I see you will have your own way. However, I must tell you what I hear of you; it is remarked, that you are too fond of mentioning players. 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any genius, can't you have more pleasure in reading *Shakespeare*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are sensible that my paper is calculated for a multiplicity of readers; some like one thing, some another; there is no pleasing all at once. Besides, there is a performer on the stage, who has, upon many occasions, surprized me with new lights in passages that were before obscure, and who has often had an irresistible power over my passions.

Ranger. Still harping on your favourite *Garrick*! But what occasion is there for it? Every body knows he is an universal genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my style, and say that there are others equal to him?

Ranger. No, that would be taken for raillery; they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the matter short, this itch of scribbling is a dangerous thing. You'll never be cured of it,
4 till

till the critics effectually damn you, which between you and I——

Soul. Hush! Blabbing again? Hold your peace, man.

Ranger. Well! well! I will; for faith I am heartily tired of the controverfy; and so, since we are tied together like man and wife, without any possibility of a divorce, until death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the civility of people of fashion.

Hereupon the debate was broke up, and other thoughts rushing in, these two *Shaftsburian* persons were both united into one, like two different liquids in a glafs, which, by the infusion of a single drop, change their appearance, and both become one clear and transparent fluid.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Feb. 28.

THE board of criticism met here last night, when Mr. *Town* laid before them, the following

lowing lines, which he said were the late Mr. Pope's, and desired the sentiments of the house concerning the same.

What are the falling rills, and pendent shades,
The morning bow'rs, and ev'ning colonades;
But soft recesses of th' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard into the passing wind?

So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart.
There hid in shades, and pining day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and melts his soul away.

The court of criticism brought in their verdict, *ignoramus*; however, it is said they really are Mr. Pope's, and were written on reading a poem, intitled, A FIT OF THE SPLEEN, in imitation of *Shakespeare*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The lovers of theatrical entertainments are desired to take notice, that the benefit of Mr. Cross, prompter, is fixed for this day month at Drury-Lane, when they will have an opportunity of rewarding a person, who, though unseen, bears
a very

a very considerable share in the trouble of rendering the business of the stage so regular as it now is: it is therefore hoped, that the lovers of the Drama will *know their cue to go on the above night, without a prompter.*

NUM-

NUMBER LXXIII.

Saturday, March 9, 1754.

*Non obdura aded gestamus Pectora Pæni,
Nec tam aversus Equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab Urbe.*

VIRG.

CRITICISM has been always said to have flourished more in France than any other country among the moderns. The French, it must be admitted, have had several eminent writers in this branch of literature. *Dacier* has illustrated Aristotle's Art of Poetry: *Bossu*, in his Treatise of Epic Poety, has given a fine commentary upon the same work; and *Brumoy* (perhaps the most judicious of their critics) has presented to the world, the beauties of the Greek Stage in the fairest light. The list might be swelled with the names of other elegant writers. While genius has been thus honourably employed to lead the minds of men to a true relish for the graces of fine writing, it were ungenerous not to acknowledge the obligation. But this liberal art is fallen at length into the hands of *Voltaire*. Like a dictator, he issues forth his opinions to all Europe, not like his predecessors, to improve the general

general taste, but to corrupt it, for the little purpose of establishing his own fame upon the ruin of all competitors of whatever nation.

Prefixed to *Voltaire's Merope*, we find a letter to *Maffei* (the author of an *Italian Tragedy* on the same subject), in which that writer, after mentioning a bad piece which was performed on the *English Stage*, delivers himself in the following words. *Elle fut sans doute mal recue; mais n'est il pas bien etrange qu'on l'ait representee? N'est ce pas une preuve que le Theatre Angloise n'est pas encore epure? Il semble que la même cause qui prive les Anglois du Genie de la Peinture & de la Musique, leur ôte aussi celui de la Tragedie. Cette Isle, qui a produit les plus grande Philosophes de la Terre, n'est pas aussi fertile pour les beaux Arts; & si les Anglois ne s'appliquent serieusement a suivre les Preceptes de leurs excellens Citoyens Addison & Pope, ils n'approcheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Literature.* “The *English Merope*, (say this writer) acted in the Year “1731, was not well received; but is it not “surprising that it was exhibited at all? May “we not infer from thence, that the *English Stage* has not as yet attained a due degree of “refinement? It looks as if the same cause, “which has deprived the *English* of a genius for “painting

“painting and music, has also withheld from
 “them the spirit of dramatic poetry. That
 “Island, which has produced the greatest phi-
 “losophers in the world, is not so happy with
 “regard to the polite arts; and unless they se-
 “riously attach themselves to the precepts of
 “their excellent countrymen, *Addison* and *Pope*,
 “they will be thrown at a distance by other
 “nations in point of literature and productions
 “of taste.”

We have here a specimen of extraordinary logic. Because the Managers of a Theatre suffered a bad piece to be represented, is it not unfair to derive from thence a charge upon a whole nation, more particularly, when the reception this piece met with from the public is rather an indication of a correct and just taste?

What the cause is, which has deprived the *English* of a genius for painting and music, I am at a loss to determine. Those arts, it is well known, flourished for a long time in *Italy*, before they came over the *Alps* to our northern regions; but it is certain that a taste for them has prevailed many years since in this kingdom. They have been cultivated here with the greatest delicacy by several eminent masters, though we cannot boast as many exalted geniusses as have adorned the
 softer

softer clime of *Italy*. To begin with painting: The capital works of *Raphael*, *Corregio*, *Michael Angelo*, and others, will perhaps never be matched any where else; but it is unfair to deduce a conclusion from thence, that we have no genius for this excellent imitative art in *England*. Portrait-painting has been in as great a degree of perfection in this country as in any other part of the world. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* found so much taste among us, that he made this his own country; and here,

Lely on animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye, which spoke the melting soul.

But not to sneak from living worth to dead, as Mr. Pope finely expresses it, we have living artists, whose performances may vie with the best that *France* can boast. *Hutson's* rooms teem with mimic life; and *Hogarth*, like a true genius, has formed a new school of painting for himself. He may truly be stiled the *Cervantes* of his art. He has exhibited the ridiculous follies of human nature with the most exquisite humour, and may be pronounced the first, who has wrote a comedy with his pencil. His *Harlot's Progress*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my opinion, as well drawn as any thing in *Moliere*. The unity

unity of character, which is the perfection of dramatic poetry, is so skilfully preserved, that we are surprized to see the same personage thinking agreeably to his complexional habits in the many different situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The fribble, the bully, the politician, the lawyer, the miser, and in short all the striking characters in life are, by this gentleman, so admirably presented before us upon canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a loss to shew where he has been equalled by any of his countrymen*

We may boast an equal excellence in music: *Handel*, it is true, is not an *Englishman*, but he furnishes a convincing proof of our national taste. We have made it worth his while to fix his residence among us. We have shewn a due sensibility to manly melody, where the sound is expressive of the sense, and where no unnatural divisions, no idle insignificant quirks mislead the ear in a thrilling maze of wild and random notes. It is owing to the encouragement we have afforded this gentleman, that we can

* Had Sir *Joshua Reynolds* displayed his genius at this time, his name would have been the best refutation of all *Voltaire* has written.

now boast the noblest and most rational music in the world. Add to this, that such a genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always sufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire's* national opprobrium. The admirers of *Arne* have constantly celebrated him for his peculiar talent. It is the rare felicity of this composer to find always the most emphatic expression, and discover where the passions are placed in every piece of poetry. To these passages he never fails to give their full energy. Like a ravishing commentator he brings new beauties into light with such a sweetness of harmony, that every breast yields irresistibly to the melting impression. I am proud to have an opportunity of saying that we are likely to have an *English* Opera set to music by this gentleman. The piece, I persuade myself, will do honour to him and his country.

With regard to dramatic poetry, our advantage over every nation in the known world is, I think, very apparent. The best critics have laid it down as a rule that a performance is to be judged by the number of striking beauties, not by inaccuracies, and the instances of occasional conformity to the vicious taste of the times. If *Shakespeare* is viewed in this light, he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced reader infinitely superior.

perior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the polished writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a passage in *Voltaire's* writings, where he is at infinite pains to bring together a string of quotations from the best *French* Tragedies, to evince their great talents for the sublime: The whole number amounts to twenty or thirty at most. The beauties of *Shakespear* have of late been published in several volumes. *Otway* has found access to the heart better than any *French writer* whatever; the domestic passions are touched by him with the greatest elegance and simplicity. It is very common on the *French* stage to hear a personage of the drama exclaiming perpetually, *Helas*, and *Grand Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the audience that he has such and such sensations; but our great masters of the passions make their hearers feel by sympathy the agitations of their hero's breast, without running into subtle definitions, or languid declamation.

The dramatic poetry of this country is like our constitution, built upon the bold basis of liberty; and though the latter has brought a king to the block, and the former admits blood to be shed on the stage; these are corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the poet says,

Effects unhappy from a noble cause.

Upon the whole, we may apply what *Horace* has said to the *English* Nation,

—*Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet,*
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque lituram.

Our poets are sufficiently possessed of the spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute rules of correct taste, and the trouble of blotting. It may be added, that they have more real fire, sublimer sentiments, and characters better marked than any nation whatever.

I cannot dismiss this paper, without observing, with very particular pleasure, that the subject, upon which I have offered my loose reflections, has been touched with great spirit by a writer of acknowledged genius*. In a preface to a Novel called the FRIENDS, he has expressed himself with great warmth, and a noble national jealousy. After mentioning that *Voltaire* calls his countrymen THE ABSOLUTE LEGISLATORS OF ALL THE FINE ARTS IN EUROPE, “how shameless,” says he, “is this assertion in the face of a country,

* Mr. Guthrie.

“that

" that gave bread to *Holben*, dignities to *Rubens*;
 " and encouragement to *Vandike*; and that for
 " years before (even by this writer's own ac-
 " knowledgment) the national taste of *France*
 " was formed! While that taste was barbarous,
 " *Johnson* enriched his native tongue with Co-
 " medies, wrought up to more than *Terentian*
 " regularity and propriety, in point of conduct;
 " and while *France* was ignorant of almost every
 " order of architecture, *Inigo Jones*, in *England*,
 " was rearing houses, and projecting palaces,
 " which all the boasted improvements of *France*,
 " in that art, have not yet equalled. I shall
 " forbear to urge the examples of *Spencer* or
 " *Shakespear*, because I am firmly and seriously
 " of opinion, that no *Frenchman* ever yet was
 " able (supposing him to understand *English*
 " equally as *French*) to taste the beauties of
 " either of these poets. For the truth of this, I
 " appeal to every *Englishman's* sense, who has had
 " the misfortune to read the unwilling, scanty,
 " starved, and mistaken encomiums, that *Voltaire*
 " has bestowed on *Shakespear*."

Is it not rather too charitable in the author of
 the foregoing passage to suppose Monsieur
Voltaire's reserved praises of *Shakespear* could
 arise only from an inability to relish his beau-
 ties?

ties? For my part, the *French* writer appears to me capable of feeling every stroke of our great poet: but envy, and a vain ambition of erecting himself into an imagined superiority, have rendered him open in his abuse, and hesitating and frigid in his commendations. But to conclude; what *Virgil* has given away from his countrymen, we claim for ours. None better shall inform the breathing brass, or soften marble into mimic features; none shall better plead, or with equal sagacity describe the motions of the planetary system, and the laws of nature; and besides, it shall be our further praise to spare a vanquished foe, and to check the encroachments of an intriguing, faithless, perfidious enemy, ever restless and aiming at an universal monarchy, which, it is to be hoped, the Councils and Arms of *Great Britain* will for ever hold from them.

N U M B E R LXXIV.

Saturday, March 16, 1754.

—————*Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.*

VIRG.

A MONG the writers who have descanted on the *British* constitution, I have not met with one, that seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the subject. An ingenious friend, who furnished me with an essay some time since, reduced our present party-divisions into *Garrickeans* and *Barryists*; but this is not going to the bottom of things. The famous *Montesquieu* has performed, in my humble apprehension, as little towards a detection of the root of the evil, though he seems to perceive, with a kind of prophetic spirit, the declension of *British* liberty. The great *Locke*, who has treated of government in a masterly style, does not any where give us a clue to guide our research; and after glowing with *Bolingbroke* through a number of pages, we are as much in the dark as ever. *England* can never be undone but by a parliament, says the author of *the Use and Abuse of Parliaments*; but even there, we are again

put upon a wrong scent. The truth of the matter is, ENGLAND CAN NEVER BE UNDONE BUT BY THE MOB. I am aware, that this may at first sight appear a paradox; but a retrospect to the behaviour of that body of people will convince every intelligent mind of the truth of the assertion.

The generality of political writers have wasted a great deal of paper in settling the various forms of government; one, they tell us, is a monarchy; another talks of an aristocracy; a third is loud in praise of a democracy; and the *British* constitution, they inform us, is of the mixed species; consisting of a coalition of all three. But surely a little observation will point out to us, that they have all passed by unnoticed another mode of civil policy, which cannot be called by a better name than a *Mobocracy*. Under the last mentioned form of government, this country has been for many years past, and in all human probability will continue so for a long period still to come, nay, I will be bold to say, until monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy are all swallowed up by this alone.

There is hardly ever a bill brought before the honourable the House of Commons, but the
scope

scope of it is immediately canvassed in an assembly of the *Mobocracy*. If it passes in the negative, a deputation is forthwith sent to the Parliament House, where, though their remonstrances are not heard at the bar, they nevertheless enforce their arguments with such a truly *British* eloquence, that they never fail to have a due degree of influence upon the debates within doors. Upon these occasions, they generally make use of a rule of logick, which indeed is not mentioned by *Aristotle*, but is found of great efficacy in all disputes. The mode of reasoning I mean, is the *Argumentum Baculinum*; a nervous exertion of which, accompanied with all the force of the most vigorous lungs, has over-ruled many an intended act, when it happens not to please in the councils of the common people. The *Mobocracy* have further the legislative and executive part of their laws in their own hands, and we find them very frequent in a diligent attention to them. For instance, though the common law of *England* has provided a proper punishment for pick-pockets, the *Mobocracy* has reconsidered that matter, and, after mature deliberation, devised a correction, in their opinion, more adequate to the offence. Accordingly, whenever any one is found to incur the penalty of the law, they immediately proceed to execution, without judge
or

or jury, which, in their apprehension, serve but to retard the course of justice. They seize the delinquent, and, without delay, duck him in the river, the Canal in St. *James's* Park, or the next pool of water. The offender is carried to the next pump, and there deluged till he is almost ready to expire. Upon all these occasions, it is observable, that they take infinite delight in seeing the proper punishment inflicted, as may be observed from the acclamations, and huzzas, wherewith their burst of joy rends the air. In like manner, the pillory is sometimes ordained by the statute law of *England*, in order to expose such transgressors, as deserve to be set up the marks of public shame. Upon every occurrence of this nature, wisdom is sure to cry out in the streets, and the award of the judges is determined by a popular circle to be just or unjust. When once they have pronounced sentence, the person doomed to make his appearance is sure either to meet with their protection, or to call forth the utmost indignation of an incensed populace. Nay, it has been known that these perpetual dictators have proceeded so far as to rescue felons condemned to suffer death, from the hands of the proper officers, and generously to have superseded the death warrant. In many parts of *England* they have an implacable aver-

sion

sion to turnpikes, insomuch, that it is now universally believed, that they will never be at rest, till they have entirely demolished those disagreeable passports. I remember to have heard a story of these people, which I think may serve to give the reader a tolerable idea of their arbitrary power. Not very long since, three *Indian* kings paid a visit to this metropolis; and, after they had seen most places of curiosity, a play was at length advertised by command of their *Indian* majesties. The *Mobocracy*, who have entirely exploded all notions of the right divine of Kings, and who, in fact, consider crowned heads as no more than common men, took care to attend at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, in order to survey the swarthy monarchs. At length the curtain drew up, but in vain did the players attempt to begin the diversion of the night. The *Mobocracy*, who had possession of the upper gallery, declared that they came to see the kings, “and since we have paid our money, the kings we will have.” Whereupon Mr. *Wilks*, who was then one of the patentees, came forth and assured them that the kings were in the front-box; to this the *Mobocracy* replied, that they could not see them there, and desired that they might be placed in a more conspicuous point of view, “otherwise, there shall be no

“ play.” Mr. *Wilks*, who was not in his heart of mobocratical principles, loved his own interest so well, that he always knew how to be an occasional conformist. He assured them he had nothing so much at heart as their happiness, and accordingly got three chairs, and placed the kings on the stage, to the no small satisfaction of the *Mobocracy*, with whom it is a maxim to have as much as possible for their money. From hence it appears that the power of the multitude is perfectly dictatorial ; and, indeed, in all ages the managers of play-houses have acquiesced under the gallery-jurisdiction. Mr. *Garrick*, I am credibly informed, notwithstanding the submissive bows he occasionally makes them, is not entirely reconciled to their government. He is apt, if fame speaks truth, to quote certain treasonable words from *Horace*, implying that the vulgar have no claim to infallibility. *Interdum Vulgus Rectum videt, est ubi peccat*. My intelligence further adds, that he has suppressed many schemes for adding novelty to the amusements of the public, from a fear he has conceived of the many-headed monster of the gallery ; nay, he will at times carry matters so far as to pronounce their behaviour illegal ; and, when lately they broke all the windows of his dwelling-house, so discontented a spirit possessed him, that he would by

no

no means acknowledge the justice of their proceedings.

Be that as it may; it is certain one disaffected person cannot withstand the *Mobocratical* power, which it is manifest has gained great strength of late years, and, I am persuaded, will continue to flourish more and more every day. They have many wise maxims, by which they govern themselves; such as, “no wooden shoes,” “liberty and property and no excise”—“no *French* dancers”—“no Mounseers”—“let every man toast his own cheese.” Such prudential axioms, founded on the soberest sense, must undoubtedly contribute to render their administration both wise and prosperous. It does not appear that they have made any great progress in the modern art of war; on the contrary, there is reason to suppose that they all hold it in contempt. It is certain that on many occasions, when our mixed form of government has endeavoured to oppose them, by sending forth the soldiery, they have always laughed at the military force, and made them retreat without daring to fire. Their military discipline seems to be derived from the *Romans*; they know no use of cannon, or fire-arms, but proceed to battle with sticks, bludgeons, setting up loud shouts, somewhat like the
war-

war-whoop of the *Indians*, and hurling stones, brickbats, bottles, and glasse, with tremendous force on the adverse party. To all refinements of modern luxury they are total strangers: bread and cheese, and porter, are their chief sustenance; gin being only used by them when they are low-spirited, or are going to be hanged. They do not paint their bodies with woad, like the ancient *Britons*, but generally with kennel-dirt, which lends them a formidable air in battle. Thus enured to danger, it will be no wonder if the *Mobocracy* at length become masters of this kingdom. This, as I conceive it, must shortly be the case, unless the vices of people of fashion should descend to them, and retard their progress. Of this, I must own I am inclined to cherish some hopes, having heard, that in some parts of the town, they drink, and game, and swear, and are to the full as wicked as their betters. Particularly in *Hockly the Hole*, I am told, that they have a place called *White's Chocolate-house*; that *clean lodgings for travellers* are dearer than ever, and that you cannot any where *shave for a penny*, the depravity of the times having raised the prices of every thing there, as well as at the *St. James's end* of the town,

N U M B E R LXXV.

Saturday, March 23, 1754.

*Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ, visu mirabile monstrum,
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimulat capitis; dat inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum.—— VIRG.*

WHEN *Turnus*, in the tenth *Æneid*, is cutting his way through fields of ſlaughter, an interpoſing goddeſs ſhadows forth an illuſive appearance of the adverſe warrior. She arms the phantom, which is made to reſemble *Æneas*, with an air-drawn javelin, an imaginary ſhield and creſt, adds a mimic voice, and ſounds innocent of thought. The deluſive mockery flies before the ranks, in order to divert the real combatant, and engage him in a vain purſuit. The impoſition has the intended effect: the General is ſeduced from the field; the illuſion vaniſhes into air, and then too late the hero perceives, that he had quitted the field of glory, to diſtinguiſh his martial prowels againſt a fictitious enemy, where no honour could be reaped. In the warfare of the pen, ſomething like this very commonly

monly happens. A writer is no sooner observed to be engaged in a right course, than a counterfeit genius is instantly set up in opposition to him. Mother *Dullness*, who is always as careful of her favourites as any goddess in epic poetry, is sure to make something appear in the shape of a rival: She arms him with a goose-quill, furnishes ink and paper, supplies him with empty words, and unideal sounds, without any thinking faculty.—
Dat inania verba, dat sine mente sonum.

The machinery, which *Virgil* has thought worthy of a place in his divine poem, has always appeared to me beneath the dignity of the epic muse, and only fit for the mock heroic. *Turnus*, engaged in the pursuit of a phantom, seems to be in a ludicrous situation; and surely the author, who can be drawn off from the pursuit of a nobler quarry, to follow some puny scribbler in the form of a pamphlet, a letter to a friend, a wretched poem, or an insipid epigram, must, in the eyes of the judicious, appear to act unworthily, and very much beneath his character. On this account it is, that I have hitherto kept myself clear of all disputes with my brethren of the quill. I have persevered in one uniform plan, though there have not been wanting things, “that would be
 2 “poets

"poets thought," who have endeavoured to molest me in my career.

Deaf to all such avocations, I have attended only to the prosecution of the design this paper first set out with, namely, to conduce my utmost to the entertainment and instruction of my readers. The former of these views, I flatter myself, has in some degree succeeded: with regard to the latter, I do not pretend to have enlightened the understandings of all my contemporaries, nor to have brought about a general reformation of men and manners. The truth of it is, I cannot consider the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, as a general *Panacea* for the defects of mankind. My bookseller, and many of my friends (*i. e.* enemies) have been pleased to compliment me on that score. When I declare thus much, I beg I may not be supposed to envy the fame of a very elegant and ingenious brother-writer, who pleasantly congratulates himself on the extensive amendment of mankind since the commencement of his paper. He assures us, that there is no such thing at present as cards at *White's*; no naked shoulders at *Ranelagh*; and from the general cessation of vice, he flatters himself that the *Millennium* is at hand, determined, when that happy period arrives, to lay down his pen,

and receive the congratulations of his conscience for a life well spent in the service of mankind.

For my part, I shall not wait for the *Millennium*. I have met with very different success in my district. I am resolved not to cry out, in imitation of *Falstaff* to the vanquished *Hotspur*, “there lies vice; and the king will reward me; —so;—if not,—let him write the next paper himself.” So far from having any title to this boast, I have at present only one letter upon my table, testifying the surprizing cure wrought by these lucubrations. This curious epistle is as follows.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

FOR twenty years last past, I have been afflicted with a most extraordinary species of pride, which affected my head to so great a degree, that I could never, during that time, bow it to any one, who was not possessed of a fortune of ten thousand pounds. This, you may believe, reduced me to such a situation, that all my acquaintance shunned my company. But upon
perusal

perusal of your paper of the 26th of *January*, I immediately found such a relaxation in the sinews of my neck, that I can already make a slight bow to my equals. In my organs of speech there is such an amendment, that I can pronounce, *Sir*, or, *Madam*, to any decent person of either sex. The truth of the above I am willing to attest on oath, when called upon, and am,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant,

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

This is the only certificate I can produce at present of the success of these papers: I suppose, indeed, that many individuals have occasionally profited by them; yet my intelligence says, that most of the fashionable vices and follies of this metropolis are carried on with as much alacrity as if, to use the phrase of *Noll Bluff*, Charles Ranger *had never been in the land of the living*.

By advices from the city I learn, that, while the husband is cheating for a groat behind the counter, the wife is venturing hundreds at a rout; that the course of exchange was on *Thursday* last

very much influenced by the *Jew*-Brokers; that the stocks continue to be iniquitously raised or lowered in *'Change-Alley*; and that criticism still prevails at *Sam's*. Orator *Henly*, I am told, continues to rave among his butchers; families are ruined every night at the gaming-clubs; and from *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh* I hear, by undoubted intelligence, that half of the taper leg, and the pit of the snowy bosom are displayed every night by ladies of the first distinction. Zeal for the constitution is talked of in both houses of parliament, but never gains a single vote; infomuch, that Mr. *Ashley* on *Ludgate-Hill*, who sells punch *pro bono publico*, is the only patriot I can any where hear of.

But though this general contagion of vice and folly still prevails, I hope it will at least be found some degree of merit to have opposed it. I persuade myself, that throughout these little essays, my satyr has been so levelled, as not to have deserved the displeasure of any worthy character. As to the anonymous invectives of little scribblers, I have already declared my opinion of them; and should a whole inundation of calumny be hereafter discharged against me, I shall not suffer myself to be drawn into petty quarrels with anonymous scribblers, or with those,
whose

whose names have never been heard of in any circle of true taste and real literature. The malevolent critic, and the scribbler of defamatory libels are the pests of society. Unknown to every muse, they have nothing to inspire their puny talents, except dullness and envy. This, I think, will manifestly appear from the following paper, which fell into my hands by an extraordinary accident a few days since.

The Society of Grub-street, by the influence of Mother-Dullness Head-College of Great-Britain, Defender of Absurdity, and so forth; to all our dearly beloved Members, to whom these Presents shall come, greeting.

Whereas *Charles Ranger*, Esq. has taken upon him to publish once a week, namely, every *Saturday*, a paper, entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and hath endeavoured, as far as in him lies, to introduce into all Coffee-houses, essays of wit and humour, according to the practice of the authors of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, whom we have always held in the highest detestation: and further, whereas the said *Charles Ranger* hath avowed himself an enemy to all modern critics, stigmatizing them by the name of the *Malevoli*; and has, moreover declared war

against all foreign monsters, ostriches, and pantomimes : we hereby enjoin you, all and several, to abuse, revile, traduce, calumniate, and defame him, the said *Charles Ranger*, so as to make him uneasy in his province, and oblige him, if possible, to lay down his pen.

And we further command our dearly beloved, the doers of the several news-papers (which have been hitherto devoted to our cause), either not to mention the works of the said *Ranger*, or to damn them with faint praise, or grossly and scandalously to condemn them, as they have done to every thing praise-worthy for some years past ; and for so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given in *Grub-street*, *January 1, 1754.*

By order of the Society,

JOHN HILL,
QUINBUS FLESTRIN } Secretaries.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, March 21st.

WE have lately set up in this place a new invented machine, in imitation of the weather-glass, by which we can, by sure prognostics, tell in the morning the rise and fall of wit and humour for the whole day. The several stages which are fixed for its progress are in a gradual ascent from DULL, MUZZY, HEAVY, HOWISH, FINE, very FINE, HIGH, GREAT, IMMENSE BY G——. The mercury has not ascended this whole week past farther than GREAT, and, it is thought, will not reach IMMENSE BY G—— till next winter.

N U M B E R LXXVI.

Saturday, March 30, 1754.

———*Migravit ab aure voluptas*

Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana. HOR.

A WELL conducted theatre, in a large and flourishing community, is an object of much greater moment, than is generally imagined. Mr. *Whitehead*, in a copy of verses to *Garrick*, congratulating that admirable actor upon his accession to the management of *Drury-Lane*, said, among other things,

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

The compliment, in my opinion, was far from being overstrained. Men, who resort to the play-house, though with nothing but mere amusement in view, will see the cause of virtue supported in many of our Tragedies, with all the splendor of sentiment and language; and in the best of our Comedies, they will be taught to laugh at what is irregular, vicious, or absurd in the course of ordinary life. By the pathos of the
former,

former, the mind, which would otherwise lie torpid, feels itself awakened to the sensations of humanity; and from the instructive mirth of the latter, all may carry home an useful and moral lesson. But our stage, it must be acknowledged, has been upon the decline for a number of years. Of this degeneracy it may be difficult to assign the various causes; but the fact is universally felt and acknowledged. The æra of dramatic splendor seems to have closed with the management of *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber*. The two last good Comedies in their time, if my memory does not deceive me, were the *Provoked Husband*, and the *Conscious Lovers*. From that time to the *Suspicious Husband*, in 1747, there is a melancholy chasm of twenty years. In that whole time, nothing has been produced, that deserves the name of just and regular Comedy. The *Beggar's Opera*, it is true, like a single star, appeared in the theatrical hemisphere during that interval. But the piece, excellent as it is, and sparkling in every scene with real wit and genuine humour, cannot be classed with that legitimate species of Comedy, which tends to the improvement of the manners. In Tragedy our theatres have been still more deficient. The *Siege of Damascus* was, I believe, the last piece in *Cibber's* time, that

that has since kept its rank on the stage. If so, what a dreary *vacuum* to the *Tancred and Sigismunda* of *Thompson*! Of this last mentioned writer we have had other performances, written, I think, in the true language of poetry, but without that power of interesting the heart, which is essential to the drama. Were I to make the apology of our poets for their long inactivity, I should ascribe their want of exertion to the dearth of actors, that followed, when the great triumvirate retired from public life. Happily, at present, that excuse can be no longer urged. The names of *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Mossop*, *Mrs. Cibber*, *Mrs. Pritchard*, *Woodward*, *Yates*, and *Clive*, are sufficient to end the interregnum of dullness. Accordingly, we have seen of late years *The Roman Father*, *Creusa*, *Boadicia*, and the *Brothers*. The authors of those pieces have led the way, and hopes may now be entertained, that the dramatic genius of this country will be once more revived. But to revive it in its true lustre, much remains to be done. The taste of the public, during a long reign of dullness, has been much depraved; but it is now time, as *Johnson* expresses it in his admirable prologue,

———To bid the reign commence,
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense.

The

The true purpose of the drama has been for a long time laid aside and forgotten. The theatre has been frequented merely to kill an hour. The ladies go to be seen, the fop to display his cloaths, and the small vulgar to stare at both. But the real use of the drama is, to see our common nature represented in its distresses, or its follies. In the former we sympathize, and the heart feels the pleasure of being roused from a dull and lethargic state. The stage is the mirror of our species. We love to pity misfortune, and to laugh at folly. In the frame and texture of our nature we find compassion and the sense of ridicule curiously interwoven, always active, and ready to be put in motion, whenever the proper objects are presented before us. Every man bears in his own breast the *weeping* and the *laughing* philosopher. It is upon those two principles in the constitution of human nature that Tragedy and Comedy are founded. The former addresses itself to our humanity: It is the school of virtue, in which we exercise the tender and the generous affections. Comedy owes its influence to that gay emotion of contempt, called laughter, which was implanted in the mind of man for useful purposes; to make us see, almost instinctively, whatever is wrong, irregular, or deformed in human actions; to give us a quick
sense

sense of folly, and to make pleasure attend the perception. And as we find that these two springs of the mind have for their ultimate end the real benefit of social life, can we do better than exercise them upon proper occasions, when suffering virtue demands a tear, or when absurdity provokes our mirth?

It is not necessary, in this place, to enquire, why the tear of compassion is delightful, or, in other words, why pain should be the cause of pleasure. It is sufficient, for the present purpose, that we are so constituted.

*Naturæ imperio gemimus, cum funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans.*

We know by repeated experience, that the moments, when the mind stagnates, are the most uncomfortable of our being: We want something, as *Dryden* expresses it, that “brushing
“o’er adds motion to the pool.” It is, therefore, a pleasure, to feel the mind awakened; and I hope we all know, that when the heart expands with generous affections, it is then the triumph of our nature. That moral approbation, with which we then behold ourselves, is one great source, though not the only one, of all the pleasure

sure we derive from the representations of the tragic poet.

Of the immediate and efficient causes of laughter, it is not necessary, at present, to give an elaborate and full account. The enquiry would lead beyond the limits of an essay. It is enough for the comic writer to know, that his art consists in framing a course of action, which shall, with due probability, fetch out the latent foibles, the peculiar habits, the absurdities and humours of the several persons, who are engaged or interested in the event. Let this be executed with skill, and the poet is sure of success. Men love to see their common nature faithfully represented: as Doctor Young expresses it, like the boy at the fountain, they fall in love with their own image. Where the representation is a faithful copy from life, the truth of character affords the most rational pleasure; and, if it be further attended with circumstances of ridicule, the emotion of laughter is sure to accompany it; and, perhaps, that *sudden glory*, which the philosopher of *Malmsbury* talks of, arising from the comparison of ourselves with the infirmity of others, may be an ingredient in the pleasure we receive.

The main springs of Tragedy and Comedy are
thus

thus evidently seen: namely, the sensibility of the heart, and the sense of ridicule. Can we do better than exercise both? The exertion of the former is virtue; of the latter, useful and rational mirth. But we are told by many, that the tear of sympathy is distressing: they would rather laugh; and their mirth, I fear, is often weak and irrational. That species of comedy diverts them most, which has ladders of rope, back-stairs, masks, disguises, and dark-lanterns. We prefer stage tricks to the humours of the mind. A Gothic taste has taken possession of the public. Nature is banished. We give credit to the magician's wand, and harlequin's wooden sword. The seasons are confounded together. A father is robbed of his daughter, and the old man is made ridiculous by his paternal affection: the more harlequin leads him a weary life, the better we are pleased. What roars of laughter and applause, when a simple clown is bit by a dog, or a Frenchman worried by a mob! Impossibilities are crowded together; all climates are presented before us; heaven and hell appear; good angels and evil demons meet; the trap doors open; Pluto rises in flame-coloured stockings; and this monstrous chaos makes the supreme delight of an enlightened nation.

While the town continues lost in this anti-natural taste, can it be expected that the stage shall retrieve its ancient humour? It is a fact, well known, that the Roman drama never rose to that degree of perfection, which shone forth at Athens; and it is remarkable, that the love of pantomimes, and monstrous exhibitions, not unlike that which marks the present age, was in general vogue at Rome, the delight and joy of all ranks and conditions, even from the emperor down to the meanest citizen. One of *Terence's* Plays, and perhaps the most elegant in that collection, was driven from the stage with noise and tumult, that the people might enjoy their favourite amusement of gladiators, and gaze with stupid wonder at a rope-dancer. Of the like disgrace to all good taste and sense Horace frequently complains:

Effeda festinant, Pileta, Petorrita, Naves.

But that great poet stood in the gap, and with the weapons of sound and manly criticism opposed the inundation of folly, that overwhelmed the stage, and ruined the drama of his day. To correct the public ear, and recall the authors of his time to the true principles of fine writing, he produced his *ART OF POETRY*, a Poem, which,
in

in less than five hundred lines, has comprized the principal rules of composition. I have often thought that nothing can so effectually reform the modern stage, as a review of that admirable piece. An eminent comic writer of *France* saw it in its true light, not with SCALIGER considering it as an ART WITHOUT ART, but a regular system, and a model of just composition. As the ingenious commentary, which that judicious critic has left us, seems to be little known, it is my intention hereafter, to submit it to the learned. A work of this kind will tend to reform the taste of the town, and, perhaps, place *Horace's Art of Poetry* in its genuine light.

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N U M B E R LXXVII.

Saturday, April, 6, 1754.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

The following Letter affords a striking instance of the force of the ruling passion. I have enquired after the author, and find that the account, which, with great good humour, he gives of himself, is strictly true. An odd and whimsical fancy has taken possession of him. Trifling as his pursuit may appear, by the force of habit, it has given such a bias to his mind, that his whole life is now devoted to his favourite amusement. My correspondent helps to confirm what Mr. Pope gave as an unerring maxim :

The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still.

I shall detain my reader no longer from so curious an Epistle.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

THE bill lately said to be before the legislature for encouraging industry (however extraordinary in some particulars) was, I do not doubt, extremely pleasing, as to its general purport, to a man of your character. For my part, I have ever beheld with pleasure the motto, with which a certain eminent physician has long adorned his chariot—*Non sibi sed toti*; and am for promoting industry in a more exalted signification of the word, than that in which it is most commonly used; I mean, as it tends to the good of mankind, without the least tincture of private advantage.

When very young, I remember to have read in some author, that the *Turks* are obliged to exercise some trade or occupation, which may contribute to the public emolument, and that even their emperors have no exemption from this institution. It is true, a certain sultan, a kind of wag, very artfully evaded the force of the law, by the following device. The Mufti, it seems, had reproved him for being so unmindful of what
their

their prophet had expressly enjoined, as to spend all his time in following hawks and hounds. The next morning the wily sultan sent his troublesome monitor an handsome present of wild fowl and venison, informing him at the same time, that being convinced of the justness of his reproof, he had in consequence thereof taken up the *trade of a hunter*.

Far from approving such a Mahometan equivocation, I began to consider wherein I could be of most general use to my fellow creatures, without the least regard to private emolument. I found myself in possession of an ample patrimony, and consequently a subsistence was out of the question. As to divinity, law, the navy, or army, I was aware that they carry with them some glittering toy, which more or less attracts the hearts of even the most philosophic of their followers. A *mitre*, for example, the *great seal*, a *flag at the main-top*, or a *truncheon*, have their respective charms, and no doubt operate accordingly on the conduct of their several admirers.

To these allurements I resolutely shut my eyes, determined to set a noble example, above all views of profit, or of self-interest. Thus resolved to dedicate my time and studies to the

service of man (including woman), I made choice of an occupation of universal consequence to the world, but of which none, except a few mercenary pretenders, have ever made public profession. Not to keep you any longer in suspense, Mr. *Ranger*, the profession I have taken up, and exercised for some years, is that of a *dentifricator*, or what the vulgar call a *cleaner of teeth*. I have heard with rapture of a certain *Worcestershire 'squire*, who formerly applied himself with great success, as well as assiduity, to cutting and curing the corns of all those he could persuade to make an experiment of his skill. Not long since a noble peer was famous for thirsting after a few ounces of the blood of all who came near him, not from any cruelty of temper, but purely on account of the exquisite and laudable pleasure he took in the use of the lancet. Even *Peter the Great*, the immortal refiner of the *Russian* empire, greatly delighted in drawing the teeth of every one, who, by holding his handkerchief to his mouth, by making wry faces, or any such indications, betrayed a pain in those parts. Of this I have been assured by an eye-witness of his dexterity. To the common soldiers he gave a crown for every tooth he deprived them of. This generosity encouraged so many poor wretches, who were ignorant of the value of

of their grinders, to undergo the operation of an imperial hand, that the officers remonstrated to his majesty, that if he continued to make such depredations in the mouths of the soldiery, he might disband his troops, as they would be fit for service no longer than they could eat.

To a person of Mr. *Ranger's* sagacity, I need not remark how much my profession of cleaning, beautifying, and preserving the teeth, surpasses the inconsiderate zeal of that great man. Every one is sensible how much we exceed all other nations in the bravery of our soldiers, and the dexterity as well as intrepidity of our mariners; and yet it is well known, that all this depends on eating, and, of course, on the goodness of their teeth. And as to our beaux and belles, how much the force of their charms is assisted by a delicate set of teeth, is a truth so evident in itself, as not to need the least demonstration.

In consequence of these reflections, I applied myself to study every author, who has written on this subject. I went so far as to take an *Arabian* into my house, to instruct me in his language, that I might be able to consult the writers of his country in the original, as well as the authors of *Greece* and *Rome*. After this I travelled over all

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Europe,

Europe, to converse with such as profess this noble and delectable operation. I have even put myself in their hands, in order to acquire every excellence, as well as avoid every defect incidental to my brother operators.

Some time since, Mr. *Ranger*, you favoured us with an account of the progress you had made in physiognomy. You therefore will easily believe what I am going to relate of my own sagacity. By a curious and exact observation of the various marks on the teeth in different persons, from the continual friction they undergo, as well from each other, as from the tongue and lips, I am able to discover what passions their several owners are subject to, and how far they indulge them, particularly as to *anger*, *envy*, or *love*. It is an old remark, that proverbs are a kind of test of national wisdom, being literally or allegorically founded on truths of no small importance. Now, I need only instance a few of those pithy sentences, to convince the most incredulous what great discoveries may be made by a skilful contemplator in this way: for instance, *such a one has all his eye-teeth; he shews his teeth, but cannot bite; a third has a soft tooth in his head; this good lady has a colt's tooth left; another has a liquorish tooth.* I might quote many more brilliant

liant aphorisms of equal value. I will content myself with saying, that I have pursued this train of thought, and made many observations of this nature. At first sight, I can discover whether a certain mark be out of a young lady's mouth or not; in plain *English*, whether she be in a state of pure virginity, or has really given it up; in what degree of danger she is of so doing, by the indications her teeth contract from being frequently applied to the sheets or pillows. In some I have discovered, after their having been in company with two sister-graces (a certain dutchess and countess that shall be nameless), whether their teeth have been affected by the corrosive qualities arising from envy, or brightened by that motion of the lips, which is occasioned by the smiles of a pleasing admiration.

I have already taken up too much of your time, and therefore decline giving you an account of my travels (for the narrow considerations of wife or family cannot long detain me at home), in search of all opportunities of improving myself in the art of preserving and beautifying those useful implements the teeth. It is true, I was lately very near abandoning my profession, through the treatment I met with from a certain great prince in *Germany*, who pretending to want

my assistance, no sooner got my finger in his mouth, than, closing his foreteeth, he held me fast in the greatest pain imaginable. At the same time he spoiled, with one of his grinders, the nicest pair of ruffles, which I had made up at *Versailles*, on occasion of the rejoicings for the birth of the duke of *Burgundy*.

I am, Mr. *Ranger*, with all readiness to rub your gums, whenever you will please to favour me with your commands,

Your very obedient servant,

And constant reader,

COURTLY NICE.

P. S. I have false teeth for old maids, and the best powder for young ones. I also teach the whole art of ogling, the exercise of the fan, the newest manner of taking snuff, and, what is little understood in this country, the *French* fashion of blowing the nose.

NUM-

N U M B E R LXXVIII.

Saturday, April 13, 1754.

Manet altâ mente repostum. VIRG.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ. TERENCE.

AT the last meeting of our club, my friend, Mr. *Candid*, informed us, that he had lately seen the character of King *Lear* inimitably performed by Mr. *Garrick*. The impression, he told us, left upon his mind by the united art of the poet and the actor, kept all his passions in agitation for several days. He could not advert to any other subject, till he discharged the fulness of his thoughts in an essay upon that excellent Tragedy, which he desired might be this day communicated to the readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

In order to criticise a great poet with any degree of perspicuity, it is requisite to consider the nature of his fable, and the moral scope of the work. Order requires that in the next place we proceed to observe how he lays on his colouring, the disposition of each person, the expression of the passions, and which is the capital

pital figure in the piece. *Lear* being examined in this manner, it will appear that the author intended to exhibit, in the most striking colours, the horrid crime of filial ingratitude. To enforce this, he represents an old monarch tired with the cares of state, and willing to distribute his possessions among his daughters, in proportion to their affections towards his person. Accordingly, the two that flatter him obtain all, the third sister being disinherited for her sincerity. The king is at length driven, by the ingratitude of his two eldest daughters, to an extreme of madness, which produces the finest tragic distress ever seen on any stage.

This is the ground-work of the play. A different view of it has been of late displayed by a writer of known ability. He ascribes the madness of *Lear* to the loss of royalty. That this notion is not only fundamentally wrong, but also destructive of the fine pathetic that melts the heart in every scene, will, I think, appear from a due attention to the conduct of the poet throughout the piece. The behaviour of *Lear's* children is always uppermost in the thoughts of the aged monarch. We perceive it working upon his passions, till at length his mind settles into a fixed attention to that single object. This, I think,

I think, is evident in the progress of the play.

Lear, in his first scene, shews himself susceptible of the most violent emotions. The poet has drawn him impetuous to a degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In such a mind, it is not to be wondered that ill-treatment should excite the most uneasy sensations. He takes fire at an imaginary appearance of disaffection in *Cordelia*.

*But goes thy heart with this?
So young and so untender!*

He is soon after alarmed with suspicions of disrespect from *Gonerill*. "I will look further into't."—He is soon convinced of her disregard. The effect it has upon him indicates a mind, impotent, and liable to the worst perturbations.

*Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his
eyes?*

*Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargy'd.——*

His reflections shew what is nearest to his heart.

*Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.——*

He observes that *Cordelia's* fault was small; and when even that made such an impression on him, what are we to expect from his fiery disposition, when rejected by those to whom he had given all? his imprecation, though big with horror, is the natural result of his indignation; and the tenderness and overflowings of softness, which melt him in the midst of his vehemence, produce a fine conflict of passions.

*Th'untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce ev'ry sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.——*

His haughtiness breaks out in a menace to his daughter.

*Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.*

His

His address to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

*Thy tender-bested nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness.*

And a little after.

*Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd——*

There have been many poets acquainted in general with the passions of human nature. Accordingly we find them constantly describing their effects; but *Shakespear's* art shows their impulse and their workings, without the aid of definition, or flowery description. Besides the general survey of the heart, *Shakespear* was more intimately versed in the various tempers of mankind than any poet whatever. We always find him making the passions of each person in his drama operate according to his peculiar habit and frame of mind. In the tragedy in question, there are so many strokes of this nature, that, in my opinion, it is his master-piece. In

every speech in *Lear's* mouth, there is such an artful mixture of opposite passions, that the heart-strings of an audience are torn on every side. The frequent transition and shifting of emotions is natural to every breast: in *Lear* they are characteristic marks of his temper.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad.

I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel.

We'll meet no more—no more see one another.

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, &c.

But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove.

In this speech every master passion in his temper rises in conflict, his pride, his revenge, his quick resentment, and his tenderness. The following passage has some of the finest turns in the world.

O let not woman's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks——no, ye unnat'ral hags——

I will have such revenges on ye both—I'll do such things——

What they are I know not——but they shall be

The

*The terrors of the earth.—You think I'll weep—
No—I'll not weep—I have full cause for weeping—
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws—
Or e'er I'll weep—O fool, I shall go mad.*

Here the distressed monarch leaves his daughters' roof. The next time we see him, he is on a wild heath in a violent storm. In this distressful situation, all his reflections take a tincture from the gloomy colour of his mind. We soon see what is the principal object of his attention.

*Thou all-shaking thunder,
Crack nature's mould; all germins spill at once,
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.*

And again;

*The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there—Filial ingratitude!*

His sudden apostrophe to his daughters must draw tears from every eye.

O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.

The

The break has a fine effect.

*O! that way madness lies—let me shun that—
No more of that——*

As yet the perturbation of his mind does not seem fixed to a point. He begins to moralize, but still with a view to his own afflictions. *Edgar* enters disguised like a madman; and this seems to give the finishing stroke. *Lear's* first question is, “have his daughters brought him to this
“ pass? couldst thou save nothing? didst thou
“ give them all?—Here we have the first touch of fixed madness in the play. Will the resignation of his sceptre, or the mere loss of regal power, be any longer urged as the cause of *Lear's* distraction?

Madness opens a new field to the vast imagination of *Shakespeare*. He had before displayed every movement of the heart: the human understanding now becomes his province: in this, we shall find, he acquits himself with the most masterly skill. Mr. *Locke* observes, that *madmen* do not seem to have lost the faculty of reasoning; but having joined together some ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for truths; and they err as men do that argue right from wrong principles. For by the
violence

violence of their imaginations having mistaken their fancies for realities, they make right deductions from them.

Agreeably to this account, *Lear*, upon the appearance of a madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his daughters ill-treatment: when contradicted, he replies, “Death! traitor! “nothing could have subdued nature to such a “lowness, but his unkind daughters.” He next takes him for a philosopher, and agreeably to that notion enquires “what is the cause of “thunder?”

To a mind exasperated, the desire of revenge is natural: accordingly we find him breaking out with the utmost rage.

*To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em!*

He proceeds to accuse his daughters in a court of justice. “Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*. I “here make oath before this honourable assembly, “she kicked the poor king her father. Here is “another too, whose warpt looks proclaim what “store her heart is made of.”——He continues to dwell in imagination upon the crime of ingrati-

tude, which appears so shocking, that he exclaims, “ Let them anatomize *Regan*; see what breeds
 “ about her heart. Is there any cause in nature
 “ for these hard hearts ?” This last stroke cannot fail to draw tears from every eye. The reader will please to observe, that all this time there is not a word said of his royalty; on the contrary, he says to *Edgar*, “ You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not
 “ like the fashion of your garment.”

How was *Shakespear* to represent *Lear* again, so as to keep up the passions, and heighten the distress? By taking advantage of every circumstance in *Lear*'s temper. He had said that he would reassume the shape he had cast off: This then remained untouched. Accordingly, in the next scene we perceive him actually putting it in execution. His fancy suggests to him, that he is a king; from this idea he reasons as from every other principle, always with an eye to his children. “ No, they cannot touch me for
 “ coining; I am the king himself.” “ There's
 “ my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant.” From this, his imagination wanders. “ Bring up the
 “ brown bills—“ O well flown barb! i'th' clout!
 “ i'th' clout—Hewgh, give the word.”——

From

From this rambling he soon returns, and the habitual ideas again take possession of him. “Ha, “*Regan! Gonerill!* they flattered me like a “dog!” *Glo’ster* enquiring if it is not the king, he catches at the word, and answers, “Ay, every “inch a king.” He proceeds to draw some inferences from that notion, till he reflects that *Glo’ster*’s bastard son was kinder to his father, than his own daughters, got in lawful sheets. From this he digresses into an invective against women, and continues raving, till at length his spirit of revenge returns upon him. “And when I’ve “stolen upon these SONS-IN-LAW, then kill, kill, “kill, kill.”

It was *Shakespear*’s art to reserve his being crowned with straw for the last scene of his madness. Here we have a representation of human nature reduced to the lowest ebb. Had he lost his reason on account of his abdicated throne, the emotions of pity would not be so intense, as they now are, when we see him driven to that extreme by the cruelty of his own children. A monarch, voluntarily abdicating, and afterwards in a fit of lunacy resuming his crown, would, I fear, border upon the ridiculous. Every topic of parental distress being now exhausted, and the master-passions of the king appearing in his mad-

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ness,

ness, the poet, like a great master of human nature, shews him gradually coming to himself. We see the ideas dawning slowly on his soul.

Where have I been?—where am I?—fair day-light!

In this recollection of his reason, he never once mentions the loss of royalty, but again touches upon the cause of his distress in his speech to *Cordelia*.

*I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause ; they have none.——*

Upon the whole, before his madness, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loses sight of the ideas, which had worn such traces on his brain. He must be unfeeling to the great art of our poet, who can look for any other cause of distress, in scenes which are drawn so forcibly and strong, and kept up with the most exquisite skill to the very dying words of the unhappy monarch.

N U M B E R LXXIX.

Saturday, April 20, 1754.

—*Regni demens in parte vocavi.*

VIRG.

THE following letter is written with such a vein of candour and taste, that I cannot withhold it from the public this day. I am highly obliged to the author for so ingenious a piece; and though he seems to differ from the commentary upon King *Lear*, which I gave in last Saturday's paper, I hold it material, that *Shakespear* should be seen in every point of view, especially when I am favoured with the sentiments of so elegant a critic, as my correspondent of this day. The reader will judge of the matter for himself.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq.*

S I R,

TO address a letter to you under the character of Mr. *Ranger*, I am persuaded needs little apology; especially when it goes from one, who

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has a real regard to your reputation as an author; and having often received pleasure from your weekly essays, takes the liberty of throwing out his thoughts on a piece of criticism, in which he differs with you in opinion.

Your paper of last *Saturday* contains an examen of King *Lear*. You seem to think that an ingenious critic, who in the *Adventurer* has given a discourse upon that beautiful tragedy, has intirely mistaken the principal idea in the old king's mind during his state of madness. After citing *Lear*'s exclamation on the ingratitude of his daughters, you add, "this might lead any man to the cause of *Lear*'s madness, without thinking of the resignation of his sceptre." But certainly, whoever considers *Lear*'s character with attention, will from the very passage you quote, beside an hundred others, think there is much to be said on the other side of the question.

I have read with pleasure several of the remarks you make on the speeches in *Lear*, which are such as can arise only in the mind of a reader of taste; but I cannot agree, that "*he must be unfeeling to the great art of our poet, who can look for any other cause of distress,*" in the madness of the king, than the ingratitude of his daughters.

I know

I know not in what manner you may treat the remarks I am about to make; but I can sincerely assure you, they are only intended as hints to yourself, on a subject, which I think of some consequence to the admirers of *Shakespear*.

The critic in the *Adventurer* was somewhat wanting in justice to the poet, by mentioning the loss of royalty as the sole cause of *Lear*'s madness, without taking notice at the same time of the forcible idea he must have of the ingratitude of his two daughters. I think Mr. *Ranger* also wrong, in excluding intirely his opinion. What I purpose here, is, to point out *both the ideas* working strongly in his mind, and what the author intended as conducive to the moral of his play.

No critic on *Shakespear* can better explain the characters he draws, than the poet himself does in every speech. We not only see what his persons are during the scene represented, but we are also made acquainted, by some nice touches in each play, with their former mode of thinking and acting. No poet ever understood nature better in the operation of the passions. The persons in *Shakespear* always speak and act in the highest conformity to their characters: the poet's

genius and judgment are in this respect every where equal to *Horace's* precept.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.

Lear's deportment and sentiments in regard to his daughters in the first act, and what *Gonerill* says of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his character ; which is, that of a *haughty, passionate, inconstant, weak old man*. He does not resign his authority to his daughters so much out of love to them, as to rid himself of the cares of government. He retains the name of king, with a suitable train of attendants : he still commands with his former impetuosity of temper, and is jealous even of trifles. This the ill-nature of the daughters will not suffer. We soon find them in consultation, in the most undutiful and unbecoming manner, to deprive him of his remaining shew of power : their behaviour and ingratitude soon appear in the most glaring instances, and make the old king sorely sensible, that he had *given them ALL*.

Nature was *Shakespear's* guide. He describes the imagination affected by concurring causes to pave the way for a scene of the highest distress. *Lear*, as a king and father, feels with great sensibility

bility the shock of his daughters' ingratitude and unnatural treatment. He exhibits a moving picture of the feelings of the heart, and the various conflicts of passion, expressive of his character and circumstances. If the poet had nothing more in view, he might have been well content with the masterly picture he has drawn of his distress, grief, and rage, in every scene before the loss of his senses; but he has crowned the distress by making him at last fix his imagination on his own rashness and folly in giving away his ALL. He laments his want of power to avenge himself. It is this reflection chiefly that drives him to madness.

The jesting of the fool wholly turns upon his *unkinging himself* and retaining *nothing*, which *Lear* minutely attends to, and says, "a bitter fool!"—After *Gonerill's* proposal to reduce his train, he breaks out, "*woe! that too late repents.*" The ingratitude of his daughters, and his own folly, strike him deeply.

——O Lear, Lear, Lear!

*Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out.*

After-

Afterwards he says to Gonerill,

Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou didst think,
I have cast off for ever. Gon. do you mark that?

In the next scene, wrapt up in thought, he says,

TO TAKE 'T AGAIN PERFORCE!—*Monster Ingratitude!*

In this line the two ideas are strongly blended, and the *loss of power* foremost; for surely that was the obvious reason of the insults he had received. If he had still been in possession, they would have continued to sprinkle him with *court holy-water*: the fool, whose phrase the last is, says,

Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

I must here take notice of the different colouring used by our poet, and all good writers, in distinguishing the characters of men, seemingly agitated by the same passions. *Lear's* idea of his folly,

folly, in divesting himself of his authority, is nicely and artfully distinguished by *Shakespear*, from that kind of regret, which an imperious man of a different character would feel from the deprivation of power. He is full of the loss of his dignity, only as it was the occasion of the ill treatment he met with, not from a thirst of rule. This idea, and that of the ingratitude of his daughters, which he feels as the consequence of it, I cannot help thinking, are as closely united in his madness, as two twigs twisted together, and growing out of the same stem.

When he reproaches his daughters in that heart-piercing scene of distress on the heath, he says,

O Regan ! O Gonerill !

Your old kind father ! whose frank heart gave all !

O that way madness lies—Let me shun THAT ; no more of THAT.

On his recollection that he *gave all*, he breaks short, and immediately subjoins, “ O that way madness lies ; let me shun *that* ; no more of *that* : let me not think that I have been guilty of so much folly, as to have given *all* to such ungrateful

grateful wretches : the reflection will make me mad.

I know it may be insisted on by you, and perhaps by many others, that *Lear* makes use of the sentiment of *giving all*, only to tax the ingratitude of his daughters in a higher degree ; but, it is possible you may be of a contrary opinion, if you can allow, that the moral of this play does not expose the ingratitude of children, more than the folly of parents. *This same folly of parents* is also touched with great judgment in the under-plot of *Glo'ster*. The characters of *Lear's* two daughters are finely contrasted with those of *Cordelia* and *Edgar* ; and the poet's design in marking out so strongly the folly and ill-judged partiality of parents, is confirmed by the behaviour of *Edmund*.

When *Lear* sees the wretchedness of *Edgar*, he pursues the same train of reasoning which before possessed him, and asks, "*didst thou GIVE ALL to thy daughters?—And art thou to come to this?*" And immediately after,

What ! Have his daughters brought him to this pass ?

Could'st

Could'st thou save nothing?—Did'st thou give them all?

This is agreeable to his character. And from all that we hear in common life (for there are many stories) of old weak parents, who have acted much in the manner of *Lear*, and, to the reproach of human nature, have met with ingratitude and disobedience; these, I say, in their feeling-hours of distress, are reported to have reproached themselves with their folly in GIVING ALL, as well as to have exclaimed against the ingratitude of their children.

There are many characters, I doubt not, now in the world, who retain a heap of treasure, useless to themselves, from their children, on no better motives, than to ensure their duty and attention; and some who carry the moral of this play to a ridiculous height, by denying their children an independence, merely on the same parity of reasoning, without considering the difference between the prudence of parents and their folly.

I forbear making any quotations from *Lear's* speeches in his madness. I think the whole obvious enough, and that our immortal poet,
who

who had a perfect knowledge of the workings of the human mind, has drawn *both the ideas* in *Lear's* madness, agreeable to the representation he has made of him in the first act.

What I have hitherto said is entirely confined to the different opinions of Mr. *Ranger* and the *Adventurer*. I do not expect that you will alter your's in conformity to my judgment. Let a diligent examination of the play determine you in the future criticisms you intend to give the public on this subject.

What has often occurred to me, in reading over the several editions of our poet, and what has been said by you, and many great geniusses, only serves to convince me of the difficulty of any one man's succeeding in a perfect criticism on *Shakespeare*: at least, I have reason to think so, from what I have seen of the several attempts that have been made by different commentators, from the time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mutilated condition our poet was thrown into by subsequent editors.

Several persons have succeeded in pointing out occasionally some of the latent beauties; but, I believe, "*there is scarce one man alive* (to speak in
4 " the

“ the style of a very extraordinary address to a great
“ man, in last *Saturday's Inspector*), who is even ca-
“ pable of calling all his beauties by their proper names,
“ much less of exhibiting them all with advantage
“ to the public ; whose property they now are, if
“ they will acquire a taste to enjoy them.”

I cannot forbear mentioning the obligation which the public has to the genius of Mr. *Gar-
rick*, who has exhibited with great lustre many of the most shining strokes of *Shakespear's* amazing art ; and may be justly styled (as he was once called by you) his best commentator : for it is certain, he has done our poet more justice by his manner of playing his principal characters, than any editor has yet done by a publication.

I shall conclude with the same freedom as I began, by desiring you will consider my manner of treating this subject as the mere hints of a friendly letter, and not as an essay on the subject in dispute.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

G.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXX.

Saturday April 27, 1754.

*Sua cuique cum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque proprius.* PHÆDRUS.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

AS there is a court of Censorial Enquiry subsisting under your authority, instituted, as I suppose from the apparent tendency of it, as a secondary aid to our courts of justice, by taking cognizance of those offences which are not punishable by any of the statute laws of this realm, I must take the liberty to transmit to you an information, which I am convinced, you will think either ought to be laid before the abovementioned court, or that it deserves, at least, to be treated with the touches of your pen.

To enter at once into the business, I must inform you, that I lately had occasion to take a jaunt to Bath. I imagined that travelling in a stage-coach

coach would not be disagreeable, and accordingly took a place in one of those vehicles. We set out from the *Bell Inn* behind the New Church in the *Strand*. Precisely at two in the morning, crack went the coachman's whip, and off we went with six passengers. Being quite dark at the hour of starting, we began our journey without so much as knowing one another's faces, and were pretty well jolted on the stones, before we were all properly adjusted in our places. For some time we were entertained with a concert of groans, sighs, coughs, and other such agreeable interjections, to fill up the pause of conversation, till having passed the turnpike, and being arrived on the plain road, the gentleness of the motion, and the stillness of the night composed our company to sleep, as I inferred from the information of their noses, which did not cease to ply the ear, until the morning began to tinge the hemisphere towards the east with white streaks of light, by the help of which I could then discover who and who were together. I perused the countenances of my fellow-travellers, and pretty plainly read in each visage, that very character, which a short time convinced me was appropriated to the several persons in this curious groupe.

The first and most remarkable personage was the wife of a wealthy inhabitant of *Thames-street*, going down to see life, “for it is really,” says she, “enough to fill one up with the vapours, to be eternally moped in that odious part of the town; and as soon as I return, I shall prevail upon Mr. *Narrowmind*, since he has now picked up his crumbs, to learn a little taste, and to remove to some genteel quarter.” This scheme met with the instant approbation of her next neighbour, a motherly sort of a woman, who lets lodgings at *Bath*, and with whom the polite citizen was to fix her residence. The good old landlady declared her opinion, that folks of Mrs. *Narrowmind*’s fortune should be accommodated with elegance: and then turning about, “Ma’am, will you choose to taste the liquor I have brought in this little bottle? I know by experience, that it is the best thing in the world to keep wind out of the stomach.” This proposal was agreed to, and a few minutes convinced the rest of the company, that a dram is not only of singular use to keep wind out of the stomach, but also a most excellent expeller of what may be accidentally lodged there.

While this agreeable couple were solacing themselves, the conversation was taken up by one, whom

whom we soon discovered to be a *Jew*, bound for the rendezvous of people of taste and fashion, with the double view of partaking of the diversions of the place, and getting rid of a little *French* paste, which lay upon his hands. He harangued with great volubility, and frequently embellished his discourse with the lively flashes of a diamond ring, which played upon his finger. Amidst all his vivacity, he took care to be sufficiently attentive to the grand business of selling the above-mentioned paste, which was with him so material a point, that he never once mentioned the chief object, which at present engrosses the thoughts of his whole nation. Instead of favouring us with his political speculations, he amused us with a sight of numberless pretty trinkets, the beauties of which he explained with such an artful display of his finger, and so many flourishes of speech, that he soon closed a bargain with the fine lady, whom I have already mentioned.

The next person was a young gentleman, who, from a slender figure, and the recommendation of five and twenty, promised himself success among the ladies, notwithstanding the late marriage act. Not having seen a great deal of the world, his mind was raw and uninformed: He was struck with surprize at every thing that offered,

ferred, breaking out into idle questions upon the most minute occurrence. I have often observed, the memory is a prevailing faculty in weak intellects. It never fails to prove troublesome in company; and as most things, when judgment is wanting, are laid up in that storehouse without taste or discernment, they are also produced in the same manner; according to the old proverb, *ill got, ill gone*. Having dabbled a little in some of our modern poets, there hardly arose an incident, but what our fellow traveller would repeat twenty or thirty verses in a breath, from *Sir Richard Blackmore*, the CHOICE, or some such ingenious work. The misfortune was, that what he last recited opened new traces, and he was sure to continue, as long as his memory supplied him; like the man at a fair, who will spew you up ribband by the yard, while there remains any in his mouth; and this similitude I take to be very picturesque on the present occasion, with this difference only, that what the latter evacuates does not indicate a bad digestion; whereas the former constantly discovers a foul stomach, which cannot contain its crudities. On this account, I take your ribband spewer to be much the more agreeable fellow of the two.

The fifth and last of the company (as I intend to say nothing of myself) was the most extraordinary of the whole collection. He slept so profoundly, that it was a long time before his character made itself known. If his repose did not proceed from the peace of his conscience, no body that saw him could be at a loss for the cause of his deep tranquillity. His size was enormous. a treble chin supported the broadest cheeks I ever saw. He engrossed so much room, that those who sat on the same side were sorely squeezed, and a paunch, capacious enough for the largest turtle that ever graced a city feast, projected so far, that we, who sat opposite to him, were overloaded.

Figure to yourself an over-grown porpus, and you will have a true idea of him. At the end of three hours, he began to stir himself; his first observation was, that he was bloody hungry. The thought waked him to new life: he told us that he was the best natured man in the world, going to *Bath* to see his wife. "My wife, you must know," said he, "frets herself to death, because we have no children. She is gone to drink the Bath waters, to invigorate her constitution. But I tell her, the man that used to get the chil-

S 3

"dren

“dren is dead.” After this pleasantry, he went
 on at a great rate. We found that he was an
 attorney, going to *Bath* to get some deeds signed
 by one client; to read an answer in chancery to
 another; and to get a third to settle a bill of costs.
 He gave us to understand that he should charge
 the full expence of his journey to each. “I under-
 stand trap,” says he, “and did not serve my
 time for nothing. If I am not paid my costs,”
 continued he, “I have brought *the tackle*, and in-
 tend to arrest him; for the fellow has used me
 damn’d ill. He has threatened to tax my bill,
 and that I hold to be an affront. What do you
 think he objects to? The scoundrel is a tay-
 lor: He made cloaths for two school boys,
 who are worth nothing. I arrested both for
 him, went on with the two actions, and
 brought the cause to trial. To be sure I
 was nonsuited: so I expected; but what of
 that? the costs on both sides, to be sure, fell
 upon him. That’s his affair. *Currat lex*; I
 must be paid. And then again he objects to
 several of the charges in my bill. I’ll tell you
 one of them: for meeting you at church on
 Sunday July 14th, to talk matters over, *thir-*
teen shillings and four pence. What objection
 is that? if a man will carry an attorney so far
 out of his way, ought not he to pay for it?
 “Now

“ Now another thing: for extraordinary trouble
 “ in the business, *twenty guineas*. What if there
 “ was a nonsuit, who is to take trouble for
 “ nothing?” In this manner our worthy attorney went on, with great intonation of lungs, till we sat down to breakfast, and there the *Cerberus* got his sop. During the rest of our journey, he often repeated, “ I have the tackle with me, and
 “ I shall see whether my wife is under the barren
 “ curse.” Eating was his favourite subject; and in that science he seemed to be a wonderful proficient, devouring more at a meal than all the others could in a week, and when oppressed with his load, binding his head with his handkerchief, and sleeping as if never to wake again. For my part, I thought he snored better things than he said.

I shall not trouble you, Mr. *Ranger*, with a further detail: having acquainted you with the characters of the company, I leave it to your own imagination to suggest, in what manner the time must have glided away among people who were all entirely attached to their prevailing foibles, and thought of nothing but the gratification of their own particular humours. During the whole journey the citizen's wife talked of her taste and dignity, which the good woman

from *Bath* confirmed; the verse-spewer thought of nothing but reciting; and the *Jew* not only minded the main-chance in the coach, but also at every inn where we put up. I remember, at *Marlborough*, where we breakfasted the second morning, we were delayed for a considerable time, till search was made after this mercantile itinerant, who was at length found selling a pair of buckles to a gentleman just arrived in a post-chaise. The attorney eat and slept, and slept and eat, and talked of the *tackle* all the rest of the way.

I think, Mr. *Ranger*, you have already mentioned an attention to self alone, as one of the greatest errors in society. As it must be more particularly so, when people are tied to each other for any space of time, I could wish for a reformation in this particular. In the *Spectator* I remember to have seen a proposal to place a system of rules for behaviour on the side of every stage-coach in the kingdom: now, Sir, as I think something of this nature absolutely requisite at present, if you would be kind enough to employ a leisure moment in this way, it would, I persuade myself, tend to promote good manners among the people of this kingdom, and oblige him, who is with great respect,

Sir, Your most constant Reader,

* * * *

NUM-

N U M B E R LXXXI.

Saturday, May 4, 1754.

*Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem insania
mutat?*

VIRG.

S I R,

I N your paper of Saturday, April 20, you have given place to a letter, written, indeed, with taste and great acuteness of argument, which seems intended as a refutation of the principles advanced by me in a late criticism on the tragedy of *King Lear*. Your correspondent seems to think, that neither the papers in the *Adventurer*, nor the essay in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, have settled with precision the true cause, that brings on the madness of the distressed and aged monarch. The arguments on both sides taken together, and consolidated into one, might, in your friend's opinion, give a solution of the difficulty.

Notwithstanding what that gentleman has so ingeniously urged, I cannot, after a review of the
tragedy,

tragedy, find any reason to retract my assertion, that the madness, so finely drawn by *Shakespeare*, is occasioned by the ingratitude of his daughters. The folly of a parent's putting himself in the power of his children must incidentally appear in a play, founded on such a story; but, had those children not proved ungrateful, I apprehend there is no reason to imagine, the king's mind would have taken that fatal turn. Let us, if you please, once more advert to the frame and temper of the old king. In the texture of the man, the poet has, with great art, taken care to shew us the latent seeds, which are likely to kindle into a blaze upon the revolt of his daughters. The impression, which *Cordelia's* artless answer had upon him, is described by himself.

O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew,
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall!

Here we see where the old man's passions were most accessible, and how strong the inward-workings were likely to be, when he should find a total disaffection. It is then no wonder, that his frame of nature should be wrench'd from the
 fix'd

fix'd place ; and, indeed, his tendency that way soon discovers itself, when he breaks out into these words.

I will forget my nature ;—so KIND a father !—

Were the loss of royalty uppermost in his thoughts, his remarks would take their tincture from that idea : he would rather blame himself as a *WEAK father*, who had given all to his children. But the circumstance of his having given all is never mentioned, unless it is to aggravate the ill-usage he has met with. When he says to himself, *to take't again perforce*, it is plain, that it is not merely for the sake of regaining lost grandeur, but to avenge his wrongs ; he immediately subjoins, *monster ingratitude !—*And a little after, *let me not be mad ; not mad, sweet Heaven !* The fool, indeed, taunts him with the folly of his having divested himself of power, and put the rod, as he calls it, in his children's hand. These ideas are so obvious, that *Shakespeare* knew they would strike even the most superficial mind ; but we find it is no consideration with the father. He never dwells upon it, though suggested to him so frequently. On the other hand, how acute are his feelings, whenever he recurs to his daughter's want of filial piety ! He that can read
the

the following lines, without being softened into tears, must, as Mr. *Addison* has said upon another occasion, have either a very good, or a very bad head.

—————Ob! Regan! *she has tied*
Sharp-tooth'd UNKINDNESS like a VULTURE here!
 —I scarce can speak to thee—thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—Ob! Regan!

What a picture of a mind is here presented to us!——The struggle with his sorrows, the breaks of passion, the attempt to speak, and the instant suppression of his powers, are the most natural and pathetic touches. Can the human imagination, in all her treasury of language, find words to express at once the detestable crime of filial ingratitude, and the exquisite feelings of an injured father, like the following passage?

—————*She has struck me with her tongue*
Most serpent-like upon the very heart!

Who is there, that does not instantaneously find himself in a gush of tears on reading those lines? when, a little afterwards, he comes to the speech which closes with,

—————*You*

—————*You think I'll weep ;*
No, I'll not weep—tho' I have full cause of weeping
—This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or e'er I'll weep—O fool ! I shall go mad !

The last touch in this speech is the finest close of a climax of passion that can be conceived. To prepare us for what is to follow, we are here told, that his *wits begin to turn*. For this melancholy situation, *Shakespeare* all along finely prepares us.

I have dwelled thus long on the cause of *Lear's* distraction, because the arguments offered by your ingenious correspondent are not without plausibility ; but from what has been premised, together with what I have urged in my former paper, there cannot, I think, remain a moment's doubt. To those, who are not satisfied with this reasoning, it may be proper to recommend the noblest commentary this, or any poet ever had ; I mean Mr. *Garrick's* performance of *Lear*, in which there is displayed so just a knowledge of the human mind under a state of madness, together with such exquisite feelings of the various shiftings of the passions, so finely at the same time enfeebled with the debility of age, that I believe, whenever this admirable actor ceases

ceases to play this part, the unhappy monarch will lose more than *fifty of his followers at a clap*.

Though our great poet pays us amply for all his transgressions against the laws of *Aristotle*; yet, I have frequently wished, that the noble wildness of his genius had not rendered him so unbounded and irregular in his fables. Had this tragedy been planned with more art, and without that multiplicity of incidents, which draw off our affections from the principal object, it had been a piece for the united efforts of *Greece* to envy. The episode, however, in which the *bastard* acts the same unnatural part as *Lear's* legitimate daughters, is not entirely detached from the main subject: the misfortunes of the good old *Glo'ster*, who endeavours to assist the forlorn king, must touch every breast, and the character of *Edgar* is sure to be amiable in every eye.

The close of this tragedy is full of terror and commiseration. Our great poet has here given us a death, not often to be found in the play-house bill of mortality; I mean, the death of *Lear* without the dagger, or the bowl. But, perhaps, after the heart-piercing sensations, which we have endured through the whole piece, it would be too much to see this actually performed on

the stage: from the actor whom I have already named, I am sure it would. I should be glad, notwithstanding, to see the experiment made, convinced, at the same time, that the play, as altered by *Tate*, will always be more agreeable to an audience. The circumstances of *Lear's* restoration, and the virtuous *Edgar's* alliance with the amiable *Cordelia*, can never fail to produce those gushing tears, which are swelled and ennobled by a virtuous joy. The alteration is justified by another reason, which is, that *Lear* was really restored to his crown, if we may believe *Spencer*, who gives the following remarkable narrative, with which I shall close this letter. To see *Shakespeare's* story related by so great a poet as *Spencer*, in his tenth canto of the *Fairy-Queen*, may prove amusing to the reader.

I am, Sir, &c.

CANDID.

NEXT

27.

NEXT him King *Lear* in happy peace long
reign'd,

But had no issue male him to succeed,

But three fair daughters, which were well up-
train'd,

In all that seemed fit for kingly feed :

'Mong whom his realm he equally decreed

To have divided. Tho' when feeble age

Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,

He call'd his daughters, and with speeches sage

Inquir'd, which of them most did love her pa-
rentage.

28.

The eldest, *Gonoril*, 'gan to protest,

That she much more than her own life him lov'd;

And *Regan* greater love to him profess'd,

Than all the world, whenever it were prov'd.

But *Cordeil* said, she lov'd him, as behov'd ;

Whose simple answer, wanting colours fair

To paint it forth, him to displeafance mov'd,

That in his crown he counted her no heir,

But 'twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did
share.

So

29.

So wedded one to *Maglan* king of *Scots*,
 And th' other to the king of *Cambria*;
 And 'twixt them shar'd his realm by equal lots :
 But, without dower, the wise *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged fire, thus eased of his crown,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Genoril*, long had in great renown,
 That nought him griev'd to been from rule de-
 posed down.

30.

But true it is, that, when the oil is spent,
 The light goes out, and wick is thrown away :
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughters 'gan despise his drooping day,
 And weary wax of his continual stay.
 Tho' to his daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
 Who him at first well-used every way;
 But, when of his departure she despair'd,
 Her bounty she abated, and his chear empair'd.

31.

The wretched man 'gan then avise too late,
 That love is not where most it is profess'd,
 Too truly try'd in his extremest state.
 At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,

He to *Cordelia* himself address'd,
 Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
 As for her fire and king her seemed best;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those which him had of his realm
 bereav'd

32.

So to his crown she him restor'd again,
 In which he died, made ripe for death by eld;
 And after will'd it should to her remain,
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
 And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
 Till that her sister's children, woxen strong,
 Thro' proud ambition against her rebell'd,
 And overcomen kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life, herself she hong.

NUMBER LXXXII.

Saturday, May 11, 1754.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus— VIRG.

THE gloomy month of *November* is distinguished by foreigners, as the season in which *Englishmen* are apt to hang and drown themselves. From a diligent observation, I can venture to affirm, that the month of *May* is always attended with a larger bill of mortality than any other part of the year. It is the spring-time of love, when the blood has received a renovation of warmth, and young maids are melted down in the amorous fire. A bookseller, with whom I now and then chat at his *Circulating-library*, informs me, that he can tell when the poison of love begins to rankle in the breast, that he can trace it in its progress, and knows exactly when it is become quite general in its influence. Romances, he says, in the beginning are more and more called for; as it increases, Lord Grey's Love Letters, the Loves of *Octavia* and *Philander*, *Abelard* and *Eloise*, Letters from a *Nun to a Cavalier*, and pieces of that kind come into play. When the infection is grown epidemic, the Tra-

gedies of *Romeo and Juliet*, *All for Love*, or the *World well Lost*, *Theodosius*, or the *Force of Love*, with many others of equal lubricity, cannot be supplied quick enough to answer the demand. My ingenious friend will sometimes take me into his back-room, and “Friend Ranger,” says he, “can’t you touch us up some secret memoirs, or “a love-tale, or something by way of novel? If “green peas come in fast,—the season for peas “is always favourable to love-sick minds: I can “manage to put you off—let me see—ay, about “a couple of thousand by Midsummer: yes, “thereabouts. I could get, if you will put your “name to it,—a matter of fifteen hundred subscribed among the trade. How will you make “it end?—happy or unhappy? for there will “be a difference in that: but that must be determined by the Chapter of Accidents. A “north-east wind chills the amorous heat: in that “case, you had better make them die. But, if “the southern gale continues, they may, in the “conclusion, be conducted by the laughing loves to “the nuptial bower. The book will soon be in “every body’s hands, at *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Scarborough*; and we shall have a swimming trade.”

In this manner my friend, who I think understands his business better than most, is for taking

ing advantages of that succession of foibles, constantly rising and falling in this metropolis. The truth of it is, the Play-houses, the Circulating-libraries, the public gardens about town, owe very much of their success to the love-sick minds of boys and girls. It is this universal passion which rolls so many of the youth of both sexes down the soft declivity in *Greenwich-Park*; it is this which is so fond of catching cold at the tin cascade in *Vauxhall* gardens, and this which pours forth so many groupes of enamoratos along the fields and meadows about *London* every *Sunday* evening.

Notwithstanding the extensive influence of this soft infection, it is somewhat surprizing that, among all the writers, who have endeavoured to describe it, very few have succeeded in any tolerable degree. What numbers of *English* Tragedies have been sunk into an insipid languor by the ineffectual whine of episodic love? The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, excepting now and then some glittering conceits, which we may suppose to be transfusions from the *Italian Novelist*, who furnished *Shakespear* with the story, affords a beautiful representation of two young minds touched with this tender sympathy. Many of the Tragedies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*,

though now too much neglected, display the delicate sensations of love, in all their native genuine simplicity. I am not clear whether the fine interchange of sentiments between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* should come within the precincts of love; because the desire of possession, which fires the tender imagination into a gentle enthusiasm, has subsided into a sympathetic friendship between man and wife. We find, accordingly, that the most pathetic touches are derived, not from the lover's fond hope of mutual bliss to come, but from a retrospect to those vanished hours, when *Jaffier* lay for three whole happy years in *Belvidera's* arms. The transition from former endearments to present misery excites the tenderest emotions of pity for their fate. Perhaps, after the writers just mentioned, the Tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda* has the fairest claim to any degree of reputation. In this piece the love of the young prince is manly, never dwindling into childish conceit: the feelings of *Sigismunda* are delicate and sensible. Through all the scenes the softness of their passion is ennobled by sentiments of honour and moral dignity. But, in the number of books, which the enamoured of both sexes are apt to call for at this season of the year, there is none which can exhibit

hibit so lively a picture of love, as the fourth book of *Dryden's Virgil*. I recommend it to my young readers, not by way of adding fuel to the fire, but to warn them of the dangers of the growing flame. In that charming piece of poetry they will perceive all the vicissitudes of the passion, till at length it terminates in a melancholy catastrophe.

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from an unpublished pamphlet, written by an ingenious gentleman, who has given me leave to make my own use of it. It is called the *History of Rosamond's Pond for the Month of May*. Though some of the incidents are not the effects of love, it will, however, shew many of the disasters that attend that sweet, but dangerous sensation.

The History of Rosamond's Pond for the Month of May.

A young lady of fashion, whose name it is thought proper to suppress, flung herself into the pond, because she had an amour with *Thomas* the footman: she was taken up by the sentinel, and only damaged a gauze capuchin.

Miss *Betty Threadneedle*, Milliner, in the *New-Exchange*, threw herself in, on account of ill-usage from *Monfieur Capriole*, a *French* figure-dancer at *Drury-Lane* play-house: the coroner's inquest brought in their *verdict*, *lunacy*.

William Ponderwell was in love with a celebrated coquette, and, after paying an attendance of several months, was at length quite tired out. He walked very demurely to the brink of the pond, where he stood some time fixed in thought, then changed his mind, and walked home to think better of it.

Bob Dare Devil, having very passively received a kicking from an officer, threw himself in the oblivious lake, that he might not survive the loss of honour: he was taken up, and now thinks of assuming a new character in some part of the world, where he is not known.

John Henpeck drowned himself, after walking very soberly with a friend in the *Bird-Cage Walk*. There were found in his pocket, a cork-skrew, a tobacco-stopper, *Passeran* upon self-murder, and a piece of paper, on which were written the following lines,

A frowning

*A frowning world, and a scolding wife,
Is the cause of my putting an end to my life.*

Dick Nimblewrist, alias *Crook-fingered Jack*, fell in love with a gentleman's handkerchief; but, being discovered in the attempt to steal it, he was ducked by the mob, in order to cool his unruly passion.

Dick Wildfire threw himself in about six in the evening, which drew together a large concourse of people; but, it being only a frolick for a wager, he swam across, and got out again.

N. B. He took cold, and died in a few days of a raging fever.

Sappho, the famous poetess, fell in, while she was resounding aloft an Ode of her own composing, upon the new building at the *Horse-Guards*.

Fresh-coloured Moll was tired of the world, and went to fling herself into the pond; but meeting a young *Templer* at the fatal brink, she adjourned with him to the little island, and instead of sending a person out of the world, it is confidently said, that, in nine months, she ushered a foundling into it.

N. B. She now sells apples and picks pockets in the *Piazza of Covent-Garden*.

Monfieur

Monfieur *Languedoc*, a *French* gentleman, who came over here for his religion, was challenged to box by a pick-pocket in the *Mall*, whereupon he drew his sword, which fo enraged the populace, that they took him to the pond, and ducked him three times.

Mrs. *Fretful*, wife of *John Fretful*, threw herself in, because her sister was better married, and kept more card tables than herself.—Upon being taken out, she faid, “ There was no fuch thing as
“ bearing it, and that fhe was the moft unhappy
“ woman in the world.”

N U M B E R LXXXIII.

Saturday, May 18, 1784.

—— *Veteres ita miratur laudatque Poetas.*

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi non quia crasse
Scriptum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.* HOR.

TO CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

I Know the importance of an author to himself is always great. He looks upon it as absolutely necessary, that the public should be informed of every particular circumstance relating to his body or mind. He keeps a journal of the minutest trifles, and gravely tells us, at what hour he went to bed, on which side he composed himself to sleep; whether his slumbers were interrupted, and, above all, the purport of his dreams, *for dreams descend from Jove*. This practice, I believe, is perfectly just; but, I hope, Mr. Ranger will not monopolize dreaming. I am to entreat, sir, that you will give an occasional writer the liberty of communicating to the public, how he passed the night. My hopes of succeeding

ceeding in this request are the more sanguine, as the intellectual scene, of which I mean here to give some account, was occasioned by a perusal of a vision of your own, in which you describe a *Sacrifice to the Graces*.

The images, which that piece excited in my fancy, incorporated, if I may so say, with the ideas, that had been uppermost in my waking thoughts for some time. I imagined in my sleep that there was a general election in *Parnassus* for proper members to represent the republic of letters. It seems *Apollo* was induced by frequent murmurs and complaints to dissolve his parliament. Certain malcontents among the moderns were, it seems, of opinion that the ancients had arbitrarily voted themselves perpetual dictators in wit; whereas, upon a free uninfluenced election, they believed themselves capable of returning a larger number than the said ancients. The party for the moderns was led on by Monsieur *De la Motte*, *Perrault*, and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorously opposed by *Boileau*, *Madam Dacier*, and the latter by Mr. *Pope* and Doctor *Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new edition of his battle of the books to be published forthwith, and *Pope* took occasion to reprint his *Essays and Criticisms*

ticisms upon *Homer*. The *old* and *new* interest were the words by which each party signified their attachments. Reams of *lampoons*, *acrostics*, and *rebusses* were issued out by the moderns, which were all answered by epigrams, fables, and burlesque pieces, written, by the friends of the ancients.

At length the writs were issued out to the proper officers to chuse representatives for the several counties and borough-towns in *Parnassus*, some places, by poetic licence, having leave to return as many members as could fairly prove a qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic poetry; *Milton* was set up by the encouragement of several friends, and all three were duly elected. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the poll; *Virgil* twelve; *Milton*, by an assessment a little before the election, created two new votes, by which he also reached the number twelve. *Virgil* was so modest, that he made no objection. *Tasso* and Sir *Richard Blackmore* were declared candidates; but the former was proved to have bribed with false ware and *tinsel*: the latter could not make out a qualification.

In the regions of tragedy, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* joined interests, and *Aristotle* undertook to canvass

canvass for them; but *Shakespear* carried it by a great majority. *Corneille* and *Racine* stood next upon the list. A scrutiny was demanded in favour of the *old interest*, upon a suspicion that several *copy-holders* had polled for the moderns. The *new-interest* employed some *French* critics to go through their answer; it was thought it would at last end in a double return. It was further said, that *Otway* and *Rowe* would be declared duly elected. *Dryden* and *Lee* joined interests, and, though many gay and flighty persons were very warm in their cause, their schemes were looked upon, by the cool and judicious, as rather too wild and romantic. The *French* critics threatened that, at some future election, they should be able to make more members, being resolved to put up *Crebillon* and *Voltaire* even against *Shakespear*; to which end, several libels against the last-mentioned genius were already drawn up by *Voltaire*.

In the comic region the ancients lost their election by a great majority. *Moliere*, *Ben Johnson*, *Congreve*, and *Vanburgh* were declared duly elected. *Shakespear* was made an honorary member for this quarter, being universally allowed a representative of both places. *Dryden* found means,
by

by the assistance of a *Spanish* friar, to insinuate himself into this place. It was given out, that, when *Colley Cibber* arrives, he will be put up as a person duly qualified ; though it is apprehended that his quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of several votes.

The *new interest* exulted greatly upon their conquest in the last election. In order to complete their triumph, they claimed an exclusive right in the regions of *humour* and *ridicule*. *Homer* was here again put up by *Aristotle*, who urged the *Margites* as a sufficient claim ; but, the writings of that estate being lost, he was obliged to decline the poll. An advertisement was published, desiring the votes and interest of all the true sons of merriment for *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had just lost their election in another place. *Lucian* set up upon his own interest. The moderns declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift*, and *Butler* joint candidates, being all gentlemen heartily attached to true wit and humour. Votes were also solicited for several other personages ; Monsieur *la Sage*, *Scarron*, *Marivaux*, and *Addison* were strongly recommended ; but the latter being returned, in conjunction with *Terence* and *la Sage*, for the borough of POLITE-MIRTH, Sir *Richard Steele* appeared on the hustings, and
 4 with-

withdrew his friend's name. *Swift* mixed with the lower sort of people; joked with the women about their dressing-rooms, and republished his account of the strange man just arrived in town. *Rablais* contributed a good deal to the general mirth: the grave humour of *Cervantes*, and that wonderful vein of sense which he displayed with infinite variety, charmed all that heard him: *Lucian* was not able to make himself universally understood. Many of his turns did not allude to modern-practised life. *Scarron* got together a company of strollers, and exhibited entertainments in booths with great success. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown* offered themselves on this occasion, but were rejected with contempt. At length the books were closed, and *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Butler*, and *Swift* were declared duly elected. By this event, the managers for the *new interest* were highly inflamed: they lodged a petition in favour of *Rablais*; but such a vein of extravagance runs through the whole of that writer's work, and some passages are worked up into such a strain of unintelligible frolic, that it was generally supposed it would be given against him. His friends, however, were determined to bring him in for an inferior borough: in those regions, *Scarron* and *Marivaux* were also assured of their election. Whenever *Fielding* shall arrive

arrive in those regions, the borough of *true humour* is ready to elect him.

To have so many moderns chosen for the last division was highly agreeable to the *new interest*. They were however a good deal dejected at the election for *history*: their contest here was ineffectual, *Thucidides*, *Sallust*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus* being chosen by a great majority. *Faminianus Strada* endeavoured to hurt the election of the last-mentioned writer, in order, as it was thought, to substitute himself; but peers being allowed to appear at elections in *Parnassus*, Lord *Bolingbroke* gave all his interest to *Tacitus*, and assured him that his works were of infinite use in all his political tracts. *Sallust* recommended *St. Real*, an approved *French* historian, to a borough. *Julius Cæsar* was put up without his consent, literary fame not being the object of his ambition. Lord *Clarendon* was for a long time decried by a party, but was at last declared duly elected.

Demosthenes and *Cicero* harangued from the hustings, and were unanimously chosen for *Oratory*. It was thought that some, who have made a conspicuous figure in the *British* parliaments, would be admitted to the honour of a seat with those immortal geniusses. A party of *Frenchmen* en-

deavoured to make a stand, upon the strength of some certain funeral orations; but in a few hours they found themselves greatly out-polled.

Horace, Boileau, Dryden, and Mr. Pope were made the representatives of *Satyr*; *Juvenal* and *Persius* having set up upon their own separate interests. As soon as the election was over, *Pope* thanked the electors for the honour conferred upon him, and signified his inclination to take his seat for *Etbics*, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*. The voters came to a resolution to fill up the vacancy by putting up the famous Doctor *Young*, though in his absence.

Lord *Bacon* and Mr. *Locke* were returned for real and useful philosophy, at which *Aristotle* was violently enraged. He was, however, somewhat comforted to find himself the first on the poll for *Criticism*; *Longinus, Quintilian, and Bobours* were also declared duly elected. There was a great number of boroughs in this county, most of which were represented by *Frenchmen*, the chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, author of the *Reflections upon Poesy and Painting*. Mr. *Addison* was also returned in this district, but being previously chosen for another place, he thanked the voters in

in general, and told them they would not be at a loss for a proper representative, whenever the author of the *Polymetis* should be willing to stand the poll. *Vida* and *Boileau* were unanimously chosen.

In the regions of miscellaneous poetry, *Dryden* had an offer from almost every place. *Spencer* was elected for a borough, said to be over-run with witches and fairies. In *Pastoral*, *Ambrose Philips* exerted his utmost interest; but it was said that Mr. *Pope*, though he did not chuse to be the representative himself, had resolved to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the country people for the offers made to himself; expatiated on rural happiness, and said he should always be a lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*; but begged leave to recommend *Vaniere*, writer of the *Prædium Rusticum*, and the late Mr. *James Thompson*, author of the *Seasons*. He praised many passages in *Rapin's Gardens*.

Æsop, *Pbædrus*, *la Fontaine*, and *Gay*, were chosen for the fabulous country, where a new party was springing up for the author of the *Fables for the female sex*. With these proceedings the new interest had no reason to be dissatisfied, though they were highly disappointed in several places. However, they were determined to keep up their spirits with a shew of a general victory.

Their acclamations were so loud on the occasion, that I was awaked from my dream.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient servant,

J. NIGHTMARE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-house.

Yesterday at a board of PRIGGISM held here, it was pretty warmly debated between *Jemmy Spindle* and *Jack Dupe*, whether a gentleman acquires more honour by whoring than by gaming? When Mr. *Spindle* begged leave to say, that the little reputation he held in the world was entirely owing to his appearing, every night during the winter season, between two girls in the balcony——here Mr. *Dupe* interrupted him, and observed that undoubtedly whoring was essentially necessary towards establishing the character of a man of spirit; but that in his opinion, gaming shewed more the man of consequence, the first men in the kingdom being jockeys and gamblers. Cards and dice being carried in, the company were like to sit late.

N U M-

N U M B E R LXXXIV.

Saturday, May 25, 1754.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:

Dulce est desipere in loco.

HOR.

AFTER having perused the new Tragedy of *Creusa*, with all that pleasure which results from a well-conducted story, and an elegant simplicity in the diction, I was at length struck in a very particular manner with the second epilogue, which the author has annexed to it. A parliament of women suggests many ideas of a pleasant nature: There is a variety in the turn of expression, for which this little piece has been justly admired. Having laid aside the book, I found that the female House of Commons had taken entire possession of my imagination. Methought I saw my fair countrywomen engaged in a deep debate. The lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their party-divisions with great warmth and vehement elocution. The words *Court* and *Country* Interest, *British* Constitution, *Patriotism*, *Virtue*, *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Liberty* and *Property*, *free uninfluenced Election*, *arbitrary Power*,
U 3 with

with a long string of such like phrases, were banded about by these beautiful representatives, with as much zeal and impetuosity, as ever they have been from the days of *Hampden* down to the present happy period. Their fans I imagined prettily diversified with various emblematical figures. Instead of love-sick virgins, jessamine bowers, rural swains playing on the flute, they displayed to view nothing but scaffoldings, executions, scenes of broils and battles, sea-pieces, embattled squadrons, the spirit-stirring drum, as *Shakespear* has it, the *ear-piercing fife*, the *royal-banner*, and *every circumstance of glorious war*. The patch no longer served as a mere embellishment of beauty : it had now the most expressive energy, denoting the attachments of the ladies to the court or country party. *Blue* and *yellow* ribbons adorned the head-dress, and hung out a kind of flag of defiance to the opposite party. Elections were strongly contested all over the kingdom : The *old* and *new interest* clashed in *Oxfordshire*, and ended at last in a double return. In *Kent* a lady of ancient and honourable family was thrown out. The people of *Bristol* paid a voluntary compliment to a lady of distinguished genius, who had been instrumental in bringing *Bristol* stone-buckles into fashion. After a very warm contest for the City of *London*, upon finally

4 closing

closing the poll, the numbers stood thus:

Lady Betty Allworthy, She-Knight, and <i>Milliner</i>	}	3650
Mrs. Mary Meanwell, <i>Haberdasher</i>		3570
Lady Fanny Comely, She-Knight, and <i>Perfumer</i>	}	3125
Mrs. Elizabeth Sugarcane, of <i>Billingsgate- Ward</i>	}	2950
Lady Harriet Lutestring, She-Knight, and <i>Mercer</i>	}	2603
Lady Deborah Gideonite, She-Knight, and <i>Malt-Distiller.</i>	}	2521

Whereupon the four first were declared duly elected. The last mentioned lady, it was said, would be brought in for some other place at the recommendation of an old dutchess at court. The writs being all returned, I supposed the parliament assembled, the ladies in the upper house, and the commoners in the lower. The female commons immediately proceeded to chuse a speaker, which was a point of great difficulty, every one being eager for that office, upon a supposition, that the speaker was to have the largest share of the debate: being undeceived in this point, the matter was at length adjusted. The house proceeded on business. As several occurrences

offered themselves to my thoughts on this occasion, I shall throw this part of my waking-dream into the form made use of on these occasions.

VOTES of the FEMALE HOUSE of COMMONS.

Veneris, 16 Die Maij, 1754.

A N ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for repealing an Act made in the last sessions to prohibit short aprons, and bring the same into fashion again*, was read a second time, and committed.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for repealing another Act made last sessions for preventing clandestine marriages, and other purposes therein mentioned*, it being the sense of all ladies of condition, that they should have a discretionary power to marry Mr. *Thomas* the butler, or *John* the coachman, or 'Squire *Hazard* the gamester, or *Bob* the footman, or any other person according to their own whim and fancy. The bill was read a second time and committed.

Ordered,

Ordered,

That leave be given to bring in a bill to amend several laws relating to the paying and returning visits in the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the same.

A message from the ladies, by Mrs. *Tattle* and Mrs. *Gobetween*, that the ladies have passed a bill, entitled, *An Act for the sale of a capital messuage in Grosvenor-Square, in the County of Middlesex, and the gardens and outhouses thereunto belonging (part of the estate of the present Lord Townly), and vesting the same in William Pounce, of Lombard-Street, Banker, and for laying out the purchase-money in discharge of Lady Townly's gaming Debts, and for other purposes therein mentioned*; to which the ladies desire the concurrence of this house; and also,

That the ladies have passed a bill, entitled, *An Act for vesting part of the estate of George Fiddlefaddle, Esq. in the County of Suffolk, and part of his estate in the Isle of Wight, in trustees, to receive the rents of the same, and apply the issues in payment of Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's pin-money, to defray the necessary expences attending routs and drums, the keeping of a faro-bank, and other purposes therein mentioned*;

mentioned; to which the ladies desire the concurrence of this house.

And then the messengers withdrew.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act to dissolve the marriage of Lady Betty Witlefs, with Lord Viscount Manly, on account of his insolent presumption in controlling his said wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other purposes therein mentioned.* The bill was read a second time.

Resolved,

That this house will, upon this day seven-night, resolve itself into a committee of the whole house upon the said bill.

Mrs. *Gadabout* moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable Mrs. *Tarbarrel* to keep a dozen card-tables, in spite of her unruly husband, Captain *Tarbarrel*, just returned from the *East-Indies*, who is brute enough to say, he will have no such doings in his house.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Gadabout* do prepare and bring in the same.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bizarre* (according to order) reported from a committee of the whole house, to whom the bill to repeal several laws to prohibit the importation of *French laces* and *cambricks*, and a bill to suppress the *Spittle-field* weavers; and relating to paint, washes, fans, gloves, and other important articles, and for the better encouragement of *French* hair-cutters, and to authorise the payment of the bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a ship fitted out for *China*, in order to import teas, and China figures of all sorts, and lost near *Madagascar*, was committed; and Mrs. *Bizarre* read the report, and afterwards delivered the bill, with the amendments, in at the *Tea-table*, where the amendments were read, and agreed to by the house.

Ordered,

That the bill, with the amendments, be ingrossed.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Trifle* have leave to make a motion.

And she moved the house accordingly.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act to enable Pompey the little, lap-dog to Lady Mary*

Mary Carmine, *to relinquish the said name of Pompey the little, and assume for the future to him and his heirs-male, the stile and name of MARQUIS*, was read the first time.

Ordered,

That the said bill do lie upon the *Tea-table*.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Bragwell* have leave to make a motion.

And she moved the house accordingly.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for changing the present current stile in this kingdom, and to convert night into day*, was read the first time, and ordered to be read a second time.

An ingrossed bill, entitled, *An Act for empowering Lady Stakeall to cut down and sell timber standing and growing upon the estate of Lord Stakeall, her husband, in order to enable the said Lady Stakeall to purchase monkeys, parrots, and other necessaries, and also to make a very large bet at the next masquerade, and for other purposes therein mentioned*, was read the third time.

Resolved,

Resolved,

That the bill do pass.

An ingrossed bill, called by the vulgar, *the starknaked bill*, but more properly entitled, *An Act for abolishing the present form of dress among ladies of fashion, and reducing it, as near as modern manners will permit, to the primitive custom of our first mother Eve, by shortening the petticoat and lowering the stays, upon a plan of æconomy to make both ends meet*, was read a third time.

Resolved,

That the bill do pass.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Fetch* do carry the bill to the ladies, and desire their concurrence.

And then the house adjourned till to-morrow morning nine of the clock.

NUM-

N U M B E R LXXXV.

Saturday, June 1, 1754.

*O rus ! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus boris,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ ?*

HOR.

ILATELY met with a fable, which I thought was carried on in a pleasing vein of fancy. Poetry (says my author) is the son of the God of *Ease* and the Goddess of *Meditation*. He bears in his appearance such a strong resemblance to his parents, that it is impossible to mistake the marks of his legitimacy.

From his father, he derives his apparent indolence, his serenity, his graceful elocution, and his unlaboured turn of thought. A remarkable neglect of the ordinary uses of life, a disregard for riches, and a total absence of all worldly ambition, save what is inspired by virtue and honest fame, are his distinguishing characteristics. From his mother he possesses his modesty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himself into company ; his pensive air, which inclines him

him to precepts of morality, or some topic which may be subservient to the use or enjoyment of life; his love of solitude, which leads him into rural scenes, where he may give free scope to his imagination, undisturbed by the cares and anxieties of life. The same disposition in his temper renders him not very fond of being known by the bulk of mankind. If he thinks proper to publish the result of his contemplative moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the multitude, but chuses to receive the tribute of applause, obtained by his writings, without being liable to the sarcasms, the taunts, and malevolent jests, which are always the sure concomitants of praise, like the slave in the triumphal car of the Roman general.

From these motives he is enamoured of retirement, convinced, that the more he keeps himself at a distance, the more beauties will be seen in his productions; as the hills, and remote parts of a prospect present a more vivid green, than when the scene lies nearer, and the heath, the craggy rock, and ploughed land, are familiarised to the naked eye.

Such is the substance of the fable. The best writers in all ages have concurred in the same sentiments.

sentiments. Accordingly the best of the ancient poets are constantly offering warm pictures of rural imagery to our imaginations. They seem to be stifled with dust and smoke, when they mention a city-life. We frequently find them expatiating with rapture upon the pleasures of a country-life, which they look upon to be the nurse of thought, and the only sphere in which their studies can be prosecuted with any degree of success.

The same observation will hold good with regard to all kinds of writings, unless it be those excellent productions of the press, which make their appearance under the various shapes of *Newgate*-memoirs, news-papers, and political pamphlets. In works that call for a long train of reasoning, subtle disquisitions, and unwearied application, undoubtedly the proper place is in those regions, where riot and debauchery are strangers; where gaming and drinking are unknown, and where, above all, health and cheerfulness add new lustre to the face of things.

It may perhaps seem a paradox, that, among all the gentlemen of the quill, there is not one, to whom solitude and ease are more necessary than the periodical writer. His lucubrations,
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it is true, are generally comprized in a narrow compass. He does not, for the most part, pretend to search every subject to the bottom. The reader does not expect deep speculations, abstract reasonings, or new systems of morality and religion. It is, notwithstanding, the interest of the adventurer in this way to appear as seldom as possible in little circles at coffee-houses, convivial clubs at taverns, and the long train of public places, which serve no other purpose than merely to kill time, and hurry him into a course of vanity and dissipation.

There is a passage in Mr. *Pope*, which I have ever perused with admiration, because it shews him a man of the most prudent understanding, as well as the most finished poet.

*I ne'er with wits, and wittlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of vulgar praise.
Nor, like a puppy, daggl'd thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down.
Nor at rehearsals mouth'd, and sweat, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side.
I ask'd no homage from the race that write,
But kept, like Eastern monarchs, from their sight ;
And sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.*

Perhaps too great a tincture of pride runs through these lines, for any one else to make application of them to himself. *Pope* had talents superior to almost all mankind; but if a more humble writer cannot withdraw himself, like an Eastern monarch, he may at least accomplish it, like *Juvenal's* friend in his third satire, who retired from *Rome*, to avoid its plagues and inconveniencies.

—*Atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is possible my readers may think these tenets inconsistent with the character of *Ranger*; but airy and gay as he may appear, he is now perfectly averse from the wild follies of his namesake in the play. He would not chuse to stagger home from a box and dice in the morning, nor get through a window into an honest gentleman's house at night; he cannot run after every white apron he sees, nor keep company with a set of fellows whom he despises. And yet there are inconveniencies, to which a resident in town is for ever liable. Prejudices are apt to rise against an author, who does not take care to conceal himself. The transition is so quick from the performance to the person, that from the moment a man begins to publish, he is engaged
in

in a state of warfare with almost all the malevolent critics of the age.

Some readers have no criterion, by which to judge of a production, except the rules of physiognomy. If an author appears younger than themselves, they hold it absolutely impossible to receive any instruction from him. It is, by the way, somewhat strange that this experienced class will not allow a man to be fit to entertain them, until his imagination begins to flag, his invention to close, like flowers at the setting of the sun, his memory to decay, and his wit, if he have any share of it, to become slow and torpid.

There is another set of people, who make it their business to pry into a writer's connections, and thoroughly inform themselves of his attachments, his friendships, and his resentments. As these happen to coincide with their own way of thinking, they blame or approve.

In this manner is the person judged, who attempts to run the dangerous career of wit, as *Boileau* expresses it, *du bel Elprit la Carriere epineuse*. Upon the whole, I think it may be laid down as a maxim, that the writer who would evade the censures of prejudice, the blasts of

detraction, and the envy of rival wits, should as long as possible remain unknown. *Patroclus* conquered in the armour of *Achilles*: had he let the secret escape, with double his strength and valour, he would not have been able to atchieve any thing remarkable against the *Trojans*. In his own person and character he would have made no impression on the enemy: under his feigned appearance he performed wonders.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, June 1st.

LAST night the Parliament of Criticism met here, when Mr. *Town* came with his usual apparatus, and gave his assent to the following bills.

An act to prevent a constant repetition of the same worn-out tragedies throughout every season.

An act to oblige every capital actor to bring at least two new parts into the stock every winter, by way of shewing how he passed his time in his recess from business during the summer,
and

and to several public and private bills. After which Mr. *Town* made the following most gracious speech.

My Friends and Critics,

As we are now come to the conclusion of the critical sessions, I cannot dismiss you, without returning you thanks for that peevishness and petulance, which you have manifested during this last season. It is with the utmost pleasure I now let you know, that several pretenders to poetry have wrote new tragedies and comedies, in a style that will afford the highest joy, as they will all most infallibly be damned, whenever they appear.

Gentlemen of the City,

Your clapping and hissing, with implicit deference to my judgment, at both play-houses, during this last winter, shews your affection for me and my cause.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with an unspeakable regret I am now to tell you, that I must retire from the weighty cares of criticism, until providence shall please to restore my hissing powers, which are now somewhat

impaired. I must now dissolve the parliament of criticism; and, whenever you are summoned together again, I hope you will adhere to the noble principles of *malevolism*, which it has ever been my study to inculcate.

And the parliament of criticism was dissolved accordingly.

N U M B E R LXXXVI.

Saturday, June 8, 1754.

—————*Res antiquæ laudis & artis*
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG.

O U R club met a few nights since at the Devil Tavern, when the conversation principally turned upon topics of literature, and particularly dramatic poetry. Many of our best modern tragedies were examined. I observed, that it was frequently said of pieces, confessedly inartificial in the fable, unforcible in sentiment, and destitute of character, that they contained a fine vein of poetry. Our professor of criticism immediately objected to the propriety of the expression. He did not understand how a bad play could have fine poetry: florid descriptions, and imagery finely painted, if out of time and place, are vicious in the kind. The poetry, he said, which is neither suited to the occasion, nor governed by the laws of the work in hand, must be always condemned by men of taste and judgment. My friend Mr. *Candid* has drawn up a set of papers, which may throw some light upon
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the subject. He gave me an essay for this day, which may serve as an opening of his design.

In order to decide upon the excellence or imperfection of any art, it is necessary to know the original intent and aim of that art, with the various means by which it accomplishes its designs. If the art be a branch of literature, it will be expedient to trace all manner of composition to its source, and thence to pursue the several rivulets which have streamed from it. This has been done with great perspicuity and elegance by the author of the essays on the characteristics, who has justly determined the three primary branches of composition to be, *poetry, eloquence, and argument*. A just coalition of all three forms the consummate beauty of fine writing. “It would be,” continues the author, “perhaps both a new and pleasing speculation to point out the writers in their several kinds, who have been most remarkably excellent, or defective, with regard to the just union of these three species of composition. At present it must suffice to have hinted such a criticism, which the reader may easily prosecute.” Such a criticism might distinguish the respective graces of all kinds of writing. It would enable us to ascertain and fix the proper criterions,
by

by which to judge of the beauties proper to each different species. Upon this subject it is my intention to offer a few reflections, and, as concisely as I am able, to point out the rise of the three modes of writing already mentioned.

Man being a sociable creature, it was necessary, that certain signs, universally agreed upon, should be used for the reciprocal conveyance of his ideas. Sounds, which we call words, were the quickest vehicles, and therefore grew into general use. As the stock of ideas enlarged, the demand for words became more extensive: mutual intercourse begot further acquisitions, and language daily increased. That every distinct idea should be expressed by a term appropriated to it was altogether impossible. The mind, therefore, soon found an expedient to supply its wants. Reason began to compare, to distinguish, and separate the various ideas, which had passed through the senses, and were formed into different combinations by the power of imagination. A similitude was discovered between various images. It followed, that things were expressed by borrowed names on account of a resemblance existing between them. The term thus transferred was called a *metaphor*, and what was thus introduced

duced out of necessity, became in process of time an absolute luxury. The poets, who, it is probable, were the first composers, were soon aware of the beauty that results from metaphorical expression. They were to lead mankind from huts and dens to a state of civilization. By their songs and ballads the imagination of their hearers was to be seized, and for this purpose every thing was to be painted forth in the warmest colouring. The epithet which denotes the qualities inherent in all objects lent its aid, and song and melody became the delight of mankind.

But the matter did not rest here : cities were multiplied, and states enlarged themselves : artificial passions began to operate ; ambition grasped at power ; and *envy*, *jealousy*, *revenge*, and *malice* sowed the seeds of discord, of party, and faction. Distracted with intestine commotions, the crowd was governed by the demagogue, who was most fluent in words. There was not time for the measured writer to produce his composition ; an immediate address was requisite to influence the passions of the multitude : men of genius came forth, and, destitute of number, addressed the people in humble prose. But still the attention was to be fixed ; the orator could

not divest himself of all the properties of poetry, but continued to address the imagination, and thus to influence their passions. As the least appearance of a design upon their understandings on these occasions would totally defeat itself, it followed, that all the ambitious ornaments, and those gaudy colourings, which poetry spreads so lavishly on every subject, were here introduced with a more sparing hand. The imagination was addressed as it affords access to the passions. In this manner eloquence deduced its origin, a less luxuriant kind of poetry, disengaged from regular numbers, but still filling the ear with harmony, and moulding the passions to its own end and use.

In proportion as mankind became enlightened, as arts and manufactures increased, and science extended itself, it was not enough that *poetry* charmed with its graceful combinations, and that *eloquence* awakened and agitated the passions; *reason* began to exert its influence, to look for utility and truth in every composition, and stripping away the luxuriances of lavish description, coolly and dispassionately to consider every thing that was offered. Hence sprung the *didactic*, or the argumentative form. *Demosthenes* was obliged to borrow much from this more instructive manner.

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From a refined and polished people he was obliged to conceal his art: while he storms the heart, he frequently appears to do no more than reason with energy. *Tully* had to deal with minds more gross and less informed. To such hearers the art of the orator would not be palpable; and we, therefore, see him upon every great occasion exhausting all the stores of eloquence.

In this manner, the three primary branches of composition arose in the world. Each is plainly deducible from the very principles of our constitution. As the imagination is the warmest faculty of the soul, *poetry*, whose principal intent is to please, particularly addresses this power of perception. *Eloquence*, more chaste and reserved in its embellishments, strikes chiefly at the passions; and the passions are then most powerfully excited, when fancy pictures strong appearances of good or evil. *Eloquence* to render its colourings strong and glowing is often obliged to borrow from the regions of imagination. The argumentative form proceeds in a different manner: it is the province of *reason* to compare its ideas, and to form various affirmations or negations relative to them; the *didactic*, therefore, holds less of embellishment, content to be plain, correct, and unadorned.

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There are not in human nature any other inlets of perception, or any other faculties of sensation, to which the art of a writer could apply. The imagination, the passions, and reason are the three springs of composition. Men of refinement and reflection, perceiving what a powerful influence any one of these branches of writing has upon the mind, have thence inferred, that the joint force of all three united, must carry the power of genius to still a greater degree of perfection. Hence, in whatever way they were engaged, we find them taking every opportunity to make excursions into their neighbours territories, and borrowing improvements to decorate their productions. *Eloquence* has learned from *poetry* to warm and enliven the imagination: *poetry* has marked the influence of *eloquence* on the passions, and has endeavoured to glide to the heart through the same inlets; both have found it necessary to recommend themselves to *reason*, and we see them, accordingly, borrowing assistance from the *didactic*. The reasoning faculty, in its turn, aware that a mere train of deductions would be too dry, takes occasion to adorn itself with the flowers of imagination, and, in some speculations, endeavours to awaken the passions.

Hence

Hence then it appears, that a concurrence of the primary branches of writing is requisite in all works of genius: but there is some danger of running riot, and making too frequent and unjustifiable progresses into each other's territories. To fix the boundaries of each kind has been the task of criticism. By the great masters in this art we are taught to determine how far one mode of composition may encroach upon another; and while it borrows assistance, we know that the just colouring, which belongs to the kind, must be always carefully preserved.

Distinctas servare vices operumque colores.

There are in nature but few original colours. It is from the meltings and softening of these into each other, that the various appearance of things derives its origin. It is the same in writing: the several species of it, which are now practised, are modes of *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *argument*, differently blended. How far the union is just, shall be occasionally examined in a few detached essays. The result of the enquiry will, perhaps, enables us to see the peculiar merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tragedy*, or a *Comedy*. The reader may at his leisure carry the research into other subordinate branches of writing.

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N U M B E R LXXXVII.

Saturday, June 15, 1754.

*Et prodesse volunt & delectare poetæ,
Et simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.*

*Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.*

HOR.

THE author of my motto has comprised, in a few lines, the three principal qualities of poetry. Its aim, says he, is to afford at once utility and delight: to offer what may be agreeable to the fancy, and conduce to the advantages of human life. He adds, it is not enough that a poem abounds in beauties; it must find its way to the heart, and rouse the soul with what passions it pleases. This description includes the leading requisites of poetry; and, likewise, the three primary modes of composition mentioned in our paper of last Saturday. To please, to persuade, and to instruct are the great ends of composition, sometimes, indeed, distinctly pursued, and, occasionally, all in one united effort. It

It is to these principles that we owe *poetry, eloquence, and argument.*

Epic poetry has always had the pre-eminence: it affords the freest and most ample room for a display of the three original species of writing. It is by observing how these friendly colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to form a judgment upon the different authors, who have proved any way eminent in the literary world. *Bossu* and other critics have informed us, that the epic fable must involve one entire action; that this action must have a beginning, a middle, and an end: they have told us, that the poet must not take up the thread of his narrative too near the beginning of his story; that he must hasten into the midst of things, and occasionally give a retrospect to such matters as are necessary to be known. They have treated largely of the machinery; of the time the fable should include, with many other particulars, which, though proper to be explained, do not any way conduce to the refinement of taste, or the improvement of true genius. These rules, with many others of equal moment, are no more than observations upon the practice of great writers; and what great writers have done, critics have been willing to convert into a law. Such laws

laws may, in general, be convenient, but they are arbitrary at best. Those rules only, which are founded upon the inward frame and constitution of man, can be regarded as permanent, and unalterable.

It is manifest, that the epic writer has the most unbounded latitude. He may insert the graces of every kind of composition. All nature lies at his command ; wherever he casts his eyes, he is lord of the manor ; he can turn a road, by poetical act of parliament, through lawns and groves, and scenes of pasturage ; the four seasons obey his directions ; he needs never be at a loss for agreeable exhibitions of nature, to please the imagination. The whole system of ethics is also his ; he may take occasion to improve his readers by short sentences, and transient reflections on human life. The whole art of eloquence is likewise perfectly open to the epic author : the passions wait his nod, and rise or fall, as he directs. In this last-mentioned requisite the *Abbé du Bos* places the consummate perfection of fine poetry. Certain it is, the mind never feels such intense pleasure from any of the imitative arts, as when its passions are awakened ; when the soul finds itself roused from an impassive state, and unexpectedly agitated by the skilful

touches of a master-poet. The author just quoted ascribes the pleasure we feel from that inward ferment, which the poet raises, to the satisfaction which the soul enjoys at the perception of its own activity : may we not add to this, what is suggested, if I remember right, by the author of *the Pleasure of the Imagination* ? Our moral sense receives on the occasion an additional delight. We are pleased to find the social affections sensibly alive : we delight in the proper sensations of humanity. *Aristotle* adds the gratification we feel in comparing our ideas. Where the real object agrees with the image excited by the imitative arts, we observe with rapture that the representation is just and true.

Were I to say, in which of the three powers of the mind, already mentioned, *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, are most eminent ; I should ascribe to *Homer* the strongest and most vigorous efforts of imagination, with an amazing faculty of alarming us with noble descriptions of all the magnificent objects in nature. As to our own *Milton*, I should be inclined to declare him a rival of the *Greek* poet, for a comprehensive sublimity of conception ; and *Virgil's* excellence I should place in beautiful touches of poetic eloquence. His whole fourth book I take to be a master-piece in this way. The various agitations

tions of mind which *Dido* endures ; her love, her jealousy, her rage, her tenderness, her many mixed emotions, are perhaps the finest strokes in poetry. In his sixth book there are several scenes of the most tender nature ; and, in the ninth, the grief of the mother after the death of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, and the lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the same class, in my opinion unequalled by any other poet, though *Homer* has succeeded so well in *Hector's* last scene with *Andromache*, and though *Milton* has a great deal of finely impassioned dialogue in his justly celebrated poem. *Virgil* more frequently applies himself to the passions of his readers, than either of his competitors. He has, indeed, some improbabilities, which are to pass under the apologizing name of THE MARVELLOUS ; but *Virgil* does not so often shock our reason, as the *Grecian* poet, who, it must be owned, is often extravagant. *Milton* has the advantage of having founded his story upon traditions, which our religion has sanctified ; otherwise I should consider his fallen angels, and the war waged by them, together with the invention of cannon, and many other circumstances, as highly chimerical, even though they expand our fancy with grand and surprising appearances.

I shall take another opportunity to consider how far tragedy may dispute with epic poetry for the pre-eminence. At present I shall only observe, that the writers of heroic poesy have, in general, been too fond of the marvellous. I would not be understood to censure the use of machinery: when introduced with discretion, it serves to present agreeable scenery to the mind. It were, I think, to be wished, that the correctness of Mr. *Glover's* judgment had not entirely excluded it from his poem of *Leonidas*, which certainly has many passages of warm poetic eloquence, many pieces of beautiful imagery, and several strictures of useful and improving morality, artfully interwoven with the ground-work of his fable.

I shall beg leave to conclude with an observation, which is not entirely foreign to the purpose. It is remarked by Mr. *Addison*, that *Virgil* has but one conceit throughout his poem, and that, says he, is put into the mouth of the young *Julius*, when, with a kind of punning ambiguity, he observes, that they are eating their tables. But surely the great critic had forgot the passage, where the poet tells us, that a warrior, who runs round a tree after a flying enemy, PURSUES, and is
PURSUED,

PURSUED, because both move in a circular manner.—*Sequiturque sequentem.*

This, tried by the rule of *Bobours*, appears to have truth for its foundation; but it is so childish a truth, that I am sorry to find it intermixed with the majesty of the *Æneid*. Perhaps, it is like the fly on the picture, which a minute observer was going to brush away, and then found it was placed there on purpose by the hand of the artist.

N U M B E R LXXXVIII.

Saturday, June 22, 1754.

——— *Quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, nec adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum* ——— VIRG.

THERE is not a more exquisite pleasure in the power of man, than that which arises from a view of his own inward frame. To observe the association of our ideas, combined with a wonderful rapidity; and to watch the subtle movements of the passions, in their nature complicated and surprising, is a task requiring the closest attention, and at the same time productive of the most useful knowledge we can boast.

The solution of a mathematical problem may be agreeable to that curiosity, which is implanted in us; the *Newtonian Philosophy* may expand the imagination with stupendous ideas of the distances of heavenly bodies; but in these occupations we are in the case of *Swift's* taylor. If we mistake

one figure, our ingenious labour evaporates into air; whereas in the pursuit of self-knowledge our reasonings are from feeling, and our discoveries, besides the advantage of being as surprising as in any other science, carry with them a further pleasure; we are ourselves more immediately concerned. In travelling through a champaign country, the prospect on every side may administer to the pleasures of imagination; but a man will certainly feel more lively sensations when riding upon land belonging to himself; the landscape of his own estate will look more beautiful to the eye; the lawn shall spread a more pleasing verdure, and the discovery of a mine, or the secret spring of a little rill running through his meadows, will afford him a delight not to be equalled by the gayest scenes that can be presented.

The study of the human mind is, therefore, a rational and pleasing employment. I am always happy when any accidental circumstance throws me into this tract of thinking: whether reading *Rabelais's* frolic ravings, or the sublime enthusiasm of *Homer*, I take occasion to lay aside the volume, in order to trace the pleasure, which I have received, to its hidden source. An opportunity

of gratifying this turn occurred to me the other day. I was casually turning over some of the most beautiful passages in epic poetry, and could not help taking notice, that I perused the description of thousands stretched upon the field of battle, weltering in blood, agonizing with their wounds, and trampled under horses hoofs, without feeling any of those propensities to compassion, which were frequently awakened by the death of a single person. I could read, with the greatest composure, lines, which mention dying groans of numbers falling in one promiscuous carnage, broken limbs of warriors, men and horses, all mixed in one general scene of destruction.

*Tum vero gemitus morientum, & sanguine in alto
Armaque, corporaque, & permisti cæde virorum
Semianimes volvuntur equi———*

A muster-roll of heroes, who in one line embraced their fate, did not excite the least tender sensation.

*Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therfilocumque.
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.*

In these general accounts of calamities the mind is wholly impassive; but when the poet thinks proper to distinguish a single person from the
throng,

throng, we melt in pity of his fate, heedless of the general devastation, which is spread around him. That this is the case every body that has read the *Æneid* will be ready to acknowledge. In this there is something strange: it might be imagined that our hearts should be more intensely agitated, when desolation sweeps whole ranks of our fellow-creatures from the face of the earth, than when we read the fate of an individual; but such is our disposition, that we can go through all these narratives without emotion; and when the epic writer throws out but a short reflection upon the fall of one man, we are instantly fixed in attention, and our hearts throb with compassion for his untimely end.

The reason I take to be, that in the former case, we are only told, that so many embraced their fate in battle. Death is one of the conditions of human life. We therefore consider the descriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere bill of mortality. When they inform us that such a number perished upon the spot, we peruse the tale with as much calmness as the paragraph which tells us, “increased in the burials this week five hundred.” When they tell us, that one receives an arrow in the jugular vein; another has a spear run through his shoulder,

der, and is rivetted to the ground; a third is wounded in the mouth, and has his head split in two; it may serve, as the critics observe, to give variety to the battle, but in fact amounts to no more than what we read in a common newspaper,—“Yesterday a labourer fell from the top of
 “an house, by which accident he broke his collar bone, and instantly expired.” An account of bodily pain makes a slight impression: it is mental distress that principally operates upon our hearts, and our pity rises in proportion to the agitations of mind, which we perceive in the person afflicted. Besides this, the poet frequently finds collateral avenues to our souls. He mentions family-connections, and to heighten our sorrow, addresses himself to the moral sense of his reader. He represents the amiable qualities, which would have rendered his hero a deserving member of society. Our tenderest feelings are awakened: the effect is not unlike what a man may experience in a church-yard, where he sees a multitude of different graves, in which the good, the bad, the old, and young, lie in promiscuous silence: he therefore beholds the scene without emotion; but as soon as the tomb-stone presents a character of one distinguished from the rest, he laments the generous friend, the tender husband, the indulgent father, and mourns for him

him who acted agreeably to the relations in which he stood to his fellow creatures. Thus when we read of a dying person, that he was a friend of the muses, and that harmony was the delight of his soul, we consider him in a different light from those, who as Mr. *Addison* expresses it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the head.

————— *Amicum Cretea Musis,*
Cretea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper
Et citbaræ cordi, numerosque intendere nervis.

When we are told of another, that his death was lamented by his friends in fundry parts of his country, we cannot help joining in the general grief.

Te nemus Argitæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevêre lacus.—————

The number of sufferers is increased, and our passions increase in proportion to the knowledge conveyed to us of their affections, their tender friendships, and their schemes for future happiness. One falls in the midst of his half-finished projects; him his blooming mistress mourns with frantic sorrow, and all his relations bewail his loss. Another receives his mortal wound through
the

the very garment which his mother worked for him with her own hands.

*Transiit & parmam mucro, levia arma minacis,
Et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro,
Implevitque sinum sanguis.*

Besides these little touches, the epic writer occasionally diversifies his battles with episodes, or short accounts of particular adventures, in order to secure our attention, and relieve us from a scene of general slaughter. The story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* will always soften the reader into compassion; other passages, in one line of which there is infinitely more mischief done, will be passed over with indifference. I should not think the worse of him that should calmly go through most of the battles in epic poetry; but I hope there is not one of my readers who would not yield to the tenderest impressions at the fall of *Pallas*, and the lamentation of *Æneas* over his dead body.

The use I would make of what has been premised is, that, as our passions are incited in proportion to the amiable qualities of the character in distress, our modern writers of tragedy should attach themselves to this circumstance, and consider that it is not the theatrical apparatus, the
bowl,

bowl, the dagger, the dungeon, or the clank of chains, that can affect an audience, but a faithful portrait of the mind. If the players would also consider the same, noise and rant would be banished. Instead of aiming at applause by the mere effect of sonorous voices, they would endeavour, by every look, every tone, and every attitude, to mark the in-felt anguish of the heart.

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Saturday, Aug. 3, 1754.

*Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

HOR.

THERE is no species of writing which has not had its particular admirer. Dr. South was of opinion, that a complete epigram is the masterpiece of man. Mr. Addison calls a perfect tragedy the noblest production of human nature. The truth is, each has delivered his sentiments agreeably to his own peculiar turn of thinking. Doctor South excelled in lively strokes of wit: every new combination, which he formed, was an epigram; and on this account he was willing to speak in praise of his own talent. Addison employed many of his hours in planning his Tragedy of *Cato*: when that piece had received the highest polish he could bestow upon it, it was the greatest production of human wit. But the assertions of great men, unfurnished by argument, are not to be considered as decrees, from which there can be no appeal:

Tragedy

Tragedy can only claim the second place. The powers of genius, such as *imagination*, *eloquence*, and *reason*, may be exerted in their full force in the epic composition; in tragedy they suffer great limitation. The same thing, which on many occasions makes tragedy the most powerful performance, serves also to divest it of many advantages. It comes immediately before the eye. It is justly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our notice through our ears, acts with more feeble impulse, than when it passes through the organs of sight.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

For this reason many passages, in which the epic writer warms and expands the imagination of his reader, are entirely excluded from the dramatic scene: The eye will not suffer itself to be deluded. A god, says the critic, should not be introduced, unless the occasion require a supernatural agent: he had said better if he had absolutely interdicted the appearance. We may in reading suffer such an incident to be imposed upon us; but the eye will be shocked with the representation. The marvellous seems to be excluded from the stage. Tragedy admits no display

display of *pure poetry*. The heroic poet for the most part speaks in his own person: it is expected of him to pay great court to our imagination; but the dialogue of persons, engaged in a sphere of action, intended to interest the auditors, will not allow them to take up the scene with florid imagery. The following lines in the mouth of *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent* may be extremely picturesque, but if considered with regard to the situation of character, they are both inartificial and undramatic.

————— *my sad soul*
Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene;
An unfrequented vale, o'er-grown with trees,
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds.

In the regions of fancy, the *drama* must yield to the *epic*. In the art of eloquence, and in all applications to our reason, tragedy can boast full room for the most vigorous exertion. The *drama* may be as sentimental as any other kind of writing; nay, its excellence frequently consists in being so. With regard to the passions, the mode of imitation renders its influence more forcible. *Virgil* was as skilful a master of the
passions

passions as any writer, ancient or modern; and though the passions of *Dido* are drawn with as strong and glowing colourings as language can bestow; though their various strugglings are finely marked; I believe, notwithstanding, that *Shakespear's Lear* and *Othello* have made deeper impressions upon the minds of an audience.

These advantages, however, are derived to the tragic queen from the labours of another art. Acting, which is in itself a mode of imitation, serves to render the touches of the writer more striking, and more feelingly expressive. This superiority the *drama* certainly has over the *epic*. The skilful performer imitates the voice of nature: he speaks the same simple and affecting language; and that profusion of figures, which mere poetry admits, is discarded from the stage.

Shakespear is almost the only poet who has excelled in a masterly power of striking the *imagination*, the *heart*, and our *reason*, all at once: Poetry, sentiment, and passion, are combined in the most agreeable assemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth*, there are several strokes of this nature. The following lines are introduced with

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a solemnity

a solemnity suitable to the occasion, and have a pleasing kind of gloomy imagery.

———*Ere the bat hath flown*

*His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle, with his drouzy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.*

To conclude : *Aristotle* tells us, that fable is the soul of tragedy ; and there can be no doubt but the great critic is right. Tragedy represents the misfortunes of the great ; and misfortune is the consequence of human actions. *Shakespear*, with all his rudeness, was fully aware of the doctrine, and accordingly we find, that no man better knew the art of bringing forward great and striking situations. He was not versed in *Aristotle's* art of poetry ; but he had what was better than art ; a genius superior to all mankind.

N U M B E R X C.

Saturday, July 6, 1754.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet comædia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto est veniæ minus.* HOR.

ARISTOTLE informs us that *Homer* wrote a comic-epic poem, entitled *Margites*, which, to the no small detriment of succeeding ages, is unfortunately lost. To this species of poesy, we may suppose comedy has the same reference, that the tragic bears to the heroic. For my part, I cannot conceive why a good comedy has never been styled by those, who are fond of deciding literary precedence, the greatest production of human nature. It consists of known and familiar ideas: but should that circumstance derogate from its real merit? On account of that very circumstance, it meets with less indulgence: the business comes nearer to every man's breast, and, of course, the vulgar are in some measure judges of the imitation. In tragedy, declamation lulls, florid epithets amuse, lofty metaphors amaze, and pompous expressions elevate and surprise.

Tragedy aims more particularly at the passions: the chief merit of *comedy* consists in its effect on the merry affections of the human mind; the former principally awakens sensations of terror and pity; the latter gives emotions of a gay contempt, or, in plainer *English*, makes us despise and laugh at an object at the same time. To succeed in this last-mentioned mode of writing, requires as fine and as lively an imagination as any of the other imitative arts. The tragic poet excites the most intense sensations, when his expressions convey the liveliest images to the fancy; and, in like manner, the comic poet, when he seizes the imagination with an assemblage of ludicrous ideas, is sure of agitating those passions, to which his art directs him, with an irresistible power. If this be so, what are we to think of that idle dispute, whether comedy may be called poetry or not?

——— *quidam comædia necne poema*
Esset quæsiere———

It is manifestly an imitative art. It makes use of means different from the more elevated species of writing; but it is full as hard to paint ordinary things, as objects of more importance. *Virgil's* line, which describes an old woman
running

running across *Dido's* apartment with officious zeal,

Illa gradum studio celerabat anili,

is as picturesque, and has as much merit as the description of the ambrosial locks of *Venus*.

Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem

*Spiravere.*_____

The comic writer, as well as the tragedian, must derive his force from the primary sources of composition: he must seize our *imagination*s with striking pictures of human life; he must instruct our reason by inserting sensible observations on the manners of the world; and he must frequently apply himself to those passions, which it is the merit of his art to awaken. In this last-mentioned particular consists the beauty of a well wrought comedy. Both the tragic and comic poet, to obtain the true end of their art, must select such circumstances in every object, in every passion, and in every action, as will be most conducive to their peculiar end. When this is rightly performed, whether in the solemn or humorous scene, it is true poetry: in either

case it is by the means of a mode of eloquence, that the art produces its desired effect. Ridicule, by which comedy works, is as much a mode of eloquence, as the several arts of persuasion, and the several figures, which rhetoric has reduced into a system for the excitement of the more serious passions.

The dispute that subsisted among the learned for a considerable time, perhaps not yet determined, whether ridicule is a test of truth, seems to be both idle and frivolous. I have often wondered, that neither *Aristotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a just and adequate definition of ridicule. To say that it consists in raising our laughter at some turpitude, is a very insufficient account of the matter. *Fielding*, in his preface to *Joseph Andrews*, has thrown some light upon the matter; but as he places the source of it in affectation, it may be questioned whether he has taken a comprehensive survey of his subject. I apprehend the ridiculous may be found where there is no affectation at the bottom. *Parson Adams* I take to be an instance of this assertion.

Doctor Akenfide, in his excellent poem *on the Pleasures of Imagination*, seems to have given a
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clear definition of ridicule: the passage is as follows :

*Where e'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some motley dissonance of things combin'd
Strikes on the quick observer ; whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim,
Where sordid fashion, where ignoble deeds,
And foul deformity are wont to dwell.*

The ingenious author pursues his subject through a variety of illustrations. We see in each of them, that the ridiculous always arises from repugnant qualities, ill-paired and blended together. He tells us, in the note, that “the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas, but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception.”

The emotions here intended are laughter and contempt, and these it is the business of comedy to excite. To perform this in all objects which come before the comic muse, in men and manners, in all actions and passions, requires a very

delicate hand. *Prior* has expressed this with his usual elegance.

*And tho' the error may be such
As Knaggs and Burges cannot hit,
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wycherly or Congreve's wit.*

In producing portraits of mankind, it is not enough to display foibles and oddities; a fine vein of ridicule must run through the whole, to urge the mind to frequent emotions of laughter; otherwise there will be danger of exhibiting disagreeable characters, without affording the proper entertainment. *Ben Johnson* is apt to err in this point: *Morose* is a surly, ill-natured, absurd humorist, whom we can hardly laugh at: he soon becomes bad company. Many of *Johnson's* characters are of the same cast; while in *Shakespeare's Falstaff*, the ridiculous ideas are placed in such an artful point of view, that our merriment can never be restrained, whenever *Sir John* appears. *Congreve*, in my opinion, had a great deal of the same talent: what I have somewhere seen objected to him, that many of his characters are obvious in human life, is with me a strong proof of his superior genius. An old *bachelor* is a common character; but he must pass through such an imagination as *Congreve's* to support several

several scenes in the drama with exquisite pleasantry. The character was not new ; yet his management of it has all the graces of novelty, and the situations in which we see him are exquisitely ridiculous. Personages of this class, unless artfully conducted, may very soon tire an audience ; but in this excellent poet's hands nothing suffers. The same, I think, appears in his *Sir Paul Pliant* : in that character there is perhaps as much comic force as in any one piece on the stage. Sir *John Vanbrugh* was a master of his art in this respect, and Sir *John Brute* is a remarkable proof. The knight diverts us with an odd whimsical way of thinking, which at once serves to display his own foibles, and entertains his audience with a pleasantry, of which he seems unconscious.

It is by placing the humours and foibles of human nature in a ridiculous light, that the true comic force is created. The author of *the Pleasures of Imagination*, whom I have already quoted, has judiciously explained each part of the definition cited above, and has finely traced the several sources, from which true ridicule springs. Whoever chuses to consider the matter, will find affectation to be but one spring, however diffusive the streams may be. To the poem itself I beg
leave

leave to refer my readers. I shall dismiss this paper, after observing, that the whole beauty of the comic diction consists in the words and phrases being so chosen, as to give to the mind the most lively impression of known and familiar images, and at the same time the strongest marks of character, and each person's peculiar temper.

N U M B E R XCI.

Saturday, July 13, 1754.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secant res.

Illi scripta quibus comædia prisca viris est,

Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi; quos neque pulcher

Hermogenes unquam legit, neque Simius iste.

HOR.

IN my last paper I considered ridicule as being of the essence of comedy. There are, it must be owned, critics of distinguished ability, who seem to be of a contrary opinion. They require truth of imitation, and laughter, the *το γελοιον* which *Aristotle* makes part of his definition, they think may be fairly discarded. A faithful draught of the manners, and the general characters of men, in the course of civil life, is sufficient to answer their idea of comedy. Should the several persons, represented in the drama, be in their conduct correct and regular, of amiable manners, and upon all occasions governed by principles of honour and virtue, such pieces, in their judgment, may be considered as legitimate. To this notion it is that we owe that new fangled species of the drama, called sentimental or pathetic comedy, of late years highly applauded in

in *France*, and cultivated by writers, who, as the event as shown, had not talents to tread in the steps of *Moliere*. Compositions of this kind, while they give a transcript from real life, may claim their share of praise; but whether the mass of mankind affords, with probability, those select groups of virtuous characters, may be questioned. Persons, whose minds are warped by folly diseased by humour, or tainted with vice, are, I believe, more frequently seen. This is the condition of life, and it is from the obvious manners of the world that the writer of comedy professes to copy. The drama is called by *Dryden*, the theft of the poets from mankind. He, who should take for the groundwork of his piece, a set of characters, in themselves absurd, and under the dominion of some predominant humour, without one person among them of sober manners, and a just way of thinking, would not, in my opinion, furnish an agreeable entertainment. The attempt has been made by some of our old poets; but, I believe, their success has not encouraged many of their successors to tread in their steps. For this there seem to be two well-grounded reasons: in the first place, a collection of mere *humorists*, without an intermixture of others, governed by the ordinary rules of common sense and common honesty, seldom
occurs

occurs in the usual course of life. Secondly, the charm of contrast would be altogether lost. The piece would want those lights and shades, which are perceived in every company, and every club. *Ben Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour* may serve as a proof of what is here advanced. Old *Ben* was a sharp and severe observer of the manners. The peculiar bent of his genius, as *Dennis* observes in a letter to *Congreve*, inclined him to draw deformity, rather than beauty. The same writer adds, "*Johnson* is so eager to pursue folly, that he forgets to take wit along with him. His dialogue seems often to want that spirit and grace, which are found in more modern plays, and which are ingredients that ought to be inseparable from comedy." *Shadwell*, who wrote in *Dryden's* time, seems to have had the saturnine humour of *Ben Johnson*: he has, I think, nowhere endeavoured to give the features of an amiable character: all with him must be absurdity; and that, not restrained within the bounds of probability, but pushed on to the very brink of extravagance. Humour, or some uncommon and inordinate absurdity, was his favourite pursuit. His plays exhibit Bartholomew-fair characters. He might say in the title-page of every one of them, "Walk in and see the Monster." Many others, in the great number

number of comic writers, which this country has produced, have split upon the same rock. Humour, though an excellent ingredient in every imitation of the manners, has been, when carried beyond the bounds of credibility, the ruin of many a comedy, in other respects well imagined. It may be proper, therefore, in the remainder of this paper, to enquire, what that quality in human actions is, which has obtained from our best critics the name of *humour*.

The word, as applied to the mind, is a metaphorical expression. *Ben Johnson*, in his play of *Every Man out of his Humour*, has given a full explanation of it. His verses have much of the rust of antiquity, and, indeed, of that uncouth phraseology, which often disfigures the style of that, otherwise, valuable author. The sum of what he says seems to be this: the properties of humour, in the natural sense of the word, are fluxion, and moisture, as water poured on a stone will wet and run. Of the human body the humours are, choler, phlegm, melancholy, and blood. These, as they happen to predominate, are said to influence and determine the natural temper. When any one of these has the ascendant, and the other juices convert themselves into it, we say that the person, so affected, has a humour. In a metaphorical use of
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the word, we talk of the humour of the mind: that is, when some one quality, opinion, prejudice, or absurdity, doth so possess the general cast and frame of thought, as to draw to it the spirits, the affections, and ideas, out of their proper course, so as to make them run one way: that may be said to be a *mental humour*.

In this manner we have a clear account of the matter. A humour in the body draws and converts the other juices into itself: a humour in the mind influences the general disposition, and gives a tinge to the whole temper and way of thinking. The former is an habitual distemperature in the body, that calls for alteratives: the latter is a disease of the mind, that does not rise to vice or criminality, demanding only the correction of ridicule. A humour in the body, when attended with danger to the constitution, generally takes another name: it is an abscess, an imposthume, or whatever the nature of the case implies. In like manner, when the disease of the mind rises to an inordinate degree, threatening danger to the person himself or others, it is no longer a humour, but the rage and violence of some furious passion. *Aristotle*, the great master-critic, has made this distinction: The ridiculous,
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he says, in human actions is a blemish, or deformity, that gives no pain to the person, in whom it is perceived, and is neither pernicious, nor dangerous. This, he tells us, is what comedy loves to imitate. The reason is evident: if attended with pain, it would excite pity; if pernicious, or dangerous, it would give ideas of terror.

The cruelty of *Nero*, the duplicity of *Tiberius*, and the spirit of *Alexander*, are not humours. *Don Quixote*, *Falstaff*, and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, are under the dominion of their own peculiar oddities. Persons of this cast have been denominated *humorists*. Each of them has a particular cast of thought, that warps this imagination, and breaks out (as the humour of the body shews itself in pimples and other eruptions) in distorted, odd, and irregular sentiments, or actions, not immediately attended with danger, but calling for the alteratives of ridicule.

The poet, who exhibits the character of the *humorist*, is called a man of *humour*. Writers for the stage are never so happy, as when they are able to single out persons of this extraordinary cast; but the misfortune is, our dramatic authors often mistake external appearances, and extravagancies

vagancies of every kind, for *true humour*. This was seen long ago by *Ben Johnson*.

*But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, and the three pil'd ruff
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garter, should affect a humour!
Oh! it is more than most ridiculous.*

We have seen bodily disease, deafness, provincial accents, and foreign idioms pass upon the stage for humour. Even when the extravagance, which the poet produces is seated in the mind, it may be proper to observe, that the oddity may, notwithstanding, be unfit for representation. It is not enough that the author has somewhere seen it in real life: it should be of such extensive influence, as to constitute a species. We then acknowledge it to be a character drawn from life: Our pleasure arises from comparing the copy with the original, and the truth of imitation is sure to give delight. I shall only add, that though the *humorist*, when faithfully delineated, is the richest entertainment the poet can offer, yet comedy may well subsist without any such character. There are in life a sufficient number of follies, which, though they do not rise high enough to deserve the name of *humour*, are the

proper quarry of the comic writer, and demand the lash of ridicule: he, it is true, who exhibits genuine humour will always bid fairest for success: he shews the deepest insight into the inward frame, and by displaying the ridiculous in the strongest colouring, gratifies that love of laughter, which is the first principle of comedy.

N U M B E R X C I I .

Saturday, July 20, 1784.

Ego vero hæc lumina orationis velut oculos quosdam esse eloquentiæ credo. Sed neque oculos esse toto corpore velim, ne cætera membra officium suum perdant: et, si necesse sit, veterem illum horrorem dicendi malim, quàm istam novam licentiam, ne dum volumus esse meliores veteribus, simus tantum dissimiles.

QUINTIL.

HAVING endeavoured to settle, as well as the limits of an essay would permit, the true notion of humour, I could not help observing, that a rage for producing those strong features of character has defeated the purpose of many dramatic writers. Persons under the influence of some extravagant habit, or some prevailing oddity, that gives a bias to the whole temper and understanding, have been delineated with a masterly hand by a few of our best authors. Men of inferior genius, observing the success of such excellent portraits, have endeavoured to follow them in the same paths of fame; but *Congreve* observes, in his letter to *Dennis* (the once famous critic) that *what he*

takes to be true humour has not been so often written, as is generally imagined. He adds, *that some who have valued themselves, and have been esteemed by others for that kind of writing, have seldom touched the strings of genuine humour.* Every kind of whim, extravagance, or distortion of mind, and indeed of outward form and deportment, has been mistaken for true expression of character. *Shadwell* was in this class, and possibly the person whom *Congreve* had in view. That writer, in one of his plays, presents an old gentleman, whose passion it is, to arrive at consummate perfection in the art of swimming. In compliance with this strange ambition, we see the whimsical humorist stretched upon his breast on a table, with a swimming master at hand, and, under the direction of his instructor, striking with his legs and arms at a prodigious rate. Proud of his abilities, and flushed with the idea of his great proficiency, he asks his master, in the joy of his heart, whether he shall not soon become amphibious? This instance may serve, as well as a thousand others, to illustrate what is intended, when I take upon me to say, that a mistaken notion of humour has put many of our comic writers upon a wrong scent. If *Shadwell* actually knew a person, in some obscure corner, weak enough to addict himself to such a folly, he

he should have remembered, that the manners of life, as they fall under general observation, are the proper objects of dramatic representation. The absurdity ridiculed by *Shadwell* may possibly have existed, but it could not, nor has it ever been general enough to constitute a species of men under the dominion of such a wild extravagance. The case is not the same with *Congreve's Old Bachelor*, *Foresight*, and *Lady Wishfort*. We all can vouch for the existence of such characters; and, when we see them properly acted, we acknowledge the truth of imitation. As true humour, therefore, has greatly enriched our comedy, so the false and spurious kind has very much disfigured the *English* stage, and filled it with characters fit only for a suburb-fair.

There is another ingredient of comedy, which, in judicious hands, enlivens the dialogue, and gives spirit to the scene, but, unskilfully exerted, has often done fatal mischief. True wit, like true humour, is of the highest value; but the false and counterfeit in either kind is nothing more than wildness and extravagance. It may, therefore, be proper, in the remainder of this paper, to throw together some reflections upon *wit*. I shall, in as narrow a compass as I am able, first,

enquire what *wit* is, and secondly, what ends it is, or ought to be, designed to answer. From such a discussion, the true use of it in comedy may, perhaps, be clearly inferred.

Upon this subject, many writers have employed their pens. After all their efforts, the account of the matter given by Mr. *Locke* appears to be the most accurate and satisfactory. *Wit*, says that admirable author, *lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures, and agreeable visions in the fancy.* All subsequent writers, with *Addison* at their head, have adopted this explanation. They have added some useful hints; as, that every resemblance between ideas is not wit, as when extreme whiteness is compared to snow. The point of relation, in which two or more ideas agree, should not be obvious: the two things should lie remote, their congruity not perceived, till pointed out with quickness, with novelty, and that unexpected lustre, which charms at once by the justness of the comparison, and the surprise that attends it. *Addison* seems to think, that this effect is not included in *Locke's* definition: But it may be asked, is it not implied in the quickness

quickness and variety which he requires? In the similes of *Homer*, or *Milton*, quickness is not the quality, to which we are indebted for our pleasure. Greatness of conception, and a successive expansion of the fancy, fill the mind with a degree of admiration, that goes on increasing, as the poet rises in his imagery. In strokes of wit, the more distant the ideas lie from each other, our pleasure is enhanced; and of course, when objects, which seem wholly repugnant, are on a sudden found to have some agreement or analogy, the mind delights in seeing them brought together, and enjoys at once the beauty of contrast and similitude. This last is what the critics call wit in the opposition.

Usque adeo quod tangit, idem est, tamen ultima distant.

There is no reason to imagine that, in the passage above quoted, Mr. *Locke* intended a full and exact definition; he stated enough for his purpose, namely, to shew the difference between *wit* and *judgment*. Perhaps the exception to be taken, is, that the only end of wit is said to be that of raising *pleasant pictures*, and *agreeable visions in the fancy*. Were this all, wit would be no better than a wild meteor, that dazzles for a moment, and is seen no more. To please

the imagination is, without doubt, one of the objects in view; but for the honour of wit, let it be remembered, that it aims at something still more important. To illustrate, or to place a thought in the clearest light, is often the principal intention: as when the poet says, that virtue is often produced by the turbulent emotions of the mind; and to enforce his doctrine, adds,

*As fruits ungrateful to the planters care,
On savage rocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.*

Wit is also used to adorn the subject in hand; as when we are told of the ruling passion,

*Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest beam makes vinegar more sow'r.*

It is used to degrade the principal idea; as when Dryden says,

*Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce should know they live, but that they bite.*

Or when Pope says of scribblers,

*False steps but help them to renew the race,
As after stumbling jades will mend their pace.*

A resem-

A resemblance is sometimes struck out between two objects, with intent to place that, which is introduced by way of comparifon, in a ludicrous light.

*Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their blifs,
Not ancient ladies, when refus'd a kifs,
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die;
Not CYNTHIA, when her mant is pinn'd awry;
E'er felt fuch rage, refentment, and defpair,
As thou, fad virgin! for thy ravish'd bair.*

To excite the fenfation of laughter is often the reason, for which things, that in appearance have no kind of analogy, are brought together.

*Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the fame,
As food digested takes another name.*

These instances may ferve to fhew the various ends, for which wit may be employed. Other purpofes may, upon reflection, be pointed out. It is enough for this fhort effay to fuggelt the hint, and the comic poet may, at his leifure, purfue it farther. If he cannot, in the paffages where he chufes to fhine and dazzle, fairly anfwer to himfelf what end he aims at, his wit will probably be no more than an idle amufement. Nor will it be enough, that his allufions

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are at once just and brilliant; they must be suited to the occasion, to the place, and the character. The sanguine temper will break out in sallies of vivacity: The morose and saturnine will deal in comparisons of a more gloomy colour. To be natural, is the first requisite in every mode and style, but more especially in dramatic imitation. *Cowley* has well observed,

*Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear,
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.*

Comedy, in the hands of some writers of the last century, has been vitiated by this excess. *Shadwell* has introduced a silly fellow, who delights in wit, and wants upon every occasion to make a simile: When he is well kicked, he wishes he could find out what it is like. The poet, who with a brisk disregard of character, wants to surprise and glitter, when he should be natural, will not be less absurd than *Shadwell's* coxcomb. To conclude; *Quintilian* has given the rule to every writer, who wishes to succeed by propriety of thought and expression: He considers the bright and luminous passages as the eyes of eloquence; but eyes are not to be placed in every part, lest the limbs should be deprived of their natural function.

N U M B E R X C I I I .

Saturday, July 27, 1754.

Ampullas & sesquipedalia verba. H O R .

HAVING in a former paper offered some cursory remarks upon RIDICULE, I shall this day take notice of a species of writing, which, on account of some affinity, is often supposed to be the same mode of composition, introduced by men of genius, in order to fall in with that propensity to laughter, which prevails with all mankind in general. What I here intend is *burlesque*, often adopted to answer the purposes of ridicule, but, frequently, to make that appear ridiculous, which, in truth, is not so.

It must be remembered, that the *ridiculous* consists in a coalition of circumstances repugnant to each other in their own natures, but yet whimsically blended together in any object, any human action or passion. To call forth this inconsistency to public view, and to shew the motly assemblage, in such a manner as to provoke the mind to laugh
at

at it with contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent talent of *ridicule*. This when well executed is attended with fine effects. The lovers of *burlesque*, eager to have their share in the promotion of mirth, will not wait to discover a real incongruity: by the force of their own imaginations they create it for themselves, and by obtruding circumstances, which do not belong to the object, are frequently successful in rendering things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive eye may not wear the motly livery, however it may serve the purposes of mirth to invest it with it. In order to explain more fully what is here insisted on, it may not be improper to lay before the reader a few instances of the *ridiculous*, and also of *burlesque*. This will serve to place the distinction in the clearest light.

When *Fielding's* Parson *Adams*, in distress at an inn, retires very gravely with a *London* bookseller to raise money upon his manuscript sermons, I believe the dissonant circumstances in this case strike very forcibly upon the mind of every reader. Having travelled a great many miles from his own place of abode towards *London*, with no other business upon earth, than to dispose of these sermons, we hear the parson, not able to find them,

very

very gravely say, "I protest I believe I left them behind me." When the same person assures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not say it by way of ostentation, but to shew that he can live well on the road; and, to confirm this, produces half a guinea: the difference between his opinion and the small value of the piece, and this too from a clergyman, a scholar, and in many things a man of excellent understanding, produces an emotion of laughter, attended, in this instance, with a contempt for *Adams's* want of knowledge of the world. In like manner when *Don Quixote* very gravely says, that he has seen the sea, and that it is much larger than the river at *La Mancha*, we cannot help laughing at a man, who has formed his ideas of things by what he has seen at his own native place. The comparing of an insignificant river to the sea presents such a repugnant conjunction of images, as must necessarily operate upon our risible faculties.

These instances, which have first, among a thousand, offered themselves to my memory, are true instances of the *ridiculous*. Nothing foreign, or unconnected with the original idea, is here obtruded upon our imagination. In *burlesque* the case is different. Adventitious circumstances are

are called in to form a strange and heterogeneous mixture of jarring images. The picture thus prepared has the same effect as that, which is in itself truly ridiculous. For instance, if the object, which comes before the *burlesque* writer, be low in its own nature, he immediately bethinks himself of conferring on it a mock dignity. It now begins to look big, like the champion at a coronation, who boldly challenges mankind, when he knows nobody will fight him. I have been often pleased with a touch of this kind in a note to *Fielding's Tom Thumb*, where having mentioned something of the soul of man, he gravely tells us, "Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks." The stroke in the *Beggar's Opera* is of the same nature: "There is nothing so moving as a great man in distress." In this case the great disproportion between the two objects strikes our imagination, and that which without reason is set in competition irresistibly provokes our laughter. When a clergyman, of a grave and reverend character, seeing, as he walked along, a builder fall from the roof, and his scaffolding tumbling upon him, cries out, "Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for their works shall follow them," it is impossible to abstain from a smile, on account of the new ideas associated with

with an object, in itself by no means ridiculous.

The ludicrous assemblage is formed by an association of ideas, which we are diverted to see, beyond our expectation, joined together. The other method of *burlesque* is, if an object has any thing respectable, to join it with images, not only inferior, but in themselves contemptible. Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this kind of satire throughout his *Dunciad*; and *Boileau* has many strokes of the same kind in his *Lutrin*. *Garth* also has many similar passages in his *Dispensary*, where a ridicule is thrown upon his heroes by associating with them images of things, to which some kind of turpitude adheres; thus the *Physicians*, quarrelling among themselves, are finely placed in a ludicrous light by the following humorous simile.

*Thus often at the Temple stairs we've seen
Two tritons of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd with blood;
But at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.*

Butler's description of the morning may be referred to the same cause.

And,

*And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.*

Another common method of *burlesque* is by making frequent application of grand and sublime passages in our best poets to things unworthy and mean. *Boileau* is, in my opinion, the happiest of all modern poets in this particular. As passages of this nature are frequently mistaken for an intent to *burlesque* the author, from whom the image is borrowed, it may not be improper in this place to observe, that parody does not always carry with it a sneer at the author parodied. The best lines in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other objects, while the poet remains superior to ridicule. We find that *Vida*, in his elegant and beautiful poem on the *game of chess*, in almost every line surprises us with expressions from the *Æneid*: by this artifice he gives spirit and life to his poem, animates his imaginary warriors with human passions, and fills the fancy with entertaining ideas of mock heroic majesty. The description of the havock at a game of chess is perfectly elegant.

*Sternitur omne solum buxo atque miserrima cædes
Exoritur; confusa inter sese agmina cædunt,
Implicitæque runt, albæ, nigræque phalanges;
Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.*

The

The description of the queen is also highly beautiful.

*At medias inter acies crudefcit Amazon,
Candida, plena animis, mediisque in millibus ardet.*

When the elephants and the cavalry enter into the battle,

Quadrupedumque gemit bicolor sub verbere campus.

Pope in his account of a game at cards in the *Rape of the Lock*, has imitated this excellent poet in his manner of exalting inanimate things. But this, let it be observed, is not *burlesque*. Inanimate objects cannot be made ridiculous: laughter implies censure, and moral agents only can be the object of it. Should the orders of architecture be improperly joined, the appearance will surprise, but it is the design of the artist that will be laughed at.

In *burlesque*, as in every other kind of writing, truth should be the foundation. *Aristophanes'* ridicule of *Socrates* is now held in contempt. The object attacked must be exceptionable, otherwise it can never be essentially hurt by a false combination of adventitious ideas. As there is a strong propensity in the generality of

people to this kind of humour, tragic poets, in particular, should be cautious how, by any passage or expression, they excite ludicrous images. If once in the most serious scene a wrong association of ideas be formed, the mind is apt to attach itself to the object of its mirth, and thus a well-imagined piece may be obstructed. A very elegant critic observes, that the following line of *Dryden*,

A star-light morning, and an ev'ning fair,

has in it nothing improper: and yet, if any one recollects that a *star-light morning* is the language of a watchman, it may occasion some sprightly raillery. On this account, in all the different species of composition, the writer must carefully remember to keep within his proper boundaries. The least excursion too far may give room to small wits either to point out incongruous circumstances, or to obtrude them upon the reader's imagination.

N U M B E R X C I V .

Saturday, Aug, 3, 1753.

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi—————* Juv.

IT was the answer of an eminent *Jew*, when asked by what means he accumulated so large a fortune, that he had more difficulty in acquiring the first three thousand pounds, than all the rest of his immoderate wealth. This apophthegm may be said to comprize the whole secret of rising in the world. Not one, however, of these worldly proficient has thought proper to tell by what means the first three thousand were made, whether by good sense, or meanness, by fraud, or honest industry. How the man, who has nothing, is to make a sum, which is to be his first step to preferment, is yet a mystery; and while it remains so, indigence, it is to be feared, will still continue to labour under its difficulties. The author of my motto has observed, many ages since, that virtue and rare accomplishments do not find it easy to rise above distress; and the maxim remains true to this day.

There is hardly a man, but can point out, in the circle of his acquaintance, persons of very extensive capacity, strong parts, and a delicate sense of honour, whose talents have not been called forth by opportunity, or animated by success. Genius, wherever it subsists, must be warmed and cherished: it is a sensitive plant, that shrinks from too rough a touch. The refined sensations of an enlightened understanding occasion a certain delicacy, and a dejection of spirits upon many occasions. Elegance of sentiment is not the quality, that can meet the storms and the rough seasons of life. Fine parts must be tenderly preserved, or in the blasts of adversity, they will languish and decay; like those fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern clime, were they not carefully assisted in their vegetation by the use of hot beds.

The circumstance, which reflects the greatest lustre upon the character of Lord *Sommers*, is the encouragement he afforded to such a genius as Mr. *Addison*. Without the assistance of such a patron, that vein of humour, which is now the genteelest in the world, might have taken a tincture from low life: the raillery, which delights every reader, might have sunk into coarse and vulgar railing: that exquisite taste, which was

finished

finished by travel and learned leisure, might have grown callous and indelicate: for the moral strain of his writings we might, perhaps, have seen calumny, detraction, and personal abuse: his wit might have raised the blush of confusion in that female face, which he took so much pains to set off in the smiles of native innocence and unaffected beauty: and that pen, which entertained the town with some of the most elegant productions, might have been employed in politics, invective, and party-rage. The protection of Lord *Sommers* hindered him from sinking into obscurity, and from being compelled by necessity to sully that fair fame, which is now the reward of his excellent performances. The assistance of Lord *Sommers* was a demand upon him, for all that elegance, which now distinguishes itself in his writings. He, who is now the finest writer in our language, might have been only the best *scribbler* in *Grub-street*.

*He from the taste obscene refines our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth.*

It has been the fate of many, endowed, perhaps, with parts not inferior to *Addison*, to droop in indigence. I make no doubt, but in the present age, there are those who might become shining ornaments of the republic of letters, were

there any incitement to spur the muses' steed. But a treatise on *cribbage*, or a calculation of the chances at whist, is sure of being better received, than the odes of *Collins*. While a *Smart* subsists among us, I cannot help thinking it a reproach to the age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*. A bookseller is his only friend, but for that bookseller, however liberal, he must toil and drudge. With extensive learning, and real genius, he is suffered to draw his pen in the praises of his maker, without any other reward, than a small premium at *Cambridge*, and that portion of fame, which, in spite of malice and envy, he will be always sure to enjoy.

Wit is generally considered as an object of contempt, rather than an accomplishment deserving encouragement and esteem. Call a man a poet, and by the term you imply poverty, and every thing that provokes vulgar mirth.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

The lively *Doctor Young* has placed the enemies of learning and talents in their true light.

*These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a wit."*

Poor

*Poor negroes thus to shew their burning spite,
To Cacodæmons say, they're dev'lish white.*

There is hardly any thing more affecting to a man of real merit, than the insolence of purse-pride. People of affluence should consider, when they attempt to depreciate men of superior parts, that they betray an unmanly triumph over those, who have still their fortune to make. But, as Mr. *Pope* finely observes, the world in general is apt to form an idea of a man, at the time he is least able to make a proper judgment for himself. Genius is often ruined by slight errors, trivial indiscretions, and petty inadvertencies; while the sons of avarice owe their elevation to their vices, to inordinate passions, and a regular systematic plan of close design, and selfish views.

They who sit smiling at the goal of fortune, while others are running the course, should reflect, that it is possible for perseverance and unremitting application to reach the very point, in which they take so much pride. A well turned spirit, with the advantages of education, and a competent knowledge of the world, must certainly receive additional lustre from an accession of wealth. The accomplishments of such a man will, in their turn, adorn and embellish affluence. This obser-

vation I would recommend to all parents, uncles, guardians, and all ranks of people, who have any concern in the education of the rising generation. By the rigour of those, who are advanced in life, and the avarice incident to age, young men are often driven to extremities, which a well timed indulgence might have prevented, and they, who might have been the ornaments of society, are left *to live, men know not how, and to die in obscurity, men mark not when.*

N U M B E R XCV.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1754.

*Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque regna, nec ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.*

VIRG.

THE stoic philosophy was by many of the ancients esteemed the height of human wisdom, the road to happiness, and the apotheosis of an exalted character. Its excellence consisted, not in the due government of the passions, but in extirpating them from the human heart. The seat of feeling, and source of every exquisite pleasure, as well as tender pain, was to be rendered callous and insensible, suffered to move only with the flux and reflux of the blood. Our excellent poet has given us a very picturesque description of this notable system of philosophy.

*In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.*

How

How an absolute repugnance to the laws of nature, and the want of those feelings, which are the best ingredients in our composition, can constitute an exalted character, I am at a loss to determine. *Vita secundum naturam*, a life conformable to the laws of nature, is Tully's definition of a moral, as well as an happy state. Elegance of mind, and taste for virtue, must arise from those sensations, which nature has implanted in us. What gratification, worthy of a rational being, have we left? The pleasing anxieties of virtuous friendship, the grateful solicitude of love, the melancholy luxury of tender compassion, and the delights which we derive from a well-wrought scene of distress in an affecting tragedy, must all lose their influence. The mind sinks at once into a dull state of insensibility. For my part, I have always had a sovereign contempt for the unfeeling, pedantic wisdom of those unnatural followers of a brutal philosophy; nor could I ever admire their ridiculous ostentation of a towering superiority of soul. That this is also the sense of the greater part of mankind is very visible, from that indifference with which they behold persons of this cast interwoven into the drama. Characters of a mixed nature, in whom the passions are in a beautiful struggle between virtue and vice, are
always

always sure to seize the affections of an audience. We are interested in the fortunes of persons, who resemble ourselves.

Virgil has transmitted to us a picture of that happiness, which was the exalted boast of the stoics : In the words of my motto, he tells us, that the person, whom he describes in the possession of true felicity, is never touched with popular esteem, or the dazzling splendour of the regal state ; the difference between brothers, conspiracies against his country, or the decline of the constitution, never disturb his breast ; nor is he ever made uneasy by compassion for the indigent, or envy towards the great. This is a character totally different from the amiable sketch of the man, who considers the relations in which he stands to society, and feels for all mankind. The negative enjoyments above described can result from nothing but an absolute indifference to our fellow-creatures. To attain this, what philosophy is requisite ? Every rake about town is, at this rate, a stoic philosopher. I was lately in company with one of this class, who appeared to me to be a great proficient, and to have carried into his practice, every branch of the foregoing system. The light in which I saw
4 this

this gentleman was such, that I shall here present him to my readers, and, in his person, the character of a modern stoic philosopher.

Jack Oakley is possessed of a fortune, which might enable him to live with splendour, or to prosecute any enterprize in the service of his country. He has all the advantages of birth, to render him reputable in the eye of the world; but like a true philosopher he never placed any value upon these happy circumstances. With a noble contempt for riches, he squanders away his substance, in a manner, which shews him to be above the mean ambition of popular applause. Instead of being arrogantly elated with the thoughts of his high birth, he has been known to associate with the lowest of mankind; superior to those little sensations of pride, which might be apt to play about the heart of a man of worldly vanity. Contented in his own mind, he never condescended to court the favour of his countrymen at an election for members of parliament. The *populi fasces* have had no attraction for *Jack Oakley*. He is so little touched with the splendour of majesty, that he does not care for any king in *Europe*. While our politicians make the two *brothers* the constant object of their attention, he is little solicitous whether there be
a dif-

a difference between them or not. The fortifications of *Dunkirk*, the depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *West-Indies*, the election of the king of the *Romans*, the equipment of *French* fleets, and all the other points of moment, which engross the thoughts of our present race of patriots, never once discomposed the serenity of his mind. Liberty and property are to him unideal sounds. If *Magna Charta* were burned by the common hangman, it would not occasion the least gloom in our hero's soul. He can behold the distresses of the indigent, the corroding anxieties of poverty, most stoick-like, without a sigh, *nec doluit miserans inopem*; and so far from being envious of another's superiority, while he is easy himself, he never yet was known to compare his own situation with any man above him.

Nor does the firmness of *Jack Oakley's* mind rest here. He can visit all the brothels in this metropolis, without feeling the least degree of uneasiness. He can behold, undisturbed by any of those tender touches, which might agitate weaker breasts, an elegant form, and the most beautiful set of features falling a prey to *infamy*, *diseases*, and *prostitution*. As the ancient worthies thought it a noble achievement totally to forget the

the man, in order to raise their philosophic fame to an higher degree of eminence, so our modern stoic can suppress the natural affections. In the rake he can also forget the man. *Jack* is a very *Roman* in that point. He practises *Horace's* golden rule, to admire nothing; and, if confined to the bed of sickness, he is sure to spend his time in a series of moral reflections. He wisely observes, that all pleasure is fugitive; that the reversion of pain falls to every man's lot; and that the condition of human life is frail and uncertain. When his health returns, he indulges in all the fallies of his wild imagination, to shew, that, like *Aristippus*, he can adapt himself to every situation. In short, my friend *Oakley* has upon all occasions a true philosophical turn. In every situation of life, the versatility of his mind suggests to him those reflections, which are most conducive to secure his own happiness, to prevent the ruffled state arising from conflicting passions, to preserve the even tenor of his thoughts, to reconcile him to himself, and enable him to possess his soul in ease, tranquility, and cheerfulness.

This character of a modern town philosopher contains, in my opinion, all the branches of the much boasted stoic system. The leading principles

ciples of happiness, which that school inculcates, are carried by our modern practitioners to a much greater height of wisdom, than they ever were by the most rigid follower of the stoic doctrine. The modern hero grafts his happiness on the passions: he plays them one against another, and in that sense may be said to live *secundum naturam*; whereas the ancient stoic endeavoured to subvert the very elements of our being. In that sect, he was the most exalted worthy, who was the most divested of humanity.

N U M B E R XCVI.

Saturday, Aug. 8, 1754.

*Nil admirari propé res est sola, Namuci,
Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.*

HOR.

NOT to admire, is the golden rule, established by *Horace*, for the acquirement of inward happiness, and the securing of it, when once obtained. The precept may also be enforced as the surest method to form a sound understanding, and preserve the judgment free and undistempered. *Pope* says,

For fools ADMIRE, but men of sense APPROVE.

In our greener years, indeed, when the affections are, to use the poet's phrase, *tremblingly alive all o'er*; when every object presents itself in new and striking colours, ADMIRATION may be then allowed to gaze, and each incident in the scene of life call forth the juvenile expressions of wonder and astonishment. When, farther advanced, we become hackneyed in the ways of men; when habit has coated over that quickness of sensation, which attends the raw and inexperienced mind,

the

the elevated brow of amazement may be expected to give way to the sober cast of reflection and knowledge. I am at present acquainted with a gentleman, who has made so many sensible animadversions on the smallest occurrences of life, that, I am convinced, nothing can excite in his breast, the smallest emotion of surprise. I have often heard him say, “I have already known so many
 “ unexpected turns and revolutions of things,
 “ that were I to see the MONUMENT walk down
 “ *Cheapside*, and take out *St. Paul's Church* to
 “ dance a minuet, it would make no more im-
 “ pression on my spirits, than when I read high-
 “ water at *London-Bridge* at half past ten.”

But in the general mass of life, the gross of mankind are so scantily furnished with ideas, that there are but few, who, when taken from their manual occupations, or their other business, do not fall into total languor, for want of sufficient matter to employ their intellectual faculties. Thus by habitual remissness, the power of arranging and comparing our ideas lies inactive; and the consequence is, that astonishment and wonder break out upon every occasion. It is observable, that this disease is not always confined to the uneducated part of mankind. We may sometimes perceive it among those, who,

from their education, and their intercourse with the world, might be expected to be better prepared for conversation. There are, in the circle of my acquaintance, at least half a score persons, possessed of talents, and capable of thinking justly upon ordinary topics ; and yet, through an habit of inattention, such a total relaxation unstrings their intellectual powers, that in fact they appear to have pinned their faith on other men's sleeves, and to have lost all kind of capacity of judging for themselves. It is among such people, and such only, that THE COMICAL FELLOW, OR THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, whom I have described in a former paper, acquires his prodigious reputation for wit and humour. Sir *Andrew Wonderful* has for some time past been esteemed a knowing one by his neighbours in the ward of *Farringdon Without* : in his business, he is accounted a man of very notable dexterity ; but spend the evening with Sir *Andrew* at any tavern on the St. *James's* side of *Temple-Bar*, and he is all amazement from the time he enters the room. Mention to him the lye of the day, that the lady of a certain noble lord was caught in bed with a lieutenant of the guards, " Good law !" says Sir *Andrew*, " you " don't say so !" — 'Tis very true though, and this morning early a well-dressed man walking across *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* fell down dead—" Dear " heart,"

“ heart,” says the knight, “ you surprise me !”—
Late last night a game at *Whist* was played at
White's Chocolate-house, on which upwards of
three thousand pounds depended—“ Three thou-
“ sand pounds ! I never heard of such a thing in
“ my born days : three thousand pounds !—Good
“ law !—Three thousand pounds !”

Every man, who has the laudable ambition of
being a rational creature, should endeavour to
fix within himself such habits of thinking, as will
keep him collected, and prevent his thoughts
from being scattered into wild surprise upon
every little emergence that offers. There should
be in every breast the pride of preserving its own
free agency : the understanding should be inde-
pendent, self-directed : it should be roused to
thought by its own ideas, and set to work by its
own inward spring. Nothing can be more un-
manly, than to leave the faculties of the mind,
or the muscles of the face, to be played upon by
the will and pleasure of another. To have a
titter ready, whenever the COMICAL FELLOW chuses
to be facetious, and to hold a man's belief at
another's disposal, indicates a weak and frivolous
understanding.

I was led into this tract of thought by a reflec-

tion on the manner in which I spent an evening, this week, with three gentlemen, who had solicited the meeting with earnest importunity. During the last six weeks, I never met any one of them, but he instantly began, "Well! when shall we have an evening? You know it is what we have long wished for." At length the *rendezvous* was fixed. At the appointed hour I met my friends, not without high expectations of a pleasant evening. A bottle of *Allen's* in an instant appeared on the table, and circulated with uncommon celerity. I expected my friends to open some vein of discourse, but in vain. I began with an ordinary topic, and enquired about *Elizabeth Canning*. "I suppose, said I, the government is resolved to let her see foreign parts." "That's *humour*," said one of the gentlemen to his next neighbour, and all three burst into a loud laugh. I did not perceive the joke, "But," continued I, "whether she is guilty or not, it will do her no prejudice to see the world." "*Humour* again," says the gentleman who sat opposite to me; "You're a fine young fellow," says the second: "This is high," says the third, and then followed a chorus of laughter. "The captain, who carries her abroad," added I, "will have a good contract of it, for he need give her nothing but crusts and water for six
"and

“and twenty days.” “*Another touch,*” says my friend over the way. “*Admirable!*” cries his neighbour; and the gentleman next to me, alarming me with a slap on the shoulder, roared out, “Odzouns,” and then *Laughter, holding both his sides*, took possession of them for the space of ten minutes.

I now perceived that my companions held more of ADMIRATION, than of JUDGMENT. I grew tired of the party. That’s *humour!* *Your’re a fine young fellow!* *Odzouns!* were the sum total of all the conversation that I heard from these three notable blanks in the creation. In disgust, I took occasion to break up the meeting. Upon retiring home to my chambers, I could not help drawing up this loose essay, which I have ordered my publisher to send to each of the gentlemen, in order, if possible, to cure them of their servile admiration, and inform them, if they desire to be ranked among free-agents, that their only title to it consists in thinking and judging for themselves.

N U M B E R XCVII.

Saturday, August 24, 1754.

—*Felices ter & amplius*
Quos irrupta tenet copula. HOR.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

YOU have long since list'd yourself in the service of the fair: as a volunteer in the same cause, I take the liberty to address this letter to you. I am induced to it, by an advertisement in the common news-papers, calculated merely for the use of the men, without any regard to the weak, but lovely, part of the creation. The advertisement I allude to is as follows:

“ Gentlemen that are inclined for marriage.

“ I have daily fresh deplorable reasons to press
“ you to fly to me to prepare for that important
“ state: if my advice only is wanting, you shall
“ have it, without any view of return; and, let
“ what will be wanting, be assured the emolument
“ or

5

“ or pleasure I shall have from the institution, will
 “ chiefly consist in that sweetest of sensations, which
 “ the heart feels, in having relieved the distressed,
 “ or inspirited the languid. I have by hard study
 “ found out medicines, that will give perfect redress
 “ to any afflicted with the venereal infection, or weak-
 “ nefs of body, from any injuries, in a short time.
 “ From Mr. J. O. hospital surgeon, opposite the
 “ Auditor's-Office, in Upper Scotland-Yard,
 “ near White-Hall. N. B. The strictest honour
 “ may be depended on.”

Would not one imagine, upon perusal of the first part of this advertisement, that it is an effusion of benevolence from some clergyman, prompted by a laudable zeal to encourage the observance of the commandment for the propagation of the species, and, by his efforts, to strengthen the late marriage act. *To prepare for that important state!* Does not this expression suggest ideas of our awful religion, and the solemn institution established by it? And then how disinterested is the sweetest sensations! It does not lie in the palm of his hand, but plays around his heart, an indication of a pure and extensive charity. On reading a little further, it however appears, that Mr. J. O. has only assumed the ap-

pearance of a parson, like Sir *John Brute* in the play, for a frolick : when you are just upon the point of enquiring if he has any cure, he cries out very frankly, “ *an excellent cure for a clap.*” As surgery is now arrived to a very great degree of perfection, the last assertion may be true; but as to his preparations for the important state of matrimony, we are quite left in the dark. Be it the business of the men to make farther enquiries about his boasted *nostrum*. For my part, I do not propose to concern myself, in the course of my practice, with the lords of the creation: devoted entirely to the service of the ladies, I shall now proceed to offer my own advertisement, which, I hope, will be attended with good consequences.

“ *To the ladies inclined to matrimony.*”

“ *Never were nervous decays less frequent than*
 “ *at present, which has induced me to press you to*
 “ *enter into the married life, as you will not, in the*
 “ *present glow of health, be in danger of converting*
 “ *your bed-chamber to nurseries for your husbands,*
 “ *nor have any occasion to lie with your footmen. To*
 “ *prepare you for the important state, I have, with*
 “ *infinite pains, devised a recipe, which cannot fail*

“ to procure you good offers, and make the married
“ state completely happy.

“ N. B. I have the honour of having Mr. Keith,
“ late of May-Fair, to vouch for my being regularly
“ bred at the hand and pen, and always a zealous
“ promoter of marriage before the late Act. From
“ Q. D. G. near May-Fair-Chapel.”

I know the world in general is apt to form very disadvantageous ideas of us advertising doctors; but I beg leave to assure Mr. *Ranger*, that the above is not in the ordinary way of puffing, but to promote the real benefit of the community. I have obtained a patent for the sole vending my composition for the space of fourteen years; and, to convince you of its efficacy, I will hereby inform the world of the ingredients, which are in the possession of so few, that I am not apprehensive of having my business taken out of my hands. The component parts of those admirable powders, with which heaven has enabled doctor *James* to preserve, as it were by proxy, the lives and constitutions of millions, are well known; but it is in the proportion of the mixture, and the whole process of the preparation, that the secret lies. In like manner my medicine will save me the trouble of crying out, “ Beware of counterfeits,
“ for

“*for such are abroad.*” It will be impossible to offer, in opposition to it, any mixture that will not immediately be liable to detection. The ingredients, which I make use of, are as follows:
 “*Good-manners, good humour, an aversion to politics, cards, and scandal; modesty, discretion, a scorn of fools, a regard for persons of sense and principle, truth, frankness, honour, neatness, ease, and mirth, a little levity, pride in small quantities, with a few other well-culled materials not necessary to enumerate.*”

These are the elements of the *nostrum* I have prepared: among them are some poisons; but, properly tempered, and counter balanced by opposite qualities, they will, I venture to pronounce it, get a young lady a husband, and ensure mutual happiness, better than any thing hitherto devised.

Instead of producing a large number of vouchers for the salutary effects already felt from my medicine, I shall close my letter with the history of two female reigns; for every beauty is, for a time, the queen of her admirers. The first is that of a beautiful tyrant, who made a wrong use of her power; the second, of one more discreet, who had recourse to the above recipe.

MARIA

MARIA ascended the throne of beauty in the eighteenth year of her age: immediately upon her accession, she dissolved her parliament, turned out of her privy-council every person of sense and discretion, and introduced, in their room, a *French* hair-cutter, two milliners, a chambermaid, and many other personages of equal rank and condition. By the advice of these assistants she reigned with despotic sway. She heard the complaints of her slaves without ever feeling the least propensity to a redress of their grievances. The consequence was violent jealousy, and murmurs of discontent, which at length called forth a shoal of writers against her government, as generally happens in all political states, when the supreme power is abused. A number of sonnetteers, libellers, and epigram-scribblers poured forth treason against her beauty. She was by common consent pronounced a tyrant born to enslave mankind. She had a particular pleasure in signing death warrants for her votaries. She looked upon the whole race of man as formed to flatter her vanity, and to pay her adoration. She exacted tributes of admiration at such an exorbitant rate, that at last an *Hambden* arose, who disputed with her a contribution of incense which she insisted upon. This proceeding

ceeding opened the eyes of the rest of her subjects. All conspired to dethrone her in the twenty-third year of her age; and thus fell the tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her fall, after a short reign of five years, in which she conquered with so wild a rage, that, with the universal joy, succeeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whose reign commenced, like a mild evening after the violent scorching of a hot summer's day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herself the mistress of all willing hearts. She valued herself more upon the love of her subjects, than any idle flattery she might extort from them. The poet's description was perfectly adapted to her;

*Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

Guided entirely by the directions of prudence, virtue, and good sense, she had no female friends in her cabinet council. An *Essex*, at length, insinuated himself more particularly into her good graces; but she had such a command over her passions, that she never disgraced him by a blow, but, in the end, took him as an associate into her empire, which she, in a short time, finally resigned,

signed, in order to enjoy the calmer gratifications of a domestic life, where she now shines with every amiable grace, while *toasts* and other ambitious beauties fatigue their eyes, and weary every feature, to gain admirers.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

CRITO.

NUM-

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1754.

*Est aliquid quo tendis, & in quod dirigis arcum?
An passim sequeris corvos testâque lutoque,
Securus quo pes ferat, atque extempore vivis?*

PERSIUS.

THE necessity of applying part of our time to literature, and the study of valuable authors, is so apparent, that one might imagine it does not stand in need of further argument or illustration. “Letters,” says *Tully*, “cheerish and invigorate the mind in its greener years; in the more advanced periods of life they are our amusement; they adorn prosperity, and soften the shocks of adversity; they yield delight in our domestic hours, and are no incumbrance abroad; they cheer the midnight hour; travel with us into foreign countries, and make the best part of our equipage in all rural excursions.”

I am aware, that the translation, which I have here offered, falls many degrees short of the purity and graceful strength of the original. *There is, says Addison, as much difference in apprehending a thought*

a thought cloathed in Cicero's language and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or the light of the sun. The same elegant writer wonders how men of sense can spend so many hours together, without receiving any other ideas than what are suggested by an arrangement of black and red spots. But such is the prevailing fashion of the times, that the *book of four kings* is the only volume at present perused with any degree of attention. The *four motley monarchs*, are better beloved by persons of condition than any *real king* in *Europe*. A friend of mine, who has a knack in conforming to the prevailing taste of the town, tells me very seriously, that he has often wondered how men of discernment can sit down to performances, which a little experience might inform them will never be read; such as, the *History of England*, the *Life of Harry the Seventh*, the *History of Charles the First*, or the *Histories of Livy and Thuanus*. Determined to avail himself of the favourite passions of his readers, he is now actually employed in *compiling memoirs* of the KING OF SPADES, annals of the KING OF CLUBS, anecdotes relating to the KING OF HEARTS, remarks on the KING OF DIAMONDS, including battles more memorable than those of *Cressi* and *Pioctiers*, fought in the verdant plains of *Picquet*,
Cribbage,

Cribbage, Quadrille, and Whist. In this work will be interwoven the private characters of the *Knaves*, with the secret history of the *Queens*, to be published in numbers, price one guinea each weekly number. At the particular desire of several persons of quality, five thousand copies will be printed upon royal paper; the subscribers' names to be annexed, with their places of abode, and how many card-tables each person keeps. A work of this kind may serve to give posterity some idea of the grandeur of the present age.

I am sensible, that a dissuasive from the pursuits of this nature will be the jest of every card-table in town. I must, however, beg leave to inform my pretty readers, that they are highly mistaken, if they imagine, that, by dedicating a few hours to literary amusements, they endanger their lovely features, or run a risque of dimming the sparkling lustre of their eye. On the contrary, a page or two in a morning may serve to adjust the countenance: the acquisition of a new idea may give a more engaging ornament to the head, than a new *Paris* cap; and the eye will beam with brighter lustre, when directed by an active principle within, than swimming round the room in pretty, giddy, vain, senseless affectation.

tation. How finely has *Pope* described a life spent in a circle of follies !

See how the world its veterans rewards !

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

Young without lovers, old without a friend ;

A sop their passion, but their prize a sot,

Alive ridiculous ! and dead, forgot.

How much more eligible to employ some portion of our time in a way, that may enlarge the mind, and increase it's stock of ideas ? Add to this, that softening quality, which letters have in all cases of adversity. In the day of affliction, the surest and most certain relief the mind can receive will be derived from the habit of being conversant with books. If I remember right, it is Mr. *Locke* that observes, in his *conduct of the understanding*, that a power of transferring our thoughts from one object to another is an essential requisite in a well-formed understanding. And what can better help to prevent the mind from dwelling too long upon any habitual set of ideas, that may occasion a settled gloom of melancholy, and, perhaps, render life insipid ? The most deplorable object that I know, is a person who has nothing to do. He walks about listless from morning to night. His time is

spent in fauntering from one Coffee-house to another. *Horace* says, “If you do not call for
 “a book before day-light, and engage in some
 “fair and liberal pursuit, you will be the prey
 “of envy or of love.” But he has not stated
 the worst of the case: the rack of idleness is the
 most dreadful torture. Vice, gaming, and the
 bottle are the only expedients; and when they
 attract no more, what resource is left? *Socordia*
innocens is a despicable character: to be innocent
 merely because you are sluggish, can have no
 claim to merit. I remember to have seen an
 essay, recommending to all, who will not employ
 their time, to learn to WHISTLE. Where that is
 suited to the person's talents, I have no objection
 to it; but to those who have a little more genius,
 my precept is, LEARN TO READ. I shall con-
 clude this paper with a *journal for one week* of
 an acquaintance of mine, who never sees the
 inside of a book; and of another, who devotes
 part of his time to letters.

Journal of William Tasteless.

Monday. Dozed away five hours after my natural
 rest——Rose at one o'clock, pulled on one stock-
 ing, then yawned for a quarter of an hour by
 the bedside, and pulled on the other. Journeyed
 into

into the next room to breakfast; looked out of the window; every thing appeared the same; no variety in life; lounged at the Coffee-house: looked over the papers; paragraphs all the same; deaths, births, burials, and marriages; played cards in the evening; went to bed fatigued.

Tuesday. Got up fatigued; the same thing over again; the Park; the play; the tall woman at *Charing-Cross*; cards at night.

Wednesday. Nothing done.

Thursday. Nothing done.

Friday. Horrors all day; weary of my life; ready to hang myself.

Saturday. Waked in bad spirits; wished myself dead; went to the play; slept during three acts; lost my pocket handkerchief as usual; weary of the world.

Sunday. Weather gloomy; horrors; went to ten different routes; came home tired; ready to hang myself again.

Journal of John Bookwit.

Monday. Waked at eight o'clock out of a pleasant dream of being in company with *Horace*, *Virgil*, &c. went to breakfast, read a paper in the *Rambler*, opened my book-case; went back three thousand years to converse with *Homer's* heroes: looked over *Spence's Polymetis*:—went to my bookseller's; adjourned from thence with two men of genius to dinner, and afterwards to see *Garrick* in the character of *Hamlet*; went home, and read the three first acts of *Hamlet*.

Tuesday. A rainy dull morning; had recourse to *Virgil*, who dispensed blue skies, lakes, caverns, lowing herds, &c. read the dissertation on the *Eleusinian Mysteries*: went in the evening to a rout: tired of the company, went home, and spent the evening with Sir *William Temple*.

Wednesday. Met with an unexpected misfortune; soothed my uneasiness by reading *Don Quixote*.

Thursday. Read a paper in *The World* at breakfast; opened my book-case, and took in hand Lord *Shaftsbury* on Virtue: turned to *Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination*; I was carried away by
the

the enthusiasm of the poet, and could not lay down the book till I went through it.

Friday. Rose somewhat feverish;—my mind unfettled; had recourse to *Madam de Sevigne's Letters*: walked in the *Park*; the softness of the season called to my mind several elegant passages in poetry: went home in the evening, and read *Addison's Pleasures of Imagination*.

Saturday. Walked in the fields early in the morning: turned over *Dodsley's Collection*; breakfasted at the Coffee-house; overheard a debate between two politicians: went home and read *Swift's Diffensions in Athens and Rome*. Went to the opera: best singers had sore throats: went to *Drury-Lane* play-house, to see Mr. *Garrick*, and Mrs. *Cibber* in the last act of *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

Sunday. Read one of the Bishop of *London's* sermons: dined with two men of genius: went home and read the tragedy of *Cato*; concluded the evening with *Pope's Essay on Man*.

NUMBER XCIX.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1754.

*Hic secura quies & nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

VIRG.

THE following letter contains so many lively observations, and raises such a number of pleasing pictures in the fancy, that I shall give it for the entertainment of this day.

Dear Ranger,

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never be able to guess at what hour I have now sit down to write to you. It is almost six in the morning, and I have already spent half an hour in an agreeable attention to those studies, which have taken possession of me since my retreat to the country. I am pleasantly situated upon *Richmond-Hill*, and am here a kind of *Pater-familias*, with all my little brood of hens and chickens round me. I look upon myself to be greatly interested in their welfare: their wants

and their inconveniencies it is my earnest care to remove. I am entirely conversant with their different tempers, and can tell you the ruling passion of each of them. I can shew a *Bantam* coquette, and a prude from the other side of the line: among the males I have a coxcomb, a bully, a coward, and, in short, almost all the characters that offer in human life.

Since my rising from my pillow, I have interposed in two violent feuds. In this manner am I entertaining myself, while my friend *Ranger* is, perhaps, reeling home from some tavern; weary of noise, and riot, and confusion. If this be not the case, you lie in enervating repose, and slumber away the prime of life, in a few hours more to wake from a distempered dream, with a troubled spirit, a throbbing pulse, and nerves enfeebled and relaxed. Give me leave here to address you in the words of the excellent author of *The Seasons*.

*Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And rising from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?*

Believe me, the most jovial three in the morning at the *Shakespeare* never can afford such delight,

as plays around the heart-strings in this calm period of the morning. The mind is then cheerful and serene; fancy is light and airy, and seems to threaten I know not what prodigious things: every object excites finer feelings and more delicate perceptions, than can be suggested by *Bacchus* to the heat-oppressed brain, as *Shakespeare* phrases it.

Prithee, honest *Ranger*, how long since you saw the sun rise? I dare believe not for many years. But surely, if this phenomenon had not innumerable glories in its train, the poets would never have been so fond of seizing every opportunity to describe it. Since I have mentioned the poets, I must observe, that our great dramatic bard has in two passages excelled all the writers, from the days of *Homer* down to the present state of modern poetry, in their favourite openings of the morn. The saffron-tinctured fingers of *Aurora*, the sun rising from *Thetis's* lap, the daughter of the dawn issuing from the bed of *Titonus*, are, in my opinion, very inferior to the more natural description in *Romeo and Juliet*;

Jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.

I have

I have compared this admirable piece of imagery, for several successive mornings, with the real object in nature, and am at a loss which to admire most: like the travelling *Persian*, when the solar rays (as happens sometimes in those countries) have formed in a cloud another imaginary sun; he gazes at both, in doubt with himself to which he shall offer his morning adoration. The second passage I mean is in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, where after seeing the ghost of the deceased king, *Horatio* breaks off with,

*But see the Morn, in russet-mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dewes of yon high eastern hill.*

You know the poets are fond of personifying both physical and moral qualities, in order to give animation to their poetry, and to throw things as much as possible into action. Boileau has described, in beautiful lines, the secret of this poetical artifice, and the fine effects of it.

*La pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage;
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un Esprit, un visage.
Chaque Vertu devient une Divinité:
Minerve est la prudence, et Venus la beauté.
Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnerre;
C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.*

Un

*Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
 C'est Neptune en courroux, qui gourmande les flots,
 Echo n'est plus un son qui dans l'air retentisse;
 C'est une Nymphé en pleurs, qui se plaint de Narcisse,
 La poète esleve, et aggrandit toutes choses,
 Et trouve sous sa main des fleurs toujours écloses.*

Shakespear gives us this animating figure in its high perfection: the whole picture could not receive finer colourings from the hand of *Titian*; the drapery is beautiful, and the action, in which this poetical being is represented, is admirably descriptive of the first dawns of the day.

Come, Mr. *Ranger*, and let us criticise upon this phenomenon: let us enjoy that delight, which the mind takes in comparing the objects of imitation with the finishings of art. Let me assure you, that to see the gradual expansion of the solar influence on the face of nature, will give such a calm flow of spirits for the ensuing vocations of the day, as cannot be experienced in a city life. You will possibly say, you had rather loiter in your chambers, than endure the intolerable rage of the sun tending to his meridian height. In this case, *Richmond Gardens* afford umbrageous walks, where the noontide ray has no access. How sweet here to lose oneself in
 pleasing

pleasing error, to recline under an impervious shade! and in lettered indolence converse with *Virgil, Shakespear, Milton, Spencer*; or with *Waller* cry out,

*O! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under a plantain shade, and all the day
With am'rous airs my fancy entertain! &c.*

Or, if inclined to diversify the scene, and ramble about in gentle exercise, what place so fit as these very gardens, which afford such pleasing variety? Do you delight in trim hedges, uniform vistas, smooth pastures, and studied regularity? Your taste may here be gratified. Or are you rather like the person of a truer sense, of whom *Martial* says, *rure vero barbaroque lætatur*, one who likes the true country, rude, barbarous, and unspoiled by the elegancies of art? Here you are suddenly surpris'd to find yourself upon a barren heath, lost to the world, and nothing presenting itself to view, but the withered shrub, the blasted clump of trees, and hares and rabbits running across the scene. From hence, you wander into some grove, and hear the woodman at his labour; then issue out upon the ploughed land, and behold around you nothing but busy tokens of rural industry; or led by the hand of contemplation, you lose
yourself

yourself in the solitude of the hermitage, or wander into

*The thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along.*

When you are at length satisfied with this retreat, *Richmond-Hill* invites your steps. From thence you may command a boundless prospect of all the country round. Villas, stately buildings, groves, meadows, the woodland, fertile pastures, hills, and vales, offer themselves to the sight in mixed variety. The barren heath and the sun-burnt craggy soil appear with all those softening to the eye, which distance throws upon a landscape: nature appears with all her striking majesty, and all her softer graces.

To crown the whole, at the bottom of the hill old father *Thames* expands his rural stream. To pursue the river in its several windings, fertilizing the country round, is at once a refreshment to the eye, and the constant succession of new objects takes off from that stillness, which would otherwise overspread the whole. Here, we enjoy that tranquillity of which *Virgil* speaks so feelingly; we have innocence, living lakes, embowering shades, indolent repose beneath an arbour, and
the

the lowing of the cows ; musick, believe me, far preferable to the *Savoyard*, or a city concert. Besides this, let me assure you, you will find the muses more becoming girls here, than in the noise, and smoke of *London*. But, I fear, I have lengthened this letter beyond all bounds ; I can only tell you, after an eminent *French* writer, that if I had time enough, I should make it shorter. Take it as it is, loose, rambling, and desultory, and believe me to be

Your sincere friend,

and humble servant,

* * * * *

NUM.

N U M B E R C.

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1754.

————— *Dicimus autem*
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitæ didicere magistrâ.

THE following letter comes from a correspondent just entering into life, who has not yet been taught in the school of experience, and may therefore be allowed to utter his astonishment at those actions, which to persons conversant with the world are trite and common occurrences. A young man, of a sanguine disposition, candid, generous, and confiding, may stand and gaze, when he meets with a stroke of perfidy. The author of my motto has treated this subject in one of his best satires: He allows, that the young and inexperienced may, upon such an occasion, use the language of complaint; but men, he contends, who have had opportunities of seeing the manners of the world, and the progress of life, ought not to vent themselves in terms of lamentation, wonder, or complaint.

————— *Sacrum*

*Sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
Depositum : stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio consule natus !*

I have said thus much to soothe the anxiety of my correspondent, and, by informing him that his case is not uncommon, to soften the resentments of a mind at present exasperated. The experience he has now had will, I hope, give him a more prepared spirit for the future ; and, for the sake of others, young and uninformed, like himself, I shall in this, and next *Saturday's* paper, present his two letters at large. As *Terence* says,

Hæc nosse salus est adolescentulis.

To the Author of the Gray's-Inn Journal.

S I R,

WHEN I tell you, that my age does not exceed twenty, it will, no doubt occur to you, that I must be still a novice in the ways of the world, and you may, therefore, be inclined to assist me with your advice. Encouraged by the opinion I entertain of your benevolent disposition, I shall proceed, without ceremony, to the main point and object of this letter. My design is,
to

to be informed by you, what I am to understand by *a good sort of man*. Of persons of this description I hear every day. They are to be seen in every parish, every street, and almost every family. It is the common language of praise and admiration: *He is the best sort of man in the world! as good a sort of man as ever was born!* With the men, who have obtained from their friends this testimony to their characters, I have been hitherto highly captivated, imagining them to be persons of fair intention and unblemished integrity; of minds above all duplicity, and sinister views of private interest; not merely of a fair-seeming outside, but substantially, and in the deepest recesses of the heart, just, generous, upright, and humane. "Men should be what they seem," I know to be a maxim in morals, and I had no doubt, but your *good sort of man* conformed to the precept with scrupulous exactness.

I am sorry to say, that I have had reason lately to flutter in doubt, if not entirely to change my opinion. I wish to avoid a rash conclusion; but to speak my mind freely, I am inclined to fear, that when I meet with what is called *a good sort of man*, I see the *worst kind of man in the world*: I mean an artful, plausible hypocrite,

hypocrite, who wears the semblance of virtue, merely to deceive; one of a specious, florid outside, but rotten at the core; who affects to love every body, but in fact values nothing but himself; who seems to enter with sympathy into the good or evil fortune of his neighbours, and always wishes he could be of use, but unfortunately never is able. In short, Sir, not to weary your patience with my prolixity: By a *good sort of man*, I mean your smiling, affable, affectionate, good-natured creature, who glosses over the whole of his conduct with a smooth surface of integrity, and makes no other use of his character, than to render it a mask for treachery, avarice, and imposition.

I am to learn from you, Sir, whether I am wrong in thus extending the notion, which I have lately acquired, or ought still to suppose, that the *good sort of man* does not form a species, or an entire class of characters in human life, though now and then an individual may be found, who is a disgrace to the title. I write, and cannot disguise it, with the recent feelings of a mind irritated by a discovery, that has at once shocked and surpris'd me. I have tired you, perhaps, with this long introduction: but you will pardon a raw and tender mind, that has not yet

learned to suffer in silence. I shall now proceed to the facts, that have made me thus credulous and importunate.

I have an uncle, whose name is *Varnish*. He has been always counted as *good a sort of man* as you would wish to know. His features are always becalmed with a kind of repose, that might, strictly speaking, be called *dullness*, but in his favour it took the name of *serenity*, or complacency of temper. His eye is generally deadened with want of thought, and if ever it looks brisk, it is with that pertness, which with some people passes for meaning. Having no settled opinion, he has offended no body by argument, or contradiction. Mr. *Varnish* has for many years kept a tavern, in a part of the city that shall be nameless. His house was never a place of general resort, being frequented chiefly by those, who liked a *good sort of man*, and, to serve him, made parties among their friends, and formed weekly and monthly clubs at his house. The charges, indeed, were generally complained of. In this article I can almost excuse my uncle *Varnish*. He did no more than write the several items of the bill: the pounds, shillings, and pence, he left to be added by his wife.

wife. With an open vacuity of countenance, he had the art of keeping his thoughts close. This, I could perceive, he learned from his wife, who watched his conversation; and, if she saw him touching upon any secret of their own affairs, was always artful enough by winks and nods, or by interfering briskly upon some new topic, to hinder him from going too far. While they both were guarded in what related to themselves, their curiosity in other people's affairs had a greedy ear. These observations I did not pause upon at the time, for I had the best opinion of Mr. *Varnish*. There was one thing that puzzled me not a little: I wondered to find him closely connected with several of those, who at *Newmarket* are called BLACK LEGS. Many of his friends wished that he would break off at once from that race of men; but his wife encouraged him to persevere. Her husband, she said, went to *Newmarket* for amusement only, being a great lover of horses, and it were a pity that poor *Johnny* should not have an excursion now and then. I have heard people say, that *Varnish* must have been let into the secret by his acquaintance; otherwise a woman, eager in the pursuit of gain, would not altogether approve of the diversion, without some douceur to attend it. This, however, was thought to be the suggestion of malice.

Mr. *Varnish* went on tolerably well in his business, not indeed with rapid success, but charging smartly, whenever an opportunity offered, and keeping things together very tolerably. He was, I think, a good œconomist. In this part of his plan, his wife gave all her assistance. She was rather shewy in her dress, but with this disposition, she never put her hand in her husband's purse. Without any natural turn of wit, or any kind of acquirement from circulating libraries, she had a smart word, a smile, and a flaunting air for every body. She knew how to insinuate herself into the good graces of numbers in succession, as they happened to frequent her house; her discernment of characters was always quick, and in her friendships she generally chose those, who were of the most generous disposition. With those who were careful of their money, she was seldom intimate. I verily believe, that in the course of several years it did not cost her fifty pounds for her dress: her gowns, and gloves, and fans, and tippets, were always presents. When she had her friends about her, she would sily say, *Johnny*, you must give me a new gown, or, if you will not, some of my friends shall. This succeeded wonderfully: a piece of silk, a shawl, a new cap, or whatever she wanted, was always at her service; and Mr. *Varnish* was so good a sort of

of man, that he could not find fault with his wife, while she put him to no expence. Upon particular occasions, I thought they were both off their guard: I have seen a gentleman make large and liberal presents, and the moment his back was turned, I have known them laugh at him with coarse and vulgar mirth. I mentioned this to a friend, who answered, “Poh! there is
 “nothing in it: *Varnish* is a good sort of man; and
 “they may laugh that win.”

From the time I left school, I was a constant visitor to my uncle *Varnish*: his behaviour to me was such, that I hoped at all times to find in him a real friend. Of the reasons which I have had to alter my opinion, and the facts which have abated all my respect for a good sort of man, I have given, in a second letter, which accompanies this, a full detail. I have heard, that you intend shortly to lay down your pen: should my story appear, before you resign your office, you will greatly oblige

Your sincere well-wisher,

DAVID SIMPLE.

NUMBER CI.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1754.

*Tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes;
 Si mortalis idem nemo sciat, aspice quantâ
 Voce neget, quæ sit ficti constantia vultûs.
 Nam cum magna malæ superest audacia causæ,
 Creditur a multis fiducia.* JUVEN.

THE Continuation of *David Simple's* narrative shall fill up this day's paper. The story, I think, demands attention. I have ever been an enemy to false pretensions. Plausible characters are, in my opinion, the most dangerous in society. By wearing the mask of goodness, they pay, it is true, a compliment to virtue; but villany masked undermines all moral rectitude; as when Birmingham guineas are current, the sterling coin of the mint is suspected. It was well said of the hypocrite, by an approved writer, "*He dresses up a sin so religiously, that the Devil can hardly know it of his own making.*" For my correspondent, and the circumstances, which he states, I do not pretend to vouch: but the story is related with such an appearance of probability, that I think it

it may serve as a beacon to give notice of the rocks and quicksands, that often lie concealed beneath a calm and smiling surface.

To the A U T H O R :

S I R,

I come now to the facts, that gave me an insight into the character of my uncle *Varnish*. He had a maiden sister, advanced in years, whom I always called my aunt *Molly*. I will not say of her, that she was *a good sort of woman*. That appellation, I think, is brought into disgrace. She was goodness itself. By unremitting industry, and frugal management, she had saved some money, not indeed sufficient to be called a fortune; but a sum, with which, she used to say, it was in her power to do some good to two persons, whom she loved. The objects of her affection were my sister and myself. The whole of my aunt's wealth was a thousand pounds in the stocks, and about two hundred pounds in her drawer. My sister, who had reached her eighteenth year, lived with my aunt, whose health was greatly on the decline, near two years before her death. *Sophy* was always of a disposition naturally

turally tender and sympathetic. Her care and affection, I can venture to say, alleviated pain, and smoothed the bed of sickness. For above twelve months, my poor aunt was so weak and infirm, that she was altogether unfit to manage her own affairs. Her understanding began to share the decay of her constitution. In this weak state, she sent for my uncle *Varnish*, and desired he would take a power of attorney, to receive the dividends upon what she had in the funds. He listened to his sister with a look of the tenderest affection. He thought nothing a trouble, that could conduce to her tranquillity; but it was impossible, he said, to foresee events: and as her condition seemed precarious, he thought it adviseable, that she should add a power to transfer stock, in case her necessities should require it. My aunt agreed, without hesitation, to what *so good a sort of man* as her brother *Varnish* proposed. We were all glad to see her trust to him with unbounded confidence. Mr. *Varnish* took the money out of her drawer, observing that house-breakers were more rife than ever; and said he would call from time to time to supply her wants. From this time my poor aunt declined very fast. In a week or two she said she felt the symptoms of her approaching dissolution; and calling my sister to her room, desired her (as she wrote
a remark-

a remarkable good hand) to copy out a will, which she had by her, ready prepared, by an attorney of eminence in the city. Sophy took it into another room, and, as she transcribed it, moistened the paper with her tears. As soon as she finished the trying task, she carried it to my aunt, who read it over several times. In the evening, two proper witnesses were called in, and the will was duly executed. My aunt locked it up in her bureau, observing to my sister, that whenever any thing happened to her, it would be found in that drawer, directed on the outside for my uncle *Varnish*, who was named executor. To these proceedings I was not long a stranger. I went, as usual, to see my aunt, and my sister took an opportunity to acquaint me with the contents of the will. My poor aunt desired to be decently interred in the next parish church; and after giving two hundred pounds to Mr. *Varnish*, bequeathed the rest, in equal shares, to my sister and me. The sum of five hundred pounds to each of us, we thought, would be a pretty addition to the small fortunes, which we had before; and to so good a man as my uncle *Varnish*, we were far from regretting what was left. We thought it a proper recompense for the trouble that would fall upon him, in the office of executor.

My

My aunt lived several months afterwards ; but illness carried on a constant sap. The decay of her understanding kept pace with that of her body. She lost her senses entirely, and continued, week after week, in a languid and hopeless condition. Mr. Varnish was assiduous in his visits, watching with anxiety the gradual symptoms of decay. He never failed to ask if any thing was wanting, and with great tenderness supplied my sister with little sums. My aunt in the mean time lay in a state of childhood : she looked at her friends, and did not know them. At length the fatal moment arrived : my poor aunt heaved a sigh and expired. My sister and I were present, and the shock we felt is inexpressible. My uncle Varnish was immediately sent for. He came without delay. I saw him, with his eyes swollen with tears, take her keys, and my sister and I agreed that it was a great consolation to have the assistance of such an excellent man.

The funeral was performed with the utmost decency. We all went into mourning. A month or six weeks elapsed ; and, during the whole time, Mr. *Varnish* did not say a word about my aunt's effects, though I was a constant visitor at his house. Every meeting was clouded with melancholy. Seeing my uncle one day in better spirits

than usual, I asked him if he had proved the will? "The will! What will?" He told me that my aunt left no will. I cannot express the astonishment occasioned by this answer. I fixed my eyes upon him in amazement, and, as soon as I recovered my organs of speech, told him all the circumstances already stated. His countenance had no longer the appearance of the *good sort of man*, whom I used to admire. I saw marks of confusion, a wavering eye, a trembling lip, and hesitating voice. "A will!" said his wife; "there was a paper in her drawer, which might be intended for a will; but the name was torn off." "Yes," said Mr. Varnish, in a tremulous tone, "the name was torn off." "Poh!" said his wife, "that paper is nothing: *Fungoso*, the lawyer, says she died intestate." My astonishment was too great: I did not know what to say. After some time, I asked, where the paper was? "The paper!" said he. "It is too ridiculous to mention it," said the wife: "Being a mere nothing at all, *Johnny* threw it into the fire." I desired to know who was present at the transaction. "Oh! Sir, do you doubt my husband's word?" said the wife; "very fine indeed! go on; but *Johnny* is so *good a sort of man*, nobody will doubt his word." I went away covered with confusion.

sion. A friend informed me the next day, that the statute of distribution would take place. This was some degree of comfort. I informed Mr. *Varnish*: and here again my surprise was redoubled. “Statute of distribution!” said he, “What is there to distribute?” “The thousand pounds in the funds.” “My sister left no such thing.”—“No such thing!” “No: she gave that to me in her life-time.” “Gave it to you! in whose presence?” “Oh!” said his wife in a fit of laughing, “there again you doubt *Johnny’s* word.” I had no more to say: amazement took away all my powers, and I left Mr. *Varnish* and his wife, determined never to see either of them again.

In my way home, I recollected a broker, who had shewn me occasional civilities. He made enquiry for me, and then it appeared, that about a week before my aunt’s death, when she lay, as she had done for some time, out of her senses, Mr. *Varnish* had transferred the stock to his own name.

I have now given you, Sir, the finishing stroke. Attornies have talked to me of a bill in chancery; but that, I find, may be a considerable expence. I now appeal to you, and would gladly
be

be informed, whether I have not reason to be tired of your *good sort of man*? The smooth surface shall never again deceive me. I will only add, that the whole of this contrivance seems too deep for my uncle's capacity. If his wife was the *Lady Macbeth* of the business, she may say all the rest of her life, "*Out spot!*" but nothing will wash it away.

I here bid adieu to all *good sort of men*, and am, with my best apologies for this intrusion,

Yours, with esteem,

DAVID SIMPLE.

NUM-

N U M B E R CII.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1754.

——— *Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.*

VIRG.

To the Author of the Gray's-Inn Journal.

S I R,

I N a late paper, you gave us an account of your night-thoughts, or your dream, in which an election in Parnassus passed before you, in all its various circumstances. I congratulate you, that you had so pleasing a vision, in which, I think, nothing occurred to overcast or cloud the serenity of your imagination. For myself, I cannot boast of the same tranquillity of mind. I have had my dream, occasioned, perhaps, by the perusal of your paper, but it was very different from yours. I saw Parnassus in an uproar. A scene of so much tumult and disorder, I have scarcely ever beheld, though I remember the Spitalfields weavers, and the discontented journey men cabinet-makers, parading the streets, with all the terrors of an insurrection. Of the manner, in which I passed the night, I beg leave to communicate the particulars.

I had been reading your prospect of Parnassus; and a *Virgil* lying on the table, I opened the
book

book at the place, where the following lines present themselves to the eye.

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, &c.*

The rapture of the poet, in some degree, communicated itself. I took fire, and wished to set out on the same aerial voyage. In this disposition, I retired to rest, and from the mixture of ideas fluctuating in my mind, the following scene was dressed up to my imagination. Methought, one of the muses appeared before me, and, taking me by the hand, addressed me in the following words of *Milton*; for *Milton's* language, and that of the muses is the same: "*We shall conduct you to a hill side, laborious indeed, at the first ascent; but else, so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.*" She was as good as her promise, and in a short time landed me on the summit of *Parnassus*. Here my guide, for reasons best known to herself, took her leave, resigning me to my own discretion, to wander, as I pleased, in those delightful regions.

Though it was deep midnight when I set out, it was here broad day-light. Their own sun enlightened the hemisphere, and the country round presented a scene, that cherished and enlivened all

all my faculties. I paused and listened, but heard none of those melodious airs, which I expected; all was hurry, noise, and confusion. The celebrated wits, who inhabit this place, were as much at variance, as our English country 'squires, with whom the command of manors is a feather in the cap, and a thorn in the side. They all complained that their neighbours were constantly trespassing on their grounds, lopping their trees, carrying off branches from their laurel groves, and robbing their nurseries. Ill-humour and litigation prevailed in all quarters. You might see hedgers and ditchers every where at work. All were busy in making fences round their lands. Park-walls, and park-pails, were going on at a prodigious rate; and the great wits, who had hitherto loved each other, were now determined to live in hostility, and be bad neighbours for the future.

I wished very much to know the cause of so much dissension. My curiosity was soon gratified. I found that a busy pragmatistical fellow had lately, by some means or other, gained admittance into these parts. The description given of him, by the country folks, represented him as being somewhat above the middle size, with a vermil colour in his cheek, and an eye
that

that pleased at first sight; but fluttered in strange confusion, when you looked at him with attention. It was said, that he had a good memory, and as he passed by the labourers, they heard him repeat with rapture, long passages from the writings of the wits, with whom he walked. This, they supposed, with the aid of a certain fawning civility in his deportment, helped to wriggle him into favour. Before the arrival of this man, serenity and happiness covered the whole region of Parnassus. One of the country-labourers, who seemed not to want sagacity, told me, that the strange visitor had been long suspected of sowing the seeds of mischief, wherever he went. He had heard it said of him, "though
 "his tongue drop manna, his looks are false and hollow." Upon further enquiry, I found that this information was strictly true. The particulars of what came to my knowledge will shew the intriguing spirit of the man, and the industry with which he seeks the malicious delight he feels in setting folks together by the ears.

He visited *Homer*, and after calling him the God of his idolatry, told him that *Virgil* was a poacher, and was ever stealing plants and flowers from the Greek estate. Of *Homer* himself he spoke in the like scurrilous terms to *Orpheus*,

Thamyris, and *Hesiod*. He went next to *Virgil*, and admired his gardens and plantation-walks. Some trees he observed grew up from slips taken from *Homer's* grounds; but on the present spot, the soil, he said, was richer, and the branches shot forth with bolder expansion, and in fuller luxuriance. He advised the Mantuan bard to beware of several modern poets, who were always culling flowers on his premises. Our visitor went next to *Theocritus*, and told him, if he did not bring his action of trespass, the Roman pasture would be enriched with spoils from Sicily, and nothing would be left in the lands of the first occupant. He told *Lucan* and *Tacitus*, that, if they suffered *Corneille* and *Racine* to carry on their depredations, they would, in a little time, not have a flower, or a shrub left. *Vida*, *Sannazias*, and *Tasso* were greatly incensed against *Milton*, who had built a *Pandæmonium* upon his estate, with materials, as they were told, taken from them. *Terence* and *Menander* were also much at variance, the latter complaining aloud, that an irruption of barbarians had destroyed the title deeds of his estate, and yet he saw *Terence* enjoying a beautiful farm, and sauntering in the walks with *Scipio* and *Lælius*. *Horace* and *Juvenal* were employed in writing a satire against *Pope* and *Boileau*. The former, indeed, was often seen

to smile, but the latter went on in a strain of indignation. Against Pope the resentment of many other angry wits was inflamed to a pitch of the highest fury. This was not accomplished by our visitor without great pains and industry. He had heard of *Silius Italicus*, but was a great while before he could find his place of abode. That poet it seems had purchased an estate near the bottom of the hill. His grounds were not laid out in the best taste. You may here look in vain for those scenes of grand and magnificent nature, which adorned the lands of those poets, who have obtained the name of sublime. Elegance was what *Silius Italicus* chiefly aimed at: his walks were regular, his hedges neat and trim, and his trees grew in regular order: but after all his pains to make his farm look like *Virgil's*, he was not able to rival so beautiful a model. The stranger, however, who had by this time insinuated himself into every body's house, at length found his way to *Silius Italicus*. After paying some compliments, he told him that *Pope* was a common plunderer. He took out of his pocket the *Essay on Criticism*, and read the following passage.

*So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;*

F f 2

Tb'

*Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.*

Silius Italicus thought the passage beautiful:
 “But do you not perceive,” replied the critic,
 “that it is your own? Here is your description
 “of *Hannibal* passing over the Alps: listen to
 “these lines.

*Quoque magis subiére jugo, atque evadere nist
 Eraxere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
 Sese aperit fessis, et nascitur altera moles.*

“The friends of Pope,” continued the critic,
 “say that he embellishes and improves what
 “he takes; but a pickpocket may have the same
 “excuse; he may make my watch go better. Nor
 “is this all that *Pope* has stolen from you. You
 “cannot fling a stone into a limpid stream, but
 “he takes it from you, with all its dimpling cir-
 “cles: hear this passage:

*As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;*

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*The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watry plain, and to the margin dance.*

“Now read your own verses, and tell me if
“the theft is to be endured.

*Sic, ubi perrupit stagnantem calculus undam,
Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,
Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliscente liquorem
Multiplicat crebros sinuati gurgitis orbes,
Donec postremo laxatis circulus oris
Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas.*

“Do you not see,” said the critic, “that the
“thief has pilfered from you? you cannot have a
“pebble, but he runs away with it.”

By these proceedings, Parnassus was filled with
fear, suspicion, and jealousy. Our critic went
the length of introducing *steel-traps* and *spring
guns*. The consequence was, that almost every
genius was wounded, or caught fast by the leg.
Apollo heard of these dissensions, and immedi-
ately called the wits before him. The trumpet
sounded, and the hills of Parnassus rung with the
enchanting music. The geniuses of all ages and

nations appeared in court; the author of the mischief being first seized, and brought in a prisoner in chains. The account of himself was, that he was by profession a *critic*, and *commentator*. This, he was told, could not avail him; none being allowed to practise the art of criticism, without a commission from *Apollo*, or the *Muses*. This was the reason why there have been few good critics in the world. *Aristotle*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, *Quintilian*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, *Bobours*, and some other moderns, had all a special licence. The whole matter was fully investigated, and, the malicious artifices of *our critic* being laid open, *Apollo* proceeded to pass sentence upon him. He was ordered away to the cave of envy, to live there upon snakes and viper broth, with *Zoilus*, *Millbourne*, and *Lauder*. Clear the court of such a monster, was now the word. As soon as the order was obeyed, *Apollo*, with a smile on his countenance, addressed the assembly of wits, and recommended to them to dwell together in harmony, mutual esteem, and affection. A slip, he told them, taken from the nursery of one, and planted on another's ground, or grafted on a tree, would, as soon as it began to flourish, not only decorate the new spot, but add to the fame of the first possessor. He added, that a friendly communication

munication between wits was their greatest honour; that original beauties have been often improved by transplanting them; and that in all cases, where the ideas of others are adopted, there remains, at least, to the successor, the honour of inventing the plan of his arrangement, and a new combination. To enforce this, he opened a volume of *Seneca*, and read the following sentence: “*Sed etiam si omnia à veteribus inventa sunt, hoc semper novum erit, usus, et inventorum ab aliis scientia and dispositio.*”

The court broke up in good humour, and I waked from my dream.

X.

N U M B E R CIII.

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1754.

*Frangere miser calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
 Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ;
 Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.*

Juv.

A SPIRIT of enterprise, while it has not yet lost the charms of novelty, gives fresh vigour to the mind, and lifts the bold adventurer above himself. If doubts arise, they are soon lost in the ardour of hope. Success holds forth the laurel wreath, and fame stands, in a corner of the scene, blowing her silver trumpet. Happy, were the golden dream never to evaporate! But clouds arise, the beams of imagination are diminished; the spirits, that expanded every nerve, subside into languor, and satiety takes possession of the mind. The story of *Pyrrhus* and his prime minister is well known. The king, in the rapture of a new expedition, filled his mind with ideas of conquest, anticipating in fancy the vast exploits he was to perform. "And what," says the minister, "does all this tend to? I shall add the
 "neigh-

“neighbouring nations to my dominions,” says the monarch, “And what then? I shall declare war against the adjacent states. And then? The next province shall receive my yoke, and in a little time their neighbours shall also pay tribute.—This is very well, my liege, but what next? I shall gradually extend my victories, till I become master of the globe.—And then? Why then I shall sit down, and drink a bottle with my friends. And pray, Sir, why not do so now?” The good sense and humour of this little anecdote are obvious to every understanding. Were the greatest hero of antiquity to make up the account, his dearest actions in the tented field would terminate in the same point.

Amongst all the various *Quixotes*, who have gone forth in pursuit of adventures, there are, perhaps, none so liable to ridicule as the race of authors. What scenes of happiness present themselves to the periodical writer! As new ideas occur, what sensations unfelt before! What cheerfulness, what fancy, what luxuriant wit! When a sheet, yet wet, is sent him from the press, how his heart bounds to see himself in print! The fineness of the paper! How it pleases him! The elegance of the type! How just and how exact! Flushed with ideas of his own importance, he

he addressees himself in the words of *Hamlet*: “What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!” And yet pass but a few hours, how changed is every trace of reflection! The critics gather round him: like the harpies in the third *Æneid*, they break in upon his meal, denouncing penury and famine. The learned meet his work by chance; they speak of it, but not with sufficient warmth, because men of sense never admire: they only approve. The writer’s friends condemn the performance, for no other reason than the pleasure of tormenting a living author. The number of petty circumstances that mortify an author’s pride is not to be imagined. Add to this, the novelty of the performance will wear off with him, as well as his readers; and even fame, supposing him to enjoy his full proportion, will pall, and grow insipid, like all other pleasures. In the conclusion, I believe, the liveliest adventurer of the pen will find, that, hero like, he cannot drink his bottle with greater pleasure, than when he first set out.

The courtly *Roman* satyrist has attacked, with delicate raillery, that spirit of uneasiness, which renders people discontented with their own situation in life, and envious of their neighbours. In

that list of male-contents, which he has produced, I have often wondered, that the race that write did not occur to him. The reason may be, that authors have more reason to repine and murmur, than any other class of men.

And, indeed, considering the great disproportion between the labours of the mind, and those of the body, I do not know whether *Juvenal's* advice to be an auctioneer rather than a poet, is not perfectly founded in reason. The faculties, of which the literary enthusiast is possessed, are the inlets of our most refined pleasures: but, from their quickness and sensibility, they give acuteness to pain, and sharpen the edge of anxiety.

Of this truth, I believe all good writers are convinced. Of the vain scribbler, who admires himself and his works, but admires without a rival, nothing need be said. To the cares that attend the elegant writer, he is a stranger. Justness of conception, and propriety of language, give him no solicitude. To abuse those, who write better than himself, is the height of his ambition; and as long as the printer of a newspaper admits his paragraphs, he is the wit of a coffee-house.

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The love of fame is the incitement of every valuable author. For this he endures fatigue, and renounces the lucrative pursuits, that engage the busy part of mankind. But the acquisition of fame is uncertain, and the tenure precarious. The difficulty of pleasing a variety of readers is well known; and who, that has formed his taste upon the best models, can write up to his own ideas of composition?

I have been led into this tract of thought by a review of my own sensations, ever since I undertook the anxious character of a public writer. I have now maintained my post for the space of two years; and, having swelled these essays to a sufficient number, I purpose next *Saturday* finally to take leave of my readers. The doing of this I feel as an act of self-denial. The pleasure of conversing with thousands every *Saturday* will be at an end. I shall retire with reluctance, especially while there is so much in the field still to be gleaned. The hoop has of late spread to a wider circumference, and fenced, as it is, with formidable rows of steel, no beau can approach, without the danger of a broken shin. While this fashion continues, the ladies may be charged with carrying concealed arms, without necessity; as their courage in all public places is known to exceed

exceed that of the fiercest *Amazon* of antiquity. The viragos of old advanced with only one breast exerted, but the modern fair comes forward with both displayed to view. The head is built up several stories higher than usual, and the art of painting is so well understood, that every woman has now as many faces as tippets, fans, or gloves. Cribbage has driven *Cupid* out of doors, or the urchin is obliged to learn to cogg the dice, or to play the whole game at *bragg*. As *Addison* says in the Prologue to the *Tender Husband*, "Here's still encouragement for those that write." But the truth is, my *Muse* and I have lived together for some time past, like man and wife. I have had so many curtain lectures, that I now long to keep separate beds; or to say the civil thing once in a year, and, with the true modern husband, to like any body's *Muse* better than my own. I am, therefore, suing for a divorce in the Court of *Parnassus*. Sentence will be pronounced before next *Saturday*; and as the lady has not brought me any fortune to speak of, we shall not have much occasion to differ about a separate maintenance. Malicious critics, I am aware, may give out, that I was separated *causâ frigiditatis*; but the public are just in all their decisions, and to their sentence it becomes me to submit.

N U M B E R C I V.

*Saturday, Oct. 12, 1754.**Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum ;
Conticuit, factoque hic tandem sine quievit.*

VIRG.

IT was the maxim of *Solon*, that no man is happy till he is dead ; and it was the wisdom of the *Ægyptians*, not to do funeral honours to any person whatever, until the actions of his life had been impartially examined. As soon as they crossed the lake with the body, a public accuser stood forth, to charge the deceased with all the crimes and vices that could, with any colour, be imputed to him. If the prosecution was not supported by the evidence of facts, the memory of the person dead was honoured with a suitable encomium, and the panegyrist had the pleasure to reflect, that he, who was then no more, could not, by any subsequent action, give the lie to the praises bestowed upon him.

As the time is now arrived, when this paper will be reckoned among the departed, the author cannot help being anxious about his memory,
after

after his literary disease. He does not suppose that he shall want a public accuser; and, as it is the natural wish of every man to leave a good name behind him, an author may be allowed to have the same laudable ambition.

Two different forms of writing have offered themselves to me upon this occasion. The first has been practised by several gentlemen of the quill, and consists in a declamatory style against that degeneracy of taste, which has too fatally prevailed in the present declension of literature. The general disposition to gaming, and many other unavailing amusements, which have called off the attention of the better sort of people, might be urged as difficulties, that nothing could surmount. I might say, that woman has been rightly defined by the *Greek* philosopher, "*An animal delighting in finery,*" and that it is not in the power of the best writers of the age, to attract the attention of that wandering sex. The chit-chat, which issues from their own pretty red lips, will silence the best attempt to retrench their follies, to regulate their fancy, and to encourage the acquisition of those mental beauties, such as sweetness of temper, affability, and good sense, which will always prove the best wash for the complexion, and an infallible preservative against
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the encroachments made upon the tincture of the skin, by envy, malice, tea, scandal, and painful watchings at a gaming-table. But this form of composition is inconsistent with the purpose of him, who wishes to lay down the pen in the good graces of all his readers.

The second method of address, is that used by the author of the *Tale of a Tub*. After his example, I have been tempted to return thanks, in the most solemn manner, to his Majesty's most honourable privy-council, to the lords spiritual and temporal, to the honourable the house of commons, to the gentlemen of the royal society, to the worshipful the board of aldermen, to the club at *White's*, to the critics at the *Bedford*, to the connoisseurs at *Sam's*, to the society of *Grub-street*, and, in short, to all degrees and ranks of people, for the just and favourable reception they have been pleased to give to the most delectable, humorous, and instructive lucubrations, that we have published in this our *Gray's-Inn Journal*; which has been the delight of the age, the terror of all offenders against decency and good-manners, and has ascertained to the author [an immortal reputation.

Jamque

*Famque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

But having considered these two forms of address with mature deliberation, I have determined to reject them both. I am sufficiently aware, that a small portion of fame can be attributed to the productions of a young author, hurried down the stream of dissipation, interrupted by avocations of a thousand sorts, seldom enabled to write at leisure, frequently obliged to dismiss the uncorrected sheet to the press, and rarely happy enough to have written up even to his own taste.

On the other hand, it is with pride I now reflect, that I have been able, for two years together, to procure to myself a considerable audience every Saturday. I have given a kind of weekly memorial of my existence, and some sort of proof, that my time has not been thrown away in a manner totally unavailing. *Sallust* has a fine sentiment, which has made a very deep impression on me. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.*

“ He may be said to live, and to enjoy the
“ functions of his soul, who, engaged in a lau-
“ dable occupation, endeavours to distinguish

“ himself by some splendid action, or by the acquisition of fame in some liberal art.” That I have succeeded, I will not pretend to boast; but that I have endeavoured to do it, is an honest pride, in which, I hope, I may be indulged.

The plan, on which I have written, however feeble the execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of merit. That it has not been better cultivated in all its parts, must be imputed to my having stood singly and alone.

When I say alone, I do not mean that I never received any assistance. On the contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge, that a particular friend has furnished me occasionally with several pieces, written with a delicacy peculiar to himself. To this gentleman* I am indebted for a letter from an *Englishman* in *Paris*, No. 13; for a scene at *Jonathan's Coffee-House*, No. 18; for an essay on theatrical parties, No. 30; for a second scene at *Jonathan's*, No. 51; and for the essays No. 54, and 66. As he possesses an ele-

* *Mr. Fitzpatrick, well known in the city, and, during his life, admired for his talents and his amiable manners. A cruel caricature of him was drawn by Churchill in one of his poems, to gratify the resentments of Garrick.*

gant facility on every subject, I sincerely wish that I had been able to prevail upon him, against his natural indolence, to afford me a great deal more of his assistance.

A paper upon imitation in writing, No. 15, and an essay towards the fixing the standard of modern criticism, No. 26, were the contributions of another ingenious gentleman, whose friendship I am proud to acknowledge.

I must take this opportunity to thank the author of a letter on *King Lear*, No. 80, which was sent in the warmth of friendship, and, in my opinion, written in the warmth of genius. An essay on Physiognomy, No. 6, was a present from another quarter, as likewise the letter, No. 77. For every thing else *Ranger* himself must stand accountable.

I have now, I think, mentioned all the assistance I received in the course of this paper. I believe it will be found very short of the advantages enjoyed by some of my brother writers. In this edition I have retrenched a great deal. The *Dutch* are said to burn a considerable part of their spices, to enhance the value of the rest. Their policy I have imitated, but, I fear, without their

success. Many things were merely suited to the day. All such fugitive topicks I have now discarded, retaining only as much as may shew the general plan; a plan conducted, I hope, with a strict regard to decency, and without any offence against virtue or good manners. To this circumstance I believe it in a great measure owing, that I have been so favourably received. Be the cause what it may, I shall always retain a grateful sense of the indulgence, which the public have shewn to this undertaking. I shall take my leave in the language of CICERO: *Valeant, cives mei, valeant; sint incolumes, sint florentes, sint beati: Stet hæc urbs præclara, mihi que patria carissima: Ego cedam, atque abibo.*

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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